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The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

In ten volumes

Vol. VII

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Born 1584
Died 1616

JOHN FLETCHER

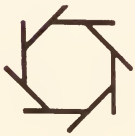
Born 1579
Died 1625

BEAUMONT
v. 7

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THE MAID IN THE MILL
THE KNIGHT OF MALTA
LOVES CURE, OR THE MARTIAL MAID
WOMEN PLEAS'D
THE NIGHT-WALKER, OR THE LITTLE THIEF

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A. R. WALLER, M.A.



1969
OCTAGON BOOKS
New York

First published in 1909

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OCTAGON BOOKS
A Division of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.
19 Union Square West
New York, N. Y. 10003

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 76-83295

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Maid in the Mill	1
The Knight of Malta	78
Loves Cure, or the Martial Maid . .	164
Women Pleas'd	237
The Night-Walker, or the Little Thief .	311
Notes	385

THE
Maid in the Mill.
A COMEDY.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Don Philippo *King of* Spain.
Otrante *a Spanish Count, in love with* Florimel.
Julio, *A Noble Man, Uncle to* Antonio.
Bellides, *Father to* Ismenia, *Enemy to* Julio.
Lisauro, *Brother to* Ismenia, Bellides *Son.*
Terzo, *Kinsman to* Lisauro, *and friend to* Bellides.
Antonio, *In love with* Ismenia, *an enemy to* Bellides.
Martino, *Friend to* Antonio, *and his secret Rival.*
Gerasto, *Friend to* Otrante.

Pedro. Moncado. } *Two Courtiers.*
Gostanzo, Giraldo, Philippo, } *Three Gentlemen, Friends to* Julio.
Vertigo, *A French Taylor.*
Lords, attending the King in progress.
Franio, *A Miller, supposed Father to* Florimell.
Bustopha, Franio *his Son, a Clown.*
Constable.
Officers.
Pedro, *A Songster.*
Servants.

WOMEN.

Ismenia, *Daughter to* Bellides, *Mistriss of* Antonio.
Aminta, *Cousen to* Ismenia, *and her private competrix in* Antonio's *love.*
Florimell, *Supposed Daughter to* Franio, *Daughter to* Julio, *stolen from him a child.*
Gillian, Franio *the Millers Wife.*
Countrey Maids.

The Scene Spaine.

The principal Actors were

Joseph Tailor,
John Lowin,
John Underwood,
William Rowly,
John Thomson,
Robert Benfield,
Tho. Polard.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Lisauro, Terzo, Ismenia, *and* Aminta.

Lis. LEt the Coach go round, we'll walk along these Meadows:
And meet at Port again: Come my fair Sister,
These cool shades will delight ye.
Am. Pray be merry,
The Birds sing as they meant to entertain ye,
Every thing smiles abroad; methinks the River
(As he steals by) curles up his head, to view ye:
Every thing is in love.
Ism. You would have it so.
You that are fair, are easie of belief, Cosen,
The theam slides from your tongue.
Am. I fair? I thank ye:
Mine's but shadow when your Sun shines by me.
Ism. No more of this, you know your worth (*Aminta*)
Where are we now?
Am. Hard by the Town (*Ismena*).
Ter. Close by the Gates.
Ism. 'Tis a fine Ayr.
Lis. A delicate;
The way so sweet and even, that the Coach
Would be a tumbling trouble to our pleasures:
Methinks I am very merry:
Ism. I am sad:
Am. You are ever so when we entreat ye (Cosen)
Ism. I have no reason: such a trembling here
Over my heart methinks:
Am. Sure you are fasting;
Or not slept well to night; some dream (*Ismena?*) (cent,
Ism. My dreams are like my thoughts, honest and inno-
Yours are unhappy; who are these that coast us? [*Enter*
You told me the walk was private. *Antonio and Martin.*
Ter. 'Tis most commonly:
Ism. Two proper men: It seems they have some business,
With me none sure; I do not like their faces;
They are not of our Company:

Ter. No Cosen:
Lisauro, we are dog'd.
Lis. I find it (Cosen)
Ant. What handsome Lady?
Mar. Yes, she's very handsome.
They are handsome both.
Ant. *Martin*, stay we are cosen'd.
Mar. I will go up; a woman is no wild-fire.
Ant. Now by my life she is sweet: Stay good *Martin*,
They are of our enemies; the house of *Belides*.
Our mortal enemies:
Mar. Let 'em be devils,
They appear so handsomly, I will go forward;
If these be enemies, I'll ne'r seek friends more.
Ant. Prethee forbear, the Gentlewomen.
Mar. That's it (man)
That moves me like a Gin.
'Pray ye stand off Ladies:
Lis. They are both our enemies: both hate us equally;
By this fair day our mortal foes.
Ter. I know 'em,
And come here to affront: how they gape at us!
They shall have gaping work.
Ism. Why your swords, Gentlemen?
Ter. Pray ye stand you off, Cosen,
And good now leave your whistling: we are abus'd all:
Back, back I say:
Lis. Go back.
Ant. We are no dogs Sir,
To run back on command.
Ter. We'll make ye run, Sir.
Ant. Having a civil charge of handsome Ladies,
We are your servants: pray ye no quarrel Gentlemen.
There's way enough for both.
Lis. We'll make it wider.
Ant. If you will fight, arm'd from this Saint; have at ye.
Ism. O me unhappy, are ye Gentlemen?
Discreet, and Civil, and in open view thus?
Am. What will men think of us; nay you may kill us;
Mercy o'me; through my petticoat; what bloody Gentlemen!

Ism. Make way through me, ye had best, and kill an inno-
Brother, why Cosen: by this light I'll dye too: (cent:
This Gentleman is temperate: be you merciful:
Alass, the Swords.
Am. You had best run me through [the belly]
'Twill be a valiant thrust.
Ism. I faint amongst ye.
Ant. Pray ye be not fearful: I have done (sweet Lady)
My swords already aw'd, and shall obey ye:
I come not here to violate sweet beauty,
I bow to that.
Ism. Brother, you see this Gentleman,
This noble Gentleman.
Lis. Let him avoid then,
And leave our Walk.
Ant. The Lady may command Sir,
She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.
Ism. What a sweet nature this man has! dear brother,
Put up your sword.
Ter. Let them put up and walk then:
Ant. No more loud words: there's time enough before us:
For shame put up, do honor to these beauties:
Mar. Our way is this,
We will not be denyed it.
Ter. And ours is this, we will not be cross'd in it.
Ant. What ere your way is (Lady) 'tis a fair one;
And may it never meet with rude hands more,
Nor rough uncivil Tongues. [*Exeunt.*
Ism. I thank ye Sir,
Indeed I thank ye nobly: a brave Enemy,
Here's a sweet temper now: This is a man (Brother)
This Gentleman's anger is so nobly seated,
That it becomes him: Yours proclaim ye Monsters.
What if he be our House-Foe? we may brag on't:
We have ne'er a friend in all our House so honorable:
I had rather from an Enemy, my Brother,
Learn worthy distances and modest difference,
Than from a race of empty friends, loud nothings:
I am hurt between ye.
Am. So am I, I fear too:

[I am sure their swords were between my leggs]: Dear Cosen
Why look ye pale? where are ye hurt?
Ism. I know not,
But here methinks.
Lis. Unlace her gentle Cousen.
Ism. My heart, my heart, and yet I bless the Hurter.
Am. Is it so dangerous?
Ism. Nay, nay, I faint not.
Am. Here is no blood that I find, sure 'tis inward:
Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward: 'twas a subtle weapon,
The hurt not to be cur'd I fear.
Lis. The Coach there.
Am. May be a fright.
Ism. *Aminta*, 'twas a sweet one,
And yet a cruel.
Am. Now I find the wound plain:
A wondrous handsome Gentleman.
Ism. Oh no deeper:
Prethee be silent, (wench) it may be thy case.
Am. You must be searched; the wound will rancle, Cosen
And of so sweet a nature.
Ism. Dear *Aminta*:
Make it not sorer.
Am. And on my life admires ye.
Ism. Call the Coach, Cosen.
Am. The Coach, the Coach.
Ter. 'Tis ready bring the Coach there.
Lis. Well my brave Enemies, we shall yet meet ye,
And our old hate shall testifie.
Ter. It shall (Cosen.) [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Antonio *and* Martine.

Ant. Their swords, alass, I weigh 'em not (dear Friend)
The indiscretion of the Owners blunts 'em;
The fury of the House affrights not me,
It spends it self in words: (Oh me *Martine*)
There was a two edg'd eye, a Lady carried
A weapon that no valor can avoyd,

Nor Art (the hand of Spirit) put aside.
O Friend, it broke out on me like a bullet
Wrapt in a cloud of fire: that point (*Martine*)
Dazled my sence, and was too subtle for me,
Shot like a Comet in my face, and wounded
(To my eternal ruine,) my hearts valor.
Mar. Methinks she was no such piece.
Ant. Blaspheme not Sir,
She is so far beyond weak commendation,
That impudence will blush to think ill of her.
Mar. I see it not, and yet I have both eyes open:
And I could judge, I know there is no beauty
Till our eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handsome;
What's red and white, unless we do allow 'em?
A green face else; and me-thinks such an other.
Ant. Peace thou leud Heretick; Thou judge of beauties?
Thou hast an excellent sense for a sign-post (Friend)
Dost thou not see? I'll swear thou art soon blind else,
As blind as ignorance; when she appeared first
Aurora breaking in the east, and through her face,
As if the hours and graces had strew'd Roses,
A blush of wonder flying; when she was frighted
At our uncivil swords, didst thou not mark
How far beyond the purity of snow
The soft wind drives, whiteness of innocence,
Or any thing that bears Celestial paleness,
She appear'd o'th'sodain? Didst thou not see her tears
When she intreated? O thou Reprobate!
Didst thou not see those orient tears flow'd from her,
The little Worlds of Love? A set (*Martine*)
Of such sanctified Beads, and a holy heart to love
I could live ever a Religious Hermite.
M[a]r. I do believe a little, and yet methinks
She was of the lowest stature.
Ant. A rich Diamond
Set neat and deep, Natures chief Art (*Martine*)
Is to reserve her Models curious,
Not cumbersome and great; and such an one
For fear she should exceed, upon her matter
Has she fram'd this; Oh 'tis a spark of beauty,

And where they appear so excellent in little,
They will but flame in great; Extention spoils 'em:
Martine learn this, the narrower that our eyes
Keep way unto our object, still the sweeter
That comes unto us: Great bodies are like Countries,
Discovering still, toyl and no pleasure finds 'em.
Mar. A rare Cosmographer for a small Island,
Now I believe she is handsome.
Ant. Believe heartily,
Let thy belief, though long a coming, save thee.
Mar. She was (certain) fair.
Ant. But heark ye (friend *Martine*)
Do not believe your self too far before me,
For then you may wrong me, Sir.
Mar. Who bid ye teach me?
Do you show me meat, and stitch my lips (*Antonio?*)
Is that fair play?
Ant. Now if thou shouldst abuse me,
And yet I know thee for an errant wencher,
A most immoderate thing, thou canst not love long.
Mar. A little serves my turn, I fly at all games,
But I believe.
Ant. How if we never see her more?
She is our enemy.
Mar. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive she hates our whole House.
Ant. Yet (good *Martine*)
Mar. Come, come, I have mercy on ye:
You shall enjoy her in your dream (*Antonio*)
And I'll not hinder: though now I perswade my self.

Enter Aminta *with a Letter.*

Ant. Sit with perswasion down, and you deal honestly:
I will look better on her.
Mar. Stay, who's this, Friend?
Ant. Is't not the other Gentlewoman?
Mar. Yes, a Letter.
She brings [no] challenge sure: if she do (*Antonio*)
I hope she'll be a Second too; I am for her.
Am. A good hour Gentlemen.

Ant. You are welcome Lady;
'Tis like our late rude passage has powr'd on us
Some reprehension.
Am. No I bring no anger,
Though some deserv'd it.
Ant. Sure we were all to blame, Lady;
But for my part (in all humility
And with no little shame) I ask your pardons,
Indeed I wear no sword to fright sweet beauties.
Am. You have it, and this Letter; pray ye Sir view it,
And my Commission's done.
Mar. Have ye none for me Lady?
Am. Not at this time.
Mar. I am sorry for't; I can read too.
Am. I am glad: but Sir, to keep you in your exercise,
You may chance meet with one ill written.
Mar. Thank ye,
So it be a womans, I can pick the meaning,
For likely they have but one end.
Am. You say true Sir. [*Exit.*
Ant. *Martine*, my wishes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave return: most happy, happy:
I am a blessed man: where's the Gentlewoman?
Mar. Gone, the spirit's gone, what news?
Ant. 'Tis from the Lady;
From her we saw: from that same miracle,
I know her name now: read but these three lines;
Read with devotion, friend, the lines are holy.

Martine reads.

I dare not chide ye in my Letter, (Sir)
'Twill be too gentle: If you please to look me
In the West-street, and find a fair Stone window,
Carved with white Cupids; there I'll entertain ye:
Night and discretion guide ye.

Call me Ismena.

Ant. Give it me again: Come, come, fly, fly, I am all fire.
Mar. There may be danger.
Ant. So there is to drink

When men are thirsty, to eat hastily
When we are hungry: so there is in sleep, Friend,
Obstructions then may rise and smother us,
We may dye laughing, choak'd even at devotions:
An Apoplexie, or a sodain Palsey
May strike us down.
Mar. May be a train to catch ye.
Ant. Then I am caught: and let Love answer for it.
'Tis not my folly, but his infamy,
And if he be ador'd, and dare do vild things.—
Mar. Well, I will go.
Ant. She is a Lady, Sir,
A Maid, I think, and where that holy spell
Is flung about me, I ne're fear a villany,
'Tis almost night: away friend.
Mar. I am ready,
I think I know the house too.
Ant. Then are we happy. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Ismena, *and* Aminta.

Ism. Did you meet him?
Am. Yes.
Ism. And did you give my Letter?
Am. To what end went I?
Ism. Are ye sure it was he?
Was it that Gentleman?
Am. Do you think I was blind?
I went to seek no Carrier, nor no Midwife.
Is. What kind of man was he? thou mayst be deceiv'd Friend.
Am. A man with a nose on's face: I think he had eyes too,
And hands: for sure he took it.
Ism. What an answer! (troubled?
Am. What questions are these to one that's hot and
Do you think me a Babe? am I not able (Cosin)
At my years and discretion, to deliver
A Letter handsomely? Is that such a hard thing?
Why every Wafer-woman will undertake it:
A Sempsters girl, or a Tailors wife will not miss it:

A Puritan Hostess (Cosin) would scorn these questions.
My legs are weary.
Ism. I'll make 'em well again.
Am. Are they at supper?
Ism. Yes, and I am not well,
Nor desire no company: look out, 'tis darkish.
Am. I see nothing yet: assure your self, *Ismena*,
If he be a man, he will not miss.
Ism. It may be he is modest,
And that may pull him back from seeing me;
Or has made some wild construction of my easiness:
I blush to think what I writ.
Am. What should ye blush at?
Blush when you act your thoughts, not when you write 'em;
Blush soft between a pair of sheets, sweet Cosin,
Though he be a curious carried Gentleman, I cannot think
He's so unnatural to leave a woman,
A young, a noble, and a beauteous woman,
Leave her in her desires: Men of this age
Are rather prone to come before they are sent for.
Hark, I hear something: up to th' Chamber, Cosin,
You may spoil all else.

Enter Antonio *and* Martine.

Ism. Let me see, they are Gentlemen;
It may be they.
Am. They are they: get ye up,
And like a Land-star draw him.
Ism. I am shame-fac'd. [*Exit.*
Ant. This is the street.
Mar. I am looking for the house:
Close, close, pray ye close here.
Ant. No, this is a Merchants;
I know the man well:
Mar. And this a Pothecaries: I have lain here many times
For a looseness in my hilts.
A[*n*]*t.* Have ye not past it?
Mar. No sure:
There is no house of mark that we have scaped yet.
Ant. What place is this?

Mar. Speak softer: 'may be spies;
If any, this, a goodly window too,
Carv'd far above, that I perceive: 'tis dark,
But she has such a lustre.

Enter Ismena *and* Aminta *above with a Taper.*

Ant. Yes *Martine*,
So radiant she appears.
Mar. Else we may miss, Sir:
The night grows vengeance black, pray heaven she shine clear:
Hark, hark, a window, and a candle too.
Ant. Step close, 'tis she: I see the cloud disperse,
And now the beauteous Planet.
Mar. Ha, 'tis indeed,
Now by the soul of love a Divine Creature.
Ism. Sir, Sir.
Ant. Most blessed Lady.
Ism. 'Pray ye stand out.
Am. You need not fear, there's no body now stirring.
Mar. Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite strangely taken.
Am. I love that Gentleman,
Methinks he has a dainty nimble body:
I love him heartily.
Ism. 'Tis the right Gentleman:
But what to say to him, Sir.
Am. Speak.
Ant. I wait still,
And will do till I grow another Pillar,
To prop this house, so it please you.
Ism. Speak softly,
And 'pray ye speak truly too.
Ant. I never ly'd, Lady.
Ism. And don't think me impudent to ask ye,
I know ye are an enemy, speak low,
But I would make ye a friend.
Ant. I am friend to beauty;
There's no handsomness, I dare be foe to.
Ism. Are ye married?
Ant. No.

Ism. Are ye betroth'd?
Ant. No, neither.
Ism. Indeed (fair Sir.)
Ant. Indeed (fair sweet) I am not.
Most beauteous Virgin, I am free as you are.
Ism. That may be, Sir, then ye are miserable,
For I am bound.
Ant. Happy the bonds that hold ye;
Or do you put them on your self for pleasure?
Sure they be sweeter far than liberty:
There is no blessedness but in such bondage:
Give me that freedom (Madam) I beseech ye,
(Since you have question'd me so cunningly)
To ask you whom you are bound to, he must be certain
More than humane, that bounds in such a beauty:
Happy that happy chain, such links are heavenly.
Ism. Pray ye do not mock me, Sir.
Ant. Pray ye (Lady) tell me.
Ism. Will ye believe, and will ye keep it to ye?
And not scorn what I speak?
Ant. I dare not, Madam,
As Oracle what you say, I dare swear to.
Ism. I'll set the candle by: for I shall blush now;
Fie, how it doubles in my mouth! it must out,
'Tis you I am bound to.
Ant. Speak that word again.
I understand ye not.
Ism. 'Tis you I am bound to.
Ant. Here is another Gentleman.
Ism. 'Tis you, Sir.
Am. He may be lov'd too.
Mar. Not by thee, first curse me.
Ism. And if I knew your name.
Ant. *Antonio* (Madam)
Ism. *Antonio*, take this kiss, 'tis you I am bound to.
Ant. And when I set ye free, may heaven forsake me,
Ism. Yes, now I perceive ye love me, (*Ismena.*
You have learn'd my name.
Ant. Hear but some vows I make to ye:
Hear but the protestations of a true love.

Ism. No, no, not now: vows should be cheerful things,
Done in the cleerest light, and noblest testimony:
No vow, dear Sir, tie not my fair belief
To such strict terms: those men have broken credits,
Loose and dismembred faiths (my dear *Antonio*)
That splinter 'em with vows: am I not too bold?
Correct me when you please.
Ant. I had rather hear ye,
For so sweet Musick never stru[c]k mine ears yet:
Will you believe now?
Ism. Yes.
Ant. I am yours.
Ism. Speak louder,
If ye answer the Priest so low, you will lose your wedding.
Mar. Would I might speak, I would holloa.
Ant. Take my heart,
And if it be not firm and honest to you,
Heaven—
Ism. Peace, no more: I'll keep your heart, and credit it.
Keep you your word: [when] will you come again (Friend?)
For this time we have woo'd indifferently.
I would fain see ye, when I dare be bolder.
Ant. Why any night: only (dear noble Mistriss)
Pardon three daies: my Uncle *Julio*
Has bound me to attend him upon promise,
Upon expectation too: we have rare sports there,
Rare Countrey sports, I would you could but see 'em.
Dare ye so honor me?
Ism. I dare not be there,
You know I dare not, no, I must not (Friend)
Where I may come with honourable freedom:
Alas, I am ill too; we in love.
Ant. You flout me.
Ism. Trust me I do not: I speak truth, I am sickly,
And am in love: but you must be Physician.
Ant. I'll make a plaister of my best affection.
Ism. Be gone, we have supp'd, I hear the people stir,
Take my best wishes: give me no cause (*Antonio*)
To curse this happy night.
Ant. I'll lose my life first,

A thousand kisses.

Ism. Take ten thousand back again.

Mar. I am dumb with admiration: shall we goe, Sir? [*Exeunt.*

Ism. Dost thou know his Uncle?

Am. No, but I can ask, Cosin.

Ism. I'll tell thee more of that, come, let's to bed both, And give me handsome dreams, Love, I beseech thee.

Am. 'Has given ye a handsome subject.

Ism. Pluck to the windows. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Bustofa.

Bust. THe thundring Seas, whose watry fire washes
The whiting mops:
The gentle Whale whose feet so fell
Flies o'r the Mountains tops. [*within* Franio.

Fra. Boy.

Bust. The thundring.

Fra. Why boy *Bustofa.*

Bust. Here I am, the gentle Whale.

Enter Franio.

Fra. Oh, are you here, Sir? where's your Sister?

Bust. The gentle Whale flies o'r the Mountain tops.

Fra. Where's your sister (man)

Bust. Washes the whiting-Mops.

Fr. Thou ly'st, she has none to wash Mops? The boy is half way out of his wits, sure: Sirrah, who am I?

Bust. The thundring Seas.

Fra. Mad, stark mad.

Bust. Will you not give a man leave to con?

Fra. Yes, and fesse too, e'r I have done with you Sirrah, Am I your father?

Bust. The question is too hard for a child, ask me any thing That I have learn'd, and I'll answer you.

Fra. Is that a hard question? Sirrah, am not I your Father?

Bust. If I had my Mother-wit I could tell you.

Fra. Are you a thief?
Bust. So far forth as the Son of a Miller.
Fra. Will you be hang'd?
Bust. Let it go by eldership. The gentle Whale.—
Fra. Sirrah, lay by your foolish study there,
And beat your brains about your own affairs: or—
Bust. I thank you; you'ld have me goe under the sails
And beat my brains about your Mill? a natural
Father you are.—
Fra. I charge you goe not to the sports to day:
Last night I gave you leave, now I recant.
Bust. Is the wind turn'd since last night?
Fra. Marry is it, Sir, go no farther than my Mill;
There's my command upon you.
Bust. I may go round about then as your Mill does?
I will see your Mill gelded, and his Stones fry'd in steaks,
E'r I deceive the Countrey so: have I not my part to study?
How shall the sports go forward, if I be not there?
Fra. They'll want their fool indeed, if thou be'st not there.
Bust. Consider that, and go your self.
Fra. I have fears, (Sir,) that I cannot utter,
You goe not, nor your Sister: there's my charge.
Bust. The price of your golden thumb cannot hold me.
Fra. I, this was sport that I have tightly lov'd,
I could have kept company with the Hounds.
Bust. You are fit for no other company yet.
Fra. Run with the Hare; and bin in the whore's tail
Bust. That was before I was born, (y' faith:
I did ever mistrust I was a Bastard,
Because *Lapis* is in the singular number with me.

Enter Otrante *and* Gerasto.

Or. Leave thou that game (*Gerasto*) and chase here,
Do thou but follow it with my desires,
Thou'lt not return home empty.
Ger. I am prepar'd
(My Lord) with advantages: and see
Yonder's the subject I must work upon:
Otr. Her brother [?'tis,] methinks it should be easie:
That gross compound cannot but diffuse

The soul in such a latitude of ease,
As to make dull her faculties, and lazie:
What wit above the least can be in him,
That Reason ties together?
Ger. I have prov'd it, Sir,
And know the depth of it: I have the way
To make him follow me a hackney-pace,
With all that flesh about him; yes, and dragg
His Sister after him: This baits the old one,
Rid you him, and leave me to the other. [*Exit.*
Otr. 'Tis well: Oh *Franio*, the good day to you;
You were not wont to hear this Musick standing:
The Beagle and the Bugle ye have lov'd,
In the first rank of Huntsmen.
Bust. The dogs cry out of him now.
Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking, I'll bite you else:
Bust. Curr, Curr.
Fra. Slave, do'st call me dog?
Otr. Oh fie Sir, he speaks *Latine* to you,
He would know why you'll bite him.
Bust. *Responde cur*; You see his understanding (my Lord.)
Fra. I shall have a time to curry you for this:
But (my Lord) to answer you, the daies have been
I must have footed it before this Horn-pipe,
Though I had hazarded my Mill a fire,
And let the stones grind empty: but those dancings
Are done with me: I have good will to it still,
And that's the best I can do.
Otr. Come, come, you shall be hors'd:
Your company deserves him, though you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not. (up to the Mill.
Bust. He'll do't o'th' purpose (my Lord) to bring him
Fra. Do not tempt me too far (my Lord.)
Otr. There's a foot i'th' stirrop: I'll not leave you now:
You shall see the Game fall once again:
Fra. Well (my Lord) I'll make ready my legs for you,
And try 'em once a horseback: sirrah, my charge, keep it. [*Exit.*
Bust. Yes, when you pare down your dish for conscience
When your thumb's coyn'd into *bone & legalis*, (sake.
When you are a true Man-Miller.

Otr. What's the matter *Bustofa*? (the staggers,
Bust. My Lord; if you have e'r a drunken Jade that has
That will fall twice the height of our Mill with him: set him
O' th' back on him: a galled *Jennet* that will winch him out o' the
Saddle, and break one on's necks, or a shank of him (there was
A fool going that way, but the Asse had better luck;)
Or one of your brave *Bar*[*b*]*aries*, that would pass the Straits, and run
Into his own Countrey with him; the first Moor he met, would
Cut his throat for Complexions sake: there's as deadly feud
A *Moor* and a Miller, as between black and white. (between
Otr. Fie, fie, this is unnatural *Bustofa*,
Unless on some strong cause.
Bust. Be Judge (my Lord) (Countrey
I am studied in my part: the *Julian* Feast is to day: the
Expects me; I speak all the dumb shews: my Sister chosen for
A Nimph. The gentle Whale whose feet so fell: Cry mercy,
That was some of my part: But his charge is to keep the Mill,
And disappoint the Revels. (expecting.
Otr. Indeed, there it speaks shrewdly for thee; the Countrey
Bust. I, and for mine own grace too.
Otr. Yes, and being studied too: and the main Speaker too.
Bust. The main? why all my Speech lies in the main,
And the dry ground together: The thundering seas, whose, *&c.*
Otr. Nay, then thou must go, thou'lt be much condemn'd
But then o'th'other side, obedience. (else.
Bust. Obedience?
But speak your conscience now (my Lord)
Am not I past asking blessing at these years?
Speak as you're a Lord, if you had a Miller to your father.
Otr. I must yield to you (*Bustofa*,) your reasons
Are so strong, I cannot contradict: This I think,
If you goe; your Sister ought to go along with you.
Bust. There I stumble now: she is not at age.
Otr. Why, she's fifteen, and upwards.
Bust. Thereabouts.
Otr. That's womans ripe age; as full as thou art
At one and twenty: she's manable, is she not? (conscience.
Bust. I think not: poor heart, she was never try'd in my

'Tis a coy thing; she will not kiss you a clown, not if he Would kiss her.

Otr. What man?

Bust. Not if he would kiss her, I say.

Otr. Oh, 'twas cleanlier than I expected: well Sir, I'll leave you to your own; but my opinion is, You may take her along: this is half way: The rest (*Gerasto*) and I hunt my prey,— [*Exit.*

Bust. Away with the old Miller (my Lord) and the Mill Strikes sail presently.

Enter Pedro, *with* Gerasto *blind*, *singing.*

SONG.

Ger. *Come follow me (you Countrey-Lasses)*
And you shall see such sport as passes:
You shall Danc[*e*]*, and I will Sing*;
Pedro *he shall rub the string:*
Each shall have a loose bodied Gown
Of green; *and laugh till you lie down.*
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter Florimel.

Bust. O sweet *Diego*, the sweetest *Diego*, stay: Sister

Flo. What's that Brother? (*Florimel.*

Bust. Didst not hear *Diego*? Hear him, and thou'lt be ravish'd.

Flo. I have heard him sing, yet unravish'd, Brother.

Bust. You had the better luck (Sister.) I was ravish'd By my own consent: Come away: for the Sports.

Flo. I have the fear of a Father on me (Brother.)

Bust. Out: the thief is as safe as in his Mill: he's hunting Great Land-lord, the Don *Otrante*. Strike up *Diego*. (with our

Flo. But say he return before us, where's our excuse?

Bust. Strike up *Diego*. Hast no strings to thy apron?

Flo. Well, the fault lie upon your head (Brother.)

Bust. My faults never mount so high (girl) they rise but to My middle at most. Strike up *Diego*.

Ger. Follow me by the ear, I'll lead thee on (*Bustofa*) and Pretty *Florimel* thy Sister: oh that I could see her.

Bust. Oh *Diego*, there's two pities upon thee; great pitie And as great a pitie, thou canst not see. (thou art blind;

SONG.

Ger. *You shall have Crowns of Roses, Daysies,*
Buds, where the honey-maker gazes;
You shall taste the golden thighs,
Such as in Wax-Chamber lies.
What fruit please you, taste, freely pull,
Till you have all your bellies full.
Come follow me, &c.

Bust. Oh, *Diego*, the Don was not so sweet when he perfum'd the Steeple. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Antonio *and Martine.*

Mar. Why, how now (Friend) thou art not lost agen?
Ant. Not lost? why, all the world's a wilderness:
Some places peopled more by braver beasts
Than others are: But faces, faces (man)
May a man be caught with faces?
Mar. Without wonder,
'Tis odds against him: May not a good face
Lead a man about by th' nose? 'las,
The nose is but a part against the whole.
Ant. But is it possible that two faces
Should be so twin'd in form, complexion,
Figure, aspect? that neither wen, nor mole,
The Table of the brow, the eyes lustre,
The lips cherry; neither the blush nor smile
Should give the one distinction from the other?
Does Nature work in molds?
Mar. Altogether.
We are all one mold, one dust.
Ant. Thy reason's moldie.
I speak from the Form, thou the Matter.
Why? was't not ever one of Natures Glories,
Nay, her great piece of wonder, that amongst
So many millions millions of her works
She left the eye distinction, to cull out
The one from th'other; yet all one name, the face?

Mar. You must compare 'em by some other part
Of the body, if the face cannot do't.
Ant. Didst ask her name?
Mar. Yes, and who gave it her?
And what they promis'd more, besides a spoon,
And what Apostles picture: she is christned too,
In token wherefore she is call'd *Isabella*,
The daughter of a Countrey plow-swain by:
If this be not true, she lies.
Ant. She cannot;
It would be seen a blister on her lip,
Should falshood touch it, it is so tender:
Had her name held, 't had been *Ismenia*,
And not another of her name.
Mar. Shall I speak?
Ant. Yes, if thou'lt speak truth: Is she not wondrous like?
Mar. As two garments of the same fashion,
Cut from the same piece, yet if any excell,
This has the first; and in my judgment 'tis so.
Ant. 'Tis my opinion.
Mar. Were it the face
Where mine eye should dwell, I would please both
With this, as soon as one with the other.
Ant. And yet the other is the case of this.
Had I not look'd upon *Ismenia*,
I ne'r had staid beyond good-morrows time
In view of this.
Mar. Would I could leave him here,
'Twere a free passage to *Ismenia*:
I must now blow, as to put out the fire
Yet kindle't more. You not consider Sir,
The great disparitie is in their bloods,
Estates and fortunes: there's the rich beauty
Which this poor homeliness is not endow'd with;
There's difference enough.
Ant. The least of all.
Equality is no rule in Loves Grammar:
That sole unhappiness is left to Princes
To marry bloud: we are free disposers,
And have the power to equalize their blouds

Up to our own; we cannot keep it back,
'Tis a due debt from us.
Mar. I Sir, had you
No Father nor Uncle, nor such hinderers,
You might do with your self at your pleasure;
But as it is.
Ant. As it is; 'tis nothing:
Their powers will come too late, to give me back
The yesterday I lost.
Mar. Indeed, to say sooth,
Your opposition from the other part
Is of more force; there you run the hazard
Of every hour a life, had you supply;
You meet your dearest enemy in love
With all his hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your *Ismenia* to come home to you,
Than y[o]u to goe to Countrey *Isabell.*

Enter Julio.

Ant. Tush; 'tis not fear removes me.
Mar. No more: your Uncle.
Jul. Oh, the good hour upon you Gentlemen:
Welcome Nephew; Speak it to your friend Sir,
It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his acceptance.
Ant. I made bold, Uncle,
To do it before; and I think he believes it.
Mar. 'Twas never doubted, Sir.
Jul. Here are sports (*Dons*)
That you must look on with a loving eye,
And without Censure, 'less it be giving
My countrey neighbors loves their yearly offerings
That must not be refus'd; though't be more pain
To the Spectator, than the painful Actor,
'Twill abide no more test than the tinsel
We clad our Masks in for an hours wearing,
Or the Livery Lace sometimes on the cloaks
Of a great *Don*'s Followers: I speak no further
Than our own Countrey, Sir.
Mar. For my part, Sir,

The more absurd, 't shall be the better welcome.
Jul. You'll find the guest you look for: I heard Cousin,
You were at *Toledo* th' other day.
Ant. Not late, Sir.
Jul. Oh fie! must I be plainer? You chang'd the point
With *Tirso* and *Lisauro*, two of the Stock
Of our Antagonists, the *Belides*.
Ant. A meer proffer, Sir; the prevention
Was quick with us: we had done somewhat else:
This Gentleman was engag'd in't.
Jul. I am
The enemy to his foe for it: that wild-fire
Will crave more than fair water, to quench it
I suspect. Whence it will come I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Ant. I was about a gentle reconcilement,
But I do fear I shall goe back agen.
Jul. Come, come; The Sports are coming on us:
Nay, I have more guests to grace it: Welcome
Don *Gostanco*, *Giraldo*, *Philippo*: Seat, seat all. [*Musick.*

Enter a Cupid.

Cup. Love is little, and therefore I present him;
Love is a fire, therefore you may lament him.
Mar. Alas poor Love, who are they that can quench him?
Jul. He's not without those members, fear him not.
Cup. Love shoots, therefore I bear his bow about.
And Love is blind, therefore my eyes are out.
Ma. I never heard Love give reason for what he did before.

Enter Bustofa (*for* Paris.)

Cup. Let such as can s[e]e, see such as cannot: behold,
Our goddesses all three strive for the ball of Gold:
And here fair *Paris* comes, the hopeful youth of *Troy*,
Queen *Hecub*'s darling-son, King *Priams* only joy. (rather.
Mart. Is this *Paris?* I should have taken him for *Hector*
Bust. *Paris* at this time: Pray you hold your prating.
Ant. *Paris* can be angry.
Jul. Oh at this time

You must pardon him: he comes as a Judge.
Mar. —— Mercy on all that looks upon him, say I.
Bust. The thundring seas whose watry fire washes the Whiting Mops.
The gentle Whale, whose feet so fell, flies o'r the mountain tops.
No roars so fierce, no throats so deep, no howls can bring such fears.
As *Paris* can, if Garden from he call his Dogs and Bears.
Mar. I, those they were, that I fear'd all this while.
Bust. Yes *Jack-an-Apes*.
Mar. I thank you good *Paris*. (way then:
Bust. You may hold your peace, and stand further out o'th
The lines will fall where they light,
Yes *Jack-an-Apes*, he hath [to sport], and faces make like mirth,
Whilst bellowing buls, the horned beasts, do toss from ground to earth:
Blind Bear there is, as *Cupid* blind.
Ant. That Bear would be whip'd for losing of his eies.
Bust. Be whipped man may see,
But we present no such content, but *Nymphs* such as they be.
Ant. These are long lines.
Mar. Can you blame him, leading Buls and Bears in 'em.

Enter Shepherd singing, with Ismena, Aminta, Florimel, (*as* Juno, Pallas, Venus,) *and three Nymphs attending.*

Bust. Go *Cupid* blind, conduct the dumb, for Ladies must not speak here: (break here.
Let shepherds sing with dancing feet, and cords of musick

Song.

Now Ladies fight, with heels so light, by lot your luck must fall,
Where *Paris* please, to do you ease, and give the golden Ball.
[*Dance.*

Mar. If you plaid *Paris* now *Antonio*, where would you bestow it?
Ant. I prethee, Friend, (bestow it?
Take the full freedom of thought, but no words.
Mar. 'Protest there's a third, which by her habit,
Should personate *Venus*, and by consequence
Of the Story, receive the honors prize:
And were I a *Paris*, there it should be.
Do you note her?
Ant. No; mine eye is so fixed,

I cannot move it.

Cup. The dance is ended; Now to judgement *Paris.*

Bust. Here *Juno*, here: but stay, I do espy
A pretty gleek coming from *Pallas* eye:
Here *Pallas*, here: yet stay agen: methinks
I see the eye of lovely *Venus* winks:
Oh close them both: shut in those golden eyn,
And I will kiss those sweet blind cheeks of thine.
Juno is angry: yes, and *Pallas* frowns,
Would *Paris* now were gone from *Ida*'s downs.
They both are fair, but *Venus* has the Mole,
The fairest hair, and sweetest dimple hole:
To her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one man please three Ladies altogether?
No, take it *Venus*, toss it at thy pleasure,
Thou art the Lovers friend beyond his measure.

Jul. *Paris* has done what man can do, pleas'd one,
Who can do more?

Mar. Stay, here's another person.

Enter Gerasto, (*as* Mars.)

Ger. Come lovely *Venus*, leave this lower Orb,
And mount with *Mars*, up to his glorious Sphere.

Bust. How now, what's he:

Flor. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

Ger. Thy silver-yoke of Doves are in the Team,
And thou shalt fly through *Apollo*'s Beam:
I'll see thee seated in thy golden Throne,
And hold with *Mars* a sweet conjunction. [*Exit.*

Bust. Ha? what fellow's this? has carried away my Sister
He never rehears'd his part with me before. (*Venus*:

Jul. What follows now Prince *Paris*?

[Flor. *within.*——*H*[*e*]*lp*, *help*, *help*.

B[*u*]*st.* Hue and cry, I think Sir, this is *Venus* voice,
Mine own Sister *Flori*[*m*]*els.*

Mar. What is there some Tragick-Act behind?

Bust. No, no, altogether Comical; *Mars* and *Venus*
Are in the old conjunction it seems.

Mar. 'Tis very improper then, for *Venus*
Never cries out when she conjoyns with *Mars.*

Bust. That's true indeed: they are out of their parts sure,
It may be 'Tis the Book-holders fault: I'll go see.— [*Exit.*
Jul. How like you our Countrey Revels, Gentlemen?
All Gent. Oh, they commend themselves, Sir.
Ant. Methinks now
Juno and *Minerva* should take revenge on *Paris*.
It cannot end without it.
Mar. I did expect
Instead of *Mars*, the Storm-G[ao]ler *Eolus*,
And *Juno* proff'ring her *Deiopeia*
As satisfaction to the blustring god,
To send his Tossers forth.
Jul. It may so follow,
Lets not prejudicate the History.

Enter Bustofa.

Bust. Oh, oh, oh, oh.
Jul. So, here's a Passion towards.
Bust. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen; my Sister,
My *Venus*; she's stolen away.
Jul. The story changes from our expectation, (*Mars.*
Bust. Help, my father, the Miller will hang me else: god
Is a bawdy Villain: he said she should ride upon Doves:
She's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or no.
Mar. Sure I think he's serious. (in the breech
Bust. She's hors'd upon a double Gelding, and a Stone-horse
Of her: the poor wench cries help, and I cry help, and none
Of you will help.
Jul. Speak, is it the show, or dost thou bawl?
Bust. A pox on the Ball: my Sister bawls, and I bawl:
Either bridle horse and follow, or give me a halter
To hang my self: I cannot run so fast as a hog.
Jul. Follow me, I'll fill the Countrey with pursuit
But I will find the thief: my house thus abus'd?
Bust. 'Tis my house that's abus'd, the Sister of my flesh
and bloud: oh, oh. [*Exeunt.*
1 *Wench.* 'Tis time we all shift for our selves, if this be
2. However I'll be gone. (serious.
3. And I. [*Exeunt.*
Ant. You need not fright your beauties pretty souls,

With the least pale complexion of a fear.
Mar. *Juno* has better courage: and *Minerva*'s more discreet.
Ism. Alas my courage was so counterfeit
It might have been struck from me with a Feather.
Juno ne'r had so weak a presenter.
Am. Sure I was ne'r the wiser for *Minerva*,
That I find yet about me.
Ism. My dwelling, Sir?
'Tis a poor yeomans roof, scarce a league off,
That never sham'd me yet.
Ant. Your gentle pardon:
I vow my erring eies had almost cast you
For one of the most mortal enemies
That our Family has.
Ism. I'm sorry, Sir,
I am so like your foe: 'Twere fit I hasted
From your offended sight.
Ant. Oh, mistake not,
It was my error, and I do confess it:
You'll not believe you'r welcome; nor can I speak it;
But there's my friend can tell you, pray hear him.
Mar. Shall I tell her, Sir? I'm glad of the employment.
Ant. A kinswoman to that beauty:
Am. A kin to her, Sir,
But nothing to her beauty.
Ant. Do not wrong it, 'tis not far behind her.
Am. Her hinder parts are not far off, indeed, Sir.
Mar. Let me but kiss you with his ardor now,
You shall feel how he loves you.
Ism. Oh forbear:
'Tis not the fashion with us, but would you
Perswade me that he loves me?
Mar. I'll warrant you
He dies in't: and that were witness enough on't.
Ism. Love me Sir? can you tell me for what reason?
Mar. Fie, will you ask me that which you have about you?
Ism. I know nothing Sir.
Mar. Let him find it then;
He constantly believes you have the thing
That he must love you for: much is apparent,

A sweet and lovely beauty.
Ism. So Sir; Pray you
Show me one thing: Did he ne'r love before?
(I know you are his bosom-Counsellor)
Nay then I see your answer is not ready:
I'll not believe you if you study farther.
Mar. Shall I speak truth to you?
Ism. Or speak no more.
Mar. There was a smile thrown at him, from a Lady
Whose deserts might buy him trebble, and lately
He receiv'd it, and I know where he lost it,
In this face of yours: I know his heart's within you.
Ism. May I know her name?
Mar. In your ear you may
With vow of silence.
Am. He'll not give over Sir:
If he speak for you, he'll sure speed for you.
Ant. But that's not the answer to my question.
Am. You are the first in my Virgin-conscience
That e'r spoke Love to her: oh, my heart!
Ant. How do you?
Am. Nothing Sir: but would I had a better face.
How well your pulse beats.
Ant. Healthfully, does it not?
Am. It thumps prettily, methinks.
Ism. Alack, I hear it
With much pity: how great is your fault too,
In wrong to the good Lady!
Mar. You forget
The difficult passage he has to her,
A hell of feud's between the Families.
Ism. And that has often Love wrought by advantage
To peaceful reconcilement.
Mar. There impossible.
Ism. This way 'tis worser; 't may seed again in her
Unto another generation:
For where (poor Lady) is her satisfaction?
Mar. It comes in me; to be truth, I love her
(I'll go no farther for comparison)
As dear as he loves you.

Ism. How if she love not?
Mar. Tush: be that my pains: You know not what Art
I have those ways.
Ism. Beshrow you, you have practis'd upon me,
Well, speed me here, and you with your *Ismenia.*
Mar. Go, the condition's drawn, ready dated,
There wants but your hand to't.
Am. Truely you have taken great pains, Sir.
Mar. A friendly part, no more (sweet Beauty.)
Am. They are happy, Sir, have such friends as you are.
But do you know you have done well in this?
How will his Allies receive it? she (though I say't)
Is of no better bloud than I am.
Mar. There I leave it, I'm at farthest that way.
Ism. You shall extend your vows no larger now.
My heart calls you mine own: and that's enough.
Reason, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.
I shall not leave you unsaluted long
Either by Pen or Person.
Ant. You may discourse
With me, when you think y'are alone, I shall
Be present with you.
Ism. Come Cosin, will you walk?
Am. Alas, I was ready long since: in conscience
You would with better will yet stay behind.
Ism. Oh Love, I never thought thou'dst been so blind.
Mar. You'll answer this Sir. [*Exeunt.*
Ant. If er't be spoke on:
I purpose not to propound the question.

Enter Julio.

Jul. 'Tis true, the poor knave said: some Ravisher,
Some of Lusts Bloud-hounds have seiz'd upon her:
The Girl is hurried, as the devil were with 'em
And help'd their speed.
Mar. It may be not so ill, Sir.
A well-prepared Lover may do as much
In hot bloud as this, and perform't hon[e]stly.
Jul. What? steal away a Virgin 'gainst her will?
Mar. It may be any mans case; despise nothing:

And that's a thief of a good quality,
Most commonly he brings his theft home again,
Though with a little shame.
Jul. There's a charge by't
Fall'n upon me: *Paris* (the Millers son)
Her brother, dares not venture home again
Till better tidings follow of his Sister.
Ant. Y'are the more beholding to the mischance, Sir:
Had I gone a Boot-haling, I should as soon
Have stoll'n him as his Sister: Marry then,
To render him back in the same plight he is
May be costly: his flesh is not maintain'd with little.
Jul. I think the poor knave will pine away,
He cries all to be pittied yonder.
Mar. Pray you Sir, let's go see him: I should laugh
To see him cry, sure.
Jul. Well, you are merry, Sir.
Antonio, keep this charge; I have fears
Move me to lay it on you: Pray forbear
The ways of your enemies, the *Bellides*.
I have reason for my Injunction, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aminta (*as a Page with a Letter.*)

Ant. To me, Sir? from whom?
Am. A friend, I dare vow, Sir.
Though on the enemies part: the Lady *Ismenia*.
Mar. Take heed, blush not too deep; let me advise you
In your answer, 't must be done heedfully.
Ant. I should not see a Masculine in peace
Out of that house.
Am. Alas, I'm a child, Sir,
Your hates cannot last till I wear a sword.
Ant. Await me for your answer.
Mar. He must see her,
To manifest his shame: 'tis my advantage;
While our bloud's under us, we keep above:
But then we fall, when we do fall in love. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Julio *and* Franio.

Fra. MY Lord, my Lord, your house hath injur'd me,
Rob'd [me] of all the joys I had on earth.
Jul. Where wert thou brought up (fellow?)
Fra. In a Mill.
You may perceive it by my loud exclaims,
Which must rise higher yet.
Jul. Obstreperous Carle,
If thy throats tempest could o'erturn my house,
What satisfaction were it for thy child:
Turn thee the right way to thy journeys end.
Wilt have her where she is not?
Fra. Here was she lost,
And here must I begin my footing after;
From whence, until I meet a pow'r to punish,
I will not rest: You are not quick to grief.
Your hearing's a dead sense. Were yours the loss,
Had you a Daughter [stoln], perhaps be-whor'd,
(For to what other end should come the thief?)
You'ld play the Miller then, be loud and high.
But being not a sorrow of your own,
You have no help nor pity for another.
Jul. Oh, thou hast op'd a Sluce was long shut up,
And let a floud of grief in; a buried grief
Thy voice hath wak'd again: a grief as old
As likely 'tis thy child is; friend, I tell thee,
I did once lose a Daughter.
Fra. Did you, Sir?
Beseech you then, how did you bear her loss?
Jul. With thy grief trebled.
Fra. But was she stolen from you?
Jul. Yes, by devouring thieves, from whom cannot
Ever return a satisfaction:
The wild beasts had her in her swathing clothes.
Fra. Oh much good do 'em with her.
Jul. Away tough churle.
Fra. Why, she was better eaten than my child,

Better by beasts, than beastly men devoured,
They took away a life, no honor from her:
Those beasts might make a Saint of her, but these
Will make my child a devil but was she, Sir,
Your only Daughter?

Enter Gilian.

Jul. I ne'r had other (Friend.)
Gil. Where are you (man?) your business lies not here,
Your Daughters in the Pound, I have found where;
'Twill cost [you] dear, her freedom.
Fra. I'll break it down,
And free her without pay:
Horse-locks nor chains shall hold her from me.
Jul. I'll take this relief.
I now have time to speak alone with grief. [*Exit.*
Fra. How? my Landlord? he's Lord of my Lands
But not my Cattle: I'll have her again (*Gil.*)
Gil. You are not mad upon the sudden now.
Fra. No *Gill.* I have been mad these five hours:
I'll sell my Mill, and buy a Roring.
I'll batter down his house, and make a Stewes on't.
Gill. Will you gather up your wits a little
And hear me? the King's near by in progress,
Here I have got our supplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.
Fra. Give it me (*Gill.*)
I will not fear to give it to the King:
To his own hands (God bless him) will I give it,
And he shall set the Law upon their shoulders,
And hang 'em all that had a hand in it.
Gill. Where's your Son?
Fra. He shall be hang'd in flitches:
The Dogs shall eat him in *Lent*, there's Cats-meat
And Dogs-meat enough about him.
Gill. Sure the poor Girl is the *Counts* whore by this time.
Fra. If she be the *Counts* whore, the whores *Count*
Shall pay for it: He shall pay for a new Maiden-head.
Gil. You are so violous: this I'm resolv'd,
If she be a whore once, I'll renounce her,

You know, if every man had his right,
She's none of our child, but a meer foundling,
(And I can guess the owner for a need too)
We have but foster'd her.
Fra. Gill. no more of that,
I'll cut your tongue out, if you tell those tales.
Hark, hark, these *Toaters* tell us the King's coming:
Get you gone; I'll see if I can find him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lisauro, Tersa, Pedro, *and* Moncado.

Lis. Does the King remove to day?
Ter. So saies the Harbengers,
And keeps his way on to *Valentia*,
There ends the progress.
Ped. He hunts this morning Gentlemen,
And dines i'th' fields: the Court is all in readiness.
Lis. Pedro, did you send for this Tailor? or you *Moncado*?
This light *French* Demi-launce that follows us.
Ped. No, I assure ye on my word, I am guiltless,
I owe him too much to be inward with him.
Mon. I am not quit I am sure: there is a reckoning
Of some four scarlet cloaks, and two lac'd suits
Hangs on the file still, like a fearful Comet
Makes me keep off.
Lis. I am in too Gentlemen,
I thank his faith, for a matter of three hundred.
Ter. And I for two, what a devil makes he this way?
I do not love to see my sins before me.
Ped. 'Tis the vacation, and these things break out
To see the Court, and glory in their debtors.
Ter. What do you call him for? I never love
To remember their names that I owe money to,
'Tis not gentile; I shun 'em like the plague ever.
Lis. His name's *Vertigo*: hold your heads, and wonder,
A French-man, and a founder of new Fashions:
The revolutions of all shapes and habits
Run madding through his brains. [*Enter* Vertigo.
Monc. He is very brave.
Lis. The shreds of what he steals from us, believe it,
Makes him a mighty man: he comes, have at ye.

Ver. Save ye together, my sweet Gentlemen,
I have been looking—
Ter. Not for Money, Sir?
You know the hard time.
Ver. Pardon me sweet (*Signior*)
Good faith the least thought in my heart, your love Gentlemen,
Your love's enough for me: Money? hang money:
Let me preserve your love.
Lis. Yes marry shall ye,
And we our credit, you would see the Court?
Mon. He shall see every place.
Ver. Shall I i'faith Gentlemen?
Ped. The Cellar, and the Buttry, and the Kitchin,
The Pastry, and the Pantry.
Ter. I, and taste too
Of every Office: and be free of all too:
That he may say when he comes home in glory.
Ver. And I will say, i'faith, and say it openly,
And say it home too: Shall I see the King also?
Lis. Shalt see him every day: shalt see the Ladies
In their *French* clothes: shalt ride a hunting with him,
Shalt have a Mistriss too: we must fool handsomely
To keep him in belief, we honor him,
He may call on us else.
Ped. A pox upon him.
Let him call at home in's own house for salt butter.
Ver. And when the King puts on a new suit.
Ter. Thou shalt see it first,
And desect his doublets: that thou maist be perfect.
Ver. The Wardrobe I would fain view, Gentlemen,
Fain come to see the Wardrobe.
Lis. Thou shalt see it,
And see the secret of it, dive into it:
Sleep in the Wardrobe, and have Revelations
Of fashions five years hence.
Ver. Ye honor me.
Ye infinitely honor me.
Ter. Any thing i' th' Court, Sir,
Or within the compass of a Courtier.
Ver. My wife shall give ye thanks.

Ter. You shall see any thing.
The privat[st] place, the stool, and where 'tis emptied.
Ver. Ye make me blush, ye pour your bounties, Gentle-
In such abundance. (men,
Lis. I will shew thee presently
The order that the King keeps when he comes
To open view, that thou may'st tell thy neighbors
Over a shoulder of mutton, thou hast seen something,
Nay, thou shalt present the King for this time.
Ver. Nay, I pray Sir.
Lis. That thou maist know what State there does belong
Stand there I say, and put on a sad countenance, (to it;
Mingled with height: be cover'd, and reserved;
Move like the Sun, by soft degrees, and glorious,
Into your order (Gentlemen) uncover'd,
The King appears; We'll sport with you a while, Sir,
I am sure you are merry with us all the year long (Tailor)
Move softer still, keep in that fencing leg; *Monsieur*,
Turn to no side.

Enter Franio *out of breath.*

Ter. What's this that appears to him?
Lis. 'Has a petition, and he looks most lamentably,
Mistake him, and we are made.
Fra. This is the King sure,
The glorious King, I know him by his gay clothes.
Lis. Now bear your self that you may say hereafter.
Fra. I have recover'd breath, I'll speak unto him presently,
May it please your gracious Majesty to consider
A poor mans case?
Ver. What's your Will, Sir?
Lis. You must accept, and read it.
Ter. The Tailor will run mad upon my life for't.
Ped. How he mumps and bridles: he will ne'r cut clothes
Ver. And what's your grief? (again.
Mon. He speaks i' th' nose like his goose.
Fra. I pray you read there; I am abus'd and frumpt, Sir,
By a great man that may do ill by authority;
Poor honest men are hang'd for doing less, Sir,
My child is stolen, the Count *Otrante* stole her;

A pretty child she is, although I say it,
A handsome Mother, he means to make a whore of her,
A silken whore, his knaves have filch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd knaves, that do him beastly offices:
I kneel for Justice. Shall I have it Sir?

Enter King Philippo, *and Lords.*

Phil. What Pageant's this?
Lis. The King:
Tailor, stand off, here ends your aparition:
Miller, turn round, and there address your paper,
There, there's the King indeed.
Fra. May it please your Majesty.
Phil. Why didst thou kneel to that fellow?
Fra. In good faith, Sir,
I thought he had been a King, he was so gallant:
There's none here wears such gold.
Phil. So foolishly,
You have golden business sure; because I am homely
Clad, in no glitt'ring suit, I am not look'd on:
Ye fools that wear gay cloaths, love to [be] gap'd at,
What are you better when your end calls on you?
Will gold preserve ye from the grave? or jewels?
Get golden Minds, and fling away your Trappings
Unto your bodies, minister warm raiments,
Wholsome and good; glitter within and spare not:
Let my [C]ourt have rich souls, their suits I weigh not:
And what are you that took such State upon ye?
Are ye a Prince?
Lis. The Prince of Tailors, Sir,
We owe some money to him, and't like your Majesty.
Phil. If it like him, would ye ow'd more, be modester,
And you less saucy, Sir: and leave this place:
Your Pressing-iron will make no perfect Courtier:
Goe stitch at home, and cozen your poor neighbors,
Show such another pride, I'll have ye whipt for't,
And get worse clothes, these but proclaim your fellony.
And what's your Paper?
Fra. I beseech you read it.
Phil. What's here? the Count *Otrante* task'd for a base (villany,

For stealing of a maid?
Lord. The Count *Otrante*?
Is not the fellow mad, Sir?
Fra. No, no, my Lord,
I am in my wits, I am a labouring man,
And we have seldome leisure to run mad,
We have other business to employ our heads in,
We have little Wit to lose too: if we complain,
And if a heavie lo[r]d lie on [our] shoulders,
Worse than a sack of Meal, and oppress our poverties,
We are mad streight, and whop'd, and ty'd in fetters,
Able to make a horse mad, as you use us,
You are mad for nothing, and no man dare proclaim it,
In you a wildness is a noble trick,
And cherish'd in ye, and all men must love it:
Oppressions of all sorts, sit like new clothes,
Neatly and handsomely upon your Lordships:
And if we kick when your honors spur us,
We are Knaves and Jades, and ready for the Justice.
I am a true Miller.
Phil. Then thou art a wonder.
2 *Lor.* I know [the] man reputed for a good man
An honest and substantial fellow.
Phil. He speaks sence,
And to the point: Greatness begets much rudeness,
How dare you (Sirrah) 'gainst so main a person,
A man of so much Noble note and honor,
Put up this base complaint? Must every Peasant
Upon a saucy Will affront great Lords!
All fellows (Miller?)
Fra. I have my reward, Sir,
I was told one greatness would protect another,
As beams support their fellows; now I find it:
If't please your Grace to have me hang'd, I am ready,
'Tis but a Miller, and a Thief dispa[t]ch'd:
Though I steal bread, I steal no flesh to tempt me.
I have a wife, and 't please him to have her too,
With all my heart; 'twill make my charge the less, Sir,
She'll hold him play awhile: I have a boy too,
He's able to instruct his Honors hogs,

Or rub his horse-heels: when it please his Lordship
He may [make] him his slave too, or his bawd:
The boy is well bred, can exhort his Sister:
For me, the Prison, or the Pillory,
To lose my [goods], and have mine ears cropt off;
Whipt like a Top, and have a paper stuck before me,
For abominable honesty to his own Daughter,
I can endure, Sir: the Miller has a stout heart,
[T]ough as his Toal-pin.

Phil. I suspect this shrewdly,
Is it his Daughter that the people call
The Millers fair Maid?

2 *Lor.* It should seem so, Sir.

Phi. Be sure you be i' th' right, Sirrah.

Fra. If I be i' th' wrong, Sir,
Be sure you hang me, I will ask no courtesie:
Your Grace may have a Daughter, think of that, Sir,
She may be fair, and she may be abused too:
A King is not exempted from these cases:
Stolen from your loving care.

Phil. I do much pity him.

Fra. But heaven forbid she should be in that venture
That mine is in at this hour: I'll assure your Grace
The Lord wants a water-Mill, and means to grind with her
Would I had his stones to set, I would fit him for it.

Phil. Follow me, Miller, and let me talk with ye farther,
And keep this private all upon your Loyalties:
To morrow morning, though I am now beyond him,
And the less lookt for, I'll break my Fast with the good Count.
No more, away, all to our sports, be silent. [*Exeunt.*

Ver. What Grace shall I have now?

Lis. Choose thine own Grace,
And go to dinner when thou wilt, *Vertigo*,
We must needs follow the King.

Ter. You heard the sentence.

Mon. If you stay here
I'll send thee a shoulder of Venison:
Go home, go home, or if thou wilt disguise,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the dogs.

Ped. Or thou shalt be special Tailor to the Kings Monkey,

'Tis a fine place, we cannot stay.
Ver. No Money,
Nor no Grace, Gentlemen?
Ter. 'Tis too early Tailor.
The King has not broke his Fast yet.
Ver. I shall look for ye
The next Term, Gentlemen.
Ped. Thou shalt not miss us:
Prethee provide some clothes, and dost thou hear *Vertigo*
Commend me to thy Wife: I want some shirts too.
Ver. I have Chambers for ye all.
Lis. They are too musty,
When they are clear we'll come.
Ver. I must be patient
And provident, I shall never get home else. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Otrante *and* Florimell.

Otr. Prethee be wiser wench, thou canst not scape me,
Let me with love and gentleness injoy that
That may be still preserv'd with love, and long'd for:
If violence lay rough hold, I shall hate thee,
And after I have enjoy'd thy Maiden-head,
Thou wilt appear so stale and ugly to me
I shall despise thee, cast thee off.
Flor. I pray ye Sir,
Begin it now, and open your doors to me,
I do confess I am ugly; let me go, Sir:
A Gipsey-girl: Why would your Lordship touch me?
Fye, 'tis not noble: I am homely bred,
Course, and unfit for you: why do you flatter me?
There be young Ladies, many that will love ye,
That will dote on ye: you [are] a handsome Gentleman,
What will they say when once they know your quality?
A Lord, a Miller? take your Toal dish with ye:
You that can deal with Gudgins, and course flower,
'Tis pitty you should tast what manchet means:
Is this fit Sir, for your repute and honor?
Otr. I'll love thee still.

Flo. You cannot, there's no sympathy
Between our births, [our] breeding, arts, conditions,
And where these are at difference, ther's no liking:
This hour it may be I seem handsome to you,
And you are taken with variety
More than with beauty: to morrow when you have enjoy'd me,
Your heat and lust asswag'd, and come to examine
Out of a cold and penitent condition
What you have done, whom you have shar'd your love with,
Made partner of your bed, how it will vex ye,
How you will curse the devil that betrayd ye,
And what shall become of me then?
Otr. Wilt thou hear me?
Flo. As hasty as you were then to enjoy me,
As precious as this beauty shew'd unto ye,
You'll kick me out of dores, you will whore and ban me:
And if I prove with child with your fair issue,
Give me a pension of five pound a year
To breed your Heir withall, and so good speed me.
Otr. I'll keep thee like a woman.
Flo. I'll keep my self Sir,
Keep my self honest Sir; there's the brave keeping:
If you will marry me.
Otr. Alass poor *Florimell.*
Flo. I do confess I am too course and base Sir
To be your wife, and it is fit you scorn me,
Yet such as I have crown'd the lives of great ones:
To be your whore I am sure I am too worthy,
(For by my troth Sir, I am truly honest)
And that's an honor equal to your greatness.
Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.
Flo. Tempt me no more then:
Give me that peace, and then you give abundance,
I know ye do but try me, ye are noble,
All these are but to try my modesty,
If you should find me easie, and once coming,
I see your eyes already how they would fright me;
I see your honest heart how it would swell
And burst it self into a grief against me:
Your tongue in noble anger, now, even now Sir,

Ready to rip my loose thoughts to the bottom,
And lay my shame unto my self, wide open:
You are a noble Lord, you pitty poor maids,
The people are mistaken in your courses:
You, like a father, try 'em to the uttermost.
As they do Gold: you purge the dross from them,
And make them shine.

Otr. This cunning cannot help ye:
I love ye to enjoy [ye]: I have stol'n ye
To enjoy ye now, not to be fool'd with circumstance,
Yield willingly, or else.

Flo. What?

Otr. I will force ye.
I will not be delay'd, a poor base wench
That I, in curtesie, make offer to,
Argue with me?

Flo. Do not, you will loose your labor,
Do not my Lord, it will become ye poorly:
Your courtesie may do much on my nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender:
If you compel, I have my strengths to flye to,
My honest thoughts, and those are guards about me:
I can cry too, and noise enough I dare make,
And I have curses, that will call down thunder,
For all I am a poor wench, heaven will hear me:
My body you may force, but my will never;
And be sure I do not live if you do force me,
Or have no tongue to tell your beastly Story,
For if I have, and if there be a justice.

Otr. Pray ye go in here: I'll calm my self for this time.
And be your friend again.

Flo. I am commanded. [*Exit.*

Otr. You cannot scape me, yet I must enjoy ye,
I'll lie with thy wit, though I miss thy honesty:
Is this a wench for a Boors hungry bosom?
A morsel for a Peasants base embraces?
And must I starve, and the meat in my mouth?
I'll none of that.

Enter Gerasto.

Ger. How now my Lord, how sp[e]d ye?
Have ye done the deed?
Otr. No, pox upon't, she is honest.
Ger. Honest, what's that? you take her bare denial,
Was there ever wench brought up in a mill, and honest?
That were a wonder worth a Chronicle,
Is your belief so large? what did she say to ye?
Otr. She said her honesty was all her dowry,
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay how dishonourable it would seem in me
To act my will; popt me i'th mouth with modesty.
Ger. What an impudent Quean was that! that's their trick ever.
Otr. And then discours'd to me very learnedly
What fame and loud opinion would tell of me:
A wife she touch'd at.
Ger. Out upon her Varlet.
Was she so bold? these home-spun things are [d]evils,
They'll tell ye a thousand lies, if you'll believe 'em;
And stand upon their honors like great Ladies,
They'll speak unhappily too: good words to cozen ye,
And outwardly seem Saints: they'll cry down-right also,
But 'tis for anger that you do not crush 'em.
Did she not talk of being with child?
Otr. She toucht at it.
Ger. The trick of an arrant whore to milk your Lordship;
And then a pension nam'd?
Otr. No, no, she scorn'd it:
I offer'd any thing, but she refus'd all,
Refus'd it with a confident hate.
Ger. You thought so,
You should have taken her then, turn'd her, and tew'd her
I'th'strength of all her resolution, flatter'd her,
And shak't her stubborn will: she would have thank'd ye,
She would have lov'd ye infinitely, they must seem modest,
It is their parts: if you had plaid your part Sir.
And handl'd her as men do unman'd Hawks,
Cast her, and malde her up in good clean linnen,
And there have coyed her, you had caught her heart-strings.

These tough Virginities they blow like white thornes
In storms and tempests.
Otr. She is beyond all this,
As cold, and harden'd, as the Virgin Crystal.
Ger. Oh force her, force her, Sir, she longs to be ravish'd
Some have no pleasure but in violence;
To be torn in pieces is their paradise:
'Tis ordinary in our Countrey, Sir, to ravish all
They will not give a penny for their sport
Unless they be put to it, and terribly,
And then they swear they'll hang the man comes near 'em,
And swear it on his lips too.
Otr. No, no forcing,
I have an other course, and I will follow it,
I command you, and do you command your fellows,
That when you see her next, disgrace, and scorn her,
I'll seem to put her out o'th' dores o'th' sodain
And leave her to conjecture, then seize on her.
Away, be ready straight.
Ger. We shall not fail, Sir. [*Exit.*
Otr. *Florimell.*

Enter Florimell.

Flo. My Lord.
Otr. I am sure you have now consider'd
And like a wise wench weigh'd a friends displeasure,
Repented your proud thoughts, and cast your scorn off.
Flo. My Lord, I am not proud, I was never beautiful.
Nor scorn I any thing that's just and honest.
Otr. Come, to be short, can ye love yet? you told me
Kindness would far compell ye: I am kind to ye,
And mean to exceed that way.
Flo. I told ye too, Sir,
As far as it agreed with modesty,
With honour, and with honesty I would yield to ye:
Good my Lord: take some other Theam: for Love,
Alass, I never knew yet what it meant,
And on the sudden Sir, to run through Volumes
Of his most mystick art, 'tis most impossible;
Nay, to begin with lust, which is an Heresie,
A foul one too; to learn that in my childhood:

O good my Lord.
Otr. You will not out of this song,
Your modesty, and honesty, is that all?
I will not force ye.
Flo. Ye are too noble, Sir.
[*Otr.* Nor play the childish fool, and marry ye,
I am yet not mad.
Flo. If ye did, men would imagine.]
Otr. Nor will I woo ye at that infinite price
It may be you expect.
Flo. I expect your pardon,
And a discharge (my Lord) that's all I look for.
Otr. No, nor fall sick for love.
Flo. 'Tis a heathful year Sir.
Otr. Look ye, I'll turn ye out o'dores, and scorn ye.
Flo. Thank ye my Lord.
Otr. A proud slight Peat I found ye,
A fool (it may be too.)
Flo. An honest woman,
Good my Lord think me.
Otr. And a base I [l]eave ye,
So fare-ye-well. [*Exit.*
[*Flo.* Blessing attend your Lordship;
This is hot love, that vanisheth like vapors;
His Ague's off, his burning fits are well quench'd,
I thank heaven for't: his men, they will not force me.]

Enter Gerasto *and Servants.*

Ger. What dost thou stay for? dost thou not know the (way,
Thou base unprovident whore?
Flo. Good words, pray ye Gentlemen.
1 *Ser.* Has my Lord smoak'd ye over, good-wife Miller?
Is your Mill broken that you stand so useless?
2 *Ser.* An impudent Quean, upon my life she is unwholsome
Some base discarded thing my Lord has found her,
He would not have turn'd her off o'th'sudden else.
Ger. Now against every sack (my honest sweet heart)
With every *Smig* and *Smug.*
Flo. I must be patient.
Ger. And every greasie guest, and sweaty Rascall
For his Royal hire between his fingers, Gentlewoman.

1 *Ser.* I fear thou hast given my Lord the —— thou damn'd (thing.
2 *Ser.* I have seen her in the Stewes.
Ger. The knave her father
Was Bawd to her there, and kept a Tipling house,
You must even to it again: a modest function.
Flo. If ye had honesty, ye would not use me
Thus basely, wretchedly, though your Lord bid ye,
But he that knows.
Ger. Away thou carted impudence,
You meat for every man: a little meal
Flung in your face, makes ye appear so proud.
Flo. This is inhumane. Let these tears persuade you,
If ye be men, to use a poor girl better;
I wrong not you, I am sure I call you Gentlemen.

Enter Otrante.

Otr. What business is here? away, are not you gone yet?
Flo. My Lord, this is not well: although you hate me,
For what I know not; to let your people wrong me,
Wrong me maliciously, and call me.—
Otr. Peace,
And mark me what we say advisedly;
Mark, as you love that that you call your credit;
Yield now, or you are undone: your good name's perish'd
Not all the world can buy your reputation;
'Tis sunk for ever else, these peoples tongues will poison ye
Though you be white as innocence they'll taint ye,
They will speak terrible and hideous things,
And people in this age are prone to credit,
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a woman,
Consider this, and then be wise and tremble,
Yield yet, and yet I'll save ye.
Flo. How?
Otr. I'll show ye,
Their mouths I'll seal up, they shall speak no more
But what is honorable and honest of ye,
And Saintlike they shall worship ye: they are mine,
And what I charge them *Florimell.*
Flo. I am ruin'd,
Heaven will regard me yet, they are barbarous wretches:
Let me not fall (my Lord.)

Otr. You shall not *Florimell*:
Mark how I'll work your peace, and how I honor ye.
Who waits there? come all in.

Enter Gerasto *and Servants.*

Ger. Your pleasure Sir.
Otr. Who dare say this sweet beauty is not heavenly?
This virgin, the most pure the most untainted,
The holiest thing?
Ger. We know it (my dear Lord)
We are her slaves: and that proud impudence
That dares disparage her, this sword (my Lord.)
1. *Ser.* They are rascals, base, the sons of common women
That wrong this virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honorable of her: when we slight her,
Hang us, or cut's in pieces: let's tug i'th' Gallies.
2 *Ser.* Brand us for villains.
Flo. Why sure I dream: these are all Saints.
Otr. Go, and live all her slaves.
Ger. We are proud to do it. [*Exeunt.*
Otr. What think ye now? am not I able *Florimell*
Yet to preserve ye?
Flo. I am bound to your Lordship,
Ye are all honour, and good my Lord but grant me,
Untill to morrow, leave to weigh my fortunes,
I'll give you a free answer, perhaps a pleasing,
Indeed I'll do the best I can to satisfie ye.
Otr. Take your good time, this kiss, till then farewell,
Sweet. [*Exeunt.*

Actus IV.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Antonio, Martine, Bustofa.

Mar. By all means discharge your follower.
Ant. If we can get him off: Sirrah *Bustofa*
Thou must needs run back.
Bust. But I must not unless you send
A Bier, or a Lictor at my back, I do not use to run
From my friends.

Ant. Well, go will serve turn: I have forgot.
Bust. What Sir?
Ant. See if I can think on't now.
Bust. I know what 'tis now.
Ant. A Pistolet of that.
Bust. Done, you have forgot a devise to send me away,
You are going a smocking perhaps.
Mar. His own, due, due i'faith *Antonio*,
The Pistolet's his own.
Ant. I confess it,
There 'tis: now if you could afford out of it
A reasonable excuse to mine Uncle.
Bust. Yes, I can:
But an excuse will not serve your turn: it must be a lye,
A full lye, 'twill do no good else: if you'll go to
The price of that?
Ant. Is a lye dearer than an excuse?
Bust. Oh, treble; this is the price of an excuse: but a lye is two more:
Look how many foyles go to a fair fall, so many excuses to
A full lye, and less cannot serve your turn, let any Tailor
I'th' Town make it.
Mar. Why 'tis reasonable, give him his price:
Let it be large enough now.
Bust. I'll warrant you, cover him all over.
Ant. I would have proof of one now. (pardon
Bust. What? scale my invention before hand? you shall
Me for that; well, I'll commend you to your Uncle, and
Tell him you'll be at home at supper with him.
Ant. By no means, I cannot come to night (man)
Bust. I know that too, you do not know a lye when you
Mar. Remember it must stretch for all night. (see it.
Bust. I shall want stuffe, I doubt 'twill come to the other *Pistolet.*
Ant. Well, lay out, you shall be no looser Sir.
Bust. It must be faced, you know, there will be a yard of dissimulation
At least (City-measure) and cut upon an untroth or two: Lyned
With Fables, that must needs be, cold weather's coming, if it had

A gallon of hypocrisie, 'twould do well: and hooked
Together with a couple of conceits,
That's necessity; well, I'll bring in my
Bill: I'll warrant you as fair a lye by that time I have done
With it, as any Gentleman i'th' Town can swear to, if he
Would betray his Lord and Master. [*Exit.*

Ant. So, so, this necessary trouble's over.

Mar. I would you had bought an excuse of him
Before he went: you'll want one for *Ismenia.*

Ant. Tush, there needs none, there's no suspition yet,
And I'll be arm'd before the next encounter,
In a fast tye with my fair *Isabel.*

Enter Bustofa.

Mar. Yes, you'll find your errand is before you now.

Bust. Oh Gentlemen, look to your selves, ye are
Men of another world else; your enemies are upon you;
The old house of the *Bellides* will fall upon your heads:
Signior *Lisauro.*

Ant. Lisauro?

Bust. And *Don* what call you him? he's a Gentleman:
Yet he has but a Yeomans name,
Don *Tarso*, *Tarso*, and a dozen at their heels.

Ant. Lisauro, *Tarso*, nor a dozen more
Shall fright me from my ground, nor shun my path,
Let 'em come on in their ablest fury.

Mar. 'Tis worthily resolved: I'll stand by you Sir,
This way, I am thy true friend. (become of you.

Bust. I'll be gone Sir, that one may live to tell what's
Put up, put up, will you never learn to know a lye
From an *Esop*'s Fables? there's a tast for you now. [*Exit.*

Enter Ismenia *and* Aminta.

Mar. Look Sir, what time of day is it? (now,

Ant. I know not, my eyes go false, I dare not trust 'em
I prethee tell me (*Martin*) if thou canst,
Is that *Ismenia* or *Isabella.*

Mar. This is the Lady, forget not, *Isabella.*

Ant. If this face may be borrowed and lent out,
If it can shift shoulders, and take other tyres,
So, 'tis mine where ere I find it.
Ism. Be sudden. [*Exit Aminta.*
I cannot hold out long.
Mar. Believ't she frowns.
Ant. Let it come, she cannot frown me off on't:
How prettily it wooes me to come nearer?
How do you do (Lady) since yesterdays pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith.
Ism. I think you were.
Ant. What Lady?
Ism. Weary of your faith; 'tis a burthen
That men faint under, though they bear little of it.
Mar. So, this is to the purpose.
Ant. You came home
In a fair hour I hope?

Enter Aminta.

Ism. From whence Sir? (with you.
Am. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without desires to speak
Ant. They were pretty homely toyes: but your presence
Made them illustrious.
Ism. My Cosen speaks to you.
Am. A Gentlewoman Sir, *Isabella*
She names her self.
Mar. So, so, it hits finely now.
Ant. Name your self how you please: speak what you
I'll hear you cheerfully. (please,
Ism. You are not well,
Request her in, she may have more acquaintance
With his passions, and better cure for'em.
Am. She's nice in that (Madam) poor soul it seems
She's fearful of your displeasure.
Ism. I'll quit her
From that presently, and bring her in my self. [*Exit.*
Mar. How carelesly do you behave your self,
When you should call all your best faculties
To counsel in you! how will you answer

The breach you made with fair *Ismenia*?
Have you forgot the retrograde vow you took
With her, that now is come in evidence?
You'll dye upon your shame, you need no more
Enemies of the house, but the Lady now:
You shall have your dispatch.

Enter Ismenia *like* Juno.

Ant. Give me that face,
And I am satisfied upon whose shoulders
So ere it grows: *Juno* deliver us
Out of this amazement: Beseech you Goddess
Tell us of our friends, how does *Ismenia*?
And how does *Isabella*? both in good health
I hope, as you your self are.
Ism. I am at farthest
In my counterfeit: my *Antonio*
I have matter against you may need pardon,
As I must crave of you.
Ant. Observe you Sir,
What evidence is come against me? what think you
The *Hydra*-headed Jury will say to't?
Mar. 'Tis I am fool'd,
My hopes are pour'd into the bottomless tubs,
'Tis labour for the house of *Bellides*:
I must not seem so yet: but in sooth (Lady)
Did you imagine your changeable face
Hid you from me? By this hand I knew you.
Ant. I went by the face: and by these eyes I
Might have been deceived.
Ism. You might indeed (*Antonio*)
For this Gentleman did vow to *Isabella*,
That he it was that lov'd *Ismenia*,
And not *Antonio*?
Mar. Good, was not that
A manifest confession that I knew you?
I else had been unjust unto my friend:
'Twas well remembred, there I found you out
And speak your conscience now.
Ant. But did he so protest?

Ism. Yes, I vow to you, had *Antonio*
Wedded *Isabella*, *Isme*[*n*]*ia*
Had not been lost, there had been her lover.
Ant. Why much good do you friend, take her to you:
I crave but one, here have I my wish full,
I am glad we shall be so near neighbors.
Mar. Take both Sir, *Juno* to boot: three parts in one,
S. *Hilarie* bless you, now opportunity
Beware to meet with falshood, if thou canst
Shun it, my friends faith's turning from him.
Ism. Might I not justly accuse *Antonio*
For a love-wanderer? you know no other
But me, for another, and confess troth now?
Ant. Here was my guide, where ere I find this face,
I am a Lover, marry, I must not miss
This freckle then, I have the number of 'em,
Nor this dimple, no[t] a silk from this brow,
I carry the full Idea ever with me;
If nature can so punctually parallel,
I may be cozened.
Ism. Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our love must now
Come to our Enemies hands, where neither part
Will ever give consent to't.
Ant. Most certain:
For which reason it must not be put to'em:
Have we not prevention in our own hands.
Shall I walk by the tree? desire the fruit,
Yet be so nice to pull till I ask leave
Of the churlish Gard'ner, that will deny me?
Ism. O *Antonio.*
Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When grace is said.
Ism. That holy acts to come.
Mar. You may open an oyster or two before grace.
Ant. Are there not double vows, as valuable
And as well spoke as any Frier utters?
Heaven has heard all.
Ism. Yes: but stayes the blessing,
Till all dues be done: heaven is not serv'd by halfs.

We shall have ne'r a fathers blessing here,
Let us not lose the better, from above.
Ant. You take up weapons of unequal force,
It shows you cowardly: heark in your ear.
Am. Have I lost all imployment? Would this proffer
Had been to me, though I had paid it
With a reasonable pennance.
Mar. Have I past
All thy fore-lock (Time?) I'll stretch a long arm
But I'll catch hold again: Do but look back
Over thy shoulder, and have a pull at thee.
Ism. I hear you (Sir) nor can I hear too much
While you speak well: You know th'accustom'd place
Of our night-parley: if you can ascend,
The window shall receive you. You may find there
A corrupted Church-man to bid you welcome.
Ant. I would meet no other man.
Ism. *Aminta*, you hear this.
Am. With joy (Madam) 'cause it pleases you.
It may be mine own case another time:
Now you go the right way; ask the Banes out,
Put it past father, or friends, to forbid it,
And then you're sure. Sir, your *Hymen* Taper
I'll light up for you: the window shall show you
The way to *Sestos*.
Ant. I'll venture drowning.
Mar. The simile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.
You must ascend your Castle by a Ladder;
To the foot I'll bring you.
Ant. Leave me to climb it.
Mar. If I do turn you off?
Ant. Till night fare-well:
Then better.
Ism. Best it should be;
But peevish hatred keeps back that degree. [*Exeunt.*
Mar. I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose:
And then beware: Knave is at worst of knave
When he smiles best, and the most seems to save. [*Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Julio.

Jul. My mind's unquiet; while *Antonio*
My Nephew's abroad, my heart is not at home,
Only my fears stay with me; bad company:
But I cannot shift 'em off. This hatred
Betwixt the house of *Bellides* and us,
Is not fair war: 'tis civil, but uncivil.
We are near neighbors, were of love as near,
Till a cross misconstruction ('twas no more
In conscience) put us so far asunder:
I would 'twere reconcil'd; it has lasted
Too many Sun-sets, if grace might moderate:
Man should not lose so many days of peace
To satisfie the anger of one minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The knave to attend my *Antonio* too,
Yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

Enter Bustofa.

Bust. No: I must not.

Jul. Hah; hee's come.

Bust. I must not: 'twill break his heart to hear it.

Jul. How? there's bad tidings: I must obscure and hear it;
He will not tell me for breaking of my heart,
'Tis half split already.

Bust. I have spi'd him: Now to knock down a Don with a lye, a silly harmless lye; 'twill be valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.

Jul. I cannot hear him now.

Bust. Oh the bloody days that we live in; the envious, malitious, deadly days that we draw breath in!

Jul. Now I hear too loud.

Bust. The Children that [n]ever shall be born may rue it; for men that are slain now might have liv'd to have got children, that might have curs'd their fathers.

Jul. Oh, my posterity is ruin'd.

Bust. Oh sweet *Antonio.*

Jul. Oh dear *Antonio.*

Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both parts: When he and *Lisauro* met.

Jul. Oh, death Has parted 'em.

Bust. Welcome my mortal foe (says one,) Welcome my deadly enemy (says th'other:) off go their doublets, they in their shirts, and their swords stark naked; here lies *Antonio*, here lies *Lisauro*: he comes upon him with an *Embroccado*, that he puts by with a *puncta reversa*; *Lisauro* recoils me two paces and some six inches back, takes his carrere, and then, on.

Jul. Oh.

Bust. Runs *Antonio* quite thorow.

Jul. Oh villain.

Bust. Quite thorow between the arm and the body: so yet he had no hurt at that bout.

Jul. Goodness be praised.

Bust. But then, at next encounter, he fetches me up *Lisauro*; *Lisauro* makes out a long at him, which he thinking to be a *Passado*, *Antonio*'s foot slipping: down: oh down.

Jul. O now thou art lost.

Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing: both Gentlemen, both Spanish Christians, yet one man to shed

Jul. Say his enemies blood.

Bust. His hair, may come by divers casualties, though he never go into the field with his foe: but a man to lose nine ounces and two drams of blood at one wound, thirteen and a scruple at another, and to live till he dye in cold blood: yet the Surgeon (that cur'd him) said if *Pia-mater* had not been perish'd, he had been a lives man till this day.

Jul. There he concludes he is gone.

Bust. But all this is nothing: now I come to the point.

Jul. I, the point, that's deadly: the antient blow
Over the buckler, ne'r went half so deep.

Bust. Yet pitty bids me keep in my charity: for me to pull an old mans ears from his head with telling of a Tale: oh fowle Tale! No, be silent Tale. Farthermore, there is the charge of Buriall; every one will cry Blacks, Blacks, that had but the least finger dipt in his blood, though ten

degrees remov'd when 'twas done. Moreover, the Surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-plums and sweet breads; yet I say, the man may recover again, and dye in his bed.

Jul. What motley stuff is this? Sirrha, speak truth
What hath befallen my dear *Antonio*?
Restrain your pitty in concealing it;
Tell me the danger full; take off your care
Of my receiving it: kill me that way,
I'll forgive my death; what thou keepst back from truth
Thou shalt speak in pain; do not look to find
A limb in his right place, a bone unbroke,
Nor so much flesh unbroil'd of all that mountain,
As a worm might sup on, dispatch, or be dispatch'd.

Bust. Alass Sir, I know nothing, but that *Antonio* is a man of Gods making to this hour, 'tis not two since I left him so.

Jul. Where didst thou leave him?

Bust. In the same clothes he had on when he went from (you.

Jul. Does he live?

Bust. I saw him drink.

Jul. Is he not wounded?

Bust. He may have a cut i'th'leg by this time; for Don *Martin* and he were at whole slashes.

Jul. Met he not with *Lisauro*?

Bust. I do not know her.

Jul. Her? *Lisauro* is a man, as he is.

Bust. I saw ne'er a man like him.

Jul. Didst thou not discourse a fight betwixt *Ant.* and *Lis*?

Bust. I to my self; I hope a man may give himself the (lye if it please him.

Jul. Didst thou lye then?

Bust. As sure as you live now.

Jul. I live the happier by it: when will he return?

Bust. That he sent me to tell you, within these ten days at farthest.

Jul. Ten days? he's not wont to be absent two.

Bust. Nor I think he will not, he said he would be at home to morrow, but I love to speak within my compass.

Jul. You shall speak within mine Sir, now. Within there.

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow into custody, keep him safe
I charge you.

Bust. Safe? do you hear? take notice what plight you find me in, if there want but a collop or a steak o'me, look to't.

Jul. If my Nephew return not in his health to morrow, Thou goest to th'Rack.

Bust. Let me go to th'manger first; I had rather eat oats than hay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellides *with a Letter.*

Bel. By your leave, Sir.

Jul. For ought I know yet, you are welcome Sir.

Bel. Read that, and tell me so: or if thy spectacles be not (easie,
Keep thy nose unsadl'd, and ope thine ears;
I can speak thee the contents, I made 'em;
'Tis a challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't:
I scorn to hire my Second to deliver't,
I bring't my self: Dost know me, *Julio*?

Jul. Bellides?

Bel. Yes: is not thy hair on end now?

Jul. Somewhat amaz'd at thy rash hardiness;
How durst thou come so near thine enemy?

Bel. Durst?
I dare come nearer: thou'rt a fool, *Julio.*

Jul. Take it home to thee with a knave to boot.

Bel. Knave to thy teeth again: and all that's quit:
Give me not a fool more than I give thee,
Or if thou dost, look to hear on't again.

Jul. What an encounter's this?

Bel. A noble one:
My hand is to my words, thou hast it there,
There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'st be
Good friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee coward.

Jul. Be friends with thee?

Bel. I'll shew thee reasons for't:
A pair of old Coxcombs (now we go together)
Such as should stand examples of discretion,

The rules of Grammar to unwilling youth
To take out lessons by; we that should check
And quench the raging fire in others bloods,
We strike the battel to destruction?
Read 'em the black art? and make 'em believe
It is divinity? Heathens, are we not?
Speak thy conscience, how hast thou slept this month,
Since this Fiend haunted us?
Jul. Sure some Good Angel
Was with us both last night: speak thou truth now,
Was it not last nights motion?
Bel. Dost not think
I would not lay hold of it at first proffer?
Should I n'er sleep again?
Jul. Take not all from me;
I'll tell the doctrine of my vision.
Say that [*Antonio*] (best of thy blood)
Or any one, the least allyed to thee,
Should be the prey unto *Lisauro*'s sword,
Or any of the house of *Bellides*?
Bel. Mine was the just inversion: on, on.
Jul. How would thine eyes have emptied thee in sorrow,
And left the Conduit of nature drie?
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the balls,
And broke the glasses, with thine own curses
Have torn thy soul, left thee a Statue
To propagate thy next posterity.
Bel. Yes, and thou causer: so it said to me,
They fight but your mischiefs: the young men were friends,
As is the life and blood coagulate
And curded in one body; but this is yours,
An inheritance that you have gather'd for 'em,
A Legacie of blood to kill each other
Throughout your Generations. Was't not so?
Jul. Word for word.
Bel. Nay, I can go farther yet.
Jul. 'Tis far enough; Let us attone it here.
And in a reconciled circle fold
Our friendship new again.
Bel. The sign's in *Gemini*,

An auspicious house, 't has join'd both ours again.
Jul. You cannot proclaim me coward now, Don *Bellides*.
Bel. No: thou 'rt a valiant fellow: so am I:
I'll fight with thee at this hug, to the last leg
I have to stand on, or breath or life left.
Jul. This is the salt unto humanity,
And keeps it sweet.
Bel. Love! oh life stinks without it.
I can tell you news.
Jul. Good has long been wanting.
Bel. I do suspect, and I have some proof on't,
(So far as a Love-Epistle comes to)
That *Antonio* (your Nephew) and my daughter
Ismenia are very good friends before us.
Jul. That were a double wall about our houses,
Which I could wish were built.
Bel. I had it
From *Antonio*'s Intimate, Don *Martin*:
And yet (me thought) it was no friendly part
To show it me.
Jul. Perhaps 't was his consent:
Lovers have policies as well as Statesmen:
They look not always at the mark they aim at.
Bel. Wee'll take up cudgels, and have one bowt with 'em,
They shall know nothing of this union:
And till they find themselves most desperate,
Succor shall never see 'em.
Jul. I'll take your part Sir.
Bel. It grows late; there's a happy day past us.
Jul. The example I hope to all behind it. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Aminta (*above*) *with a Taper.*

Am. Stand fair, light of Love, which epithite and place
Adds to thee honour, to me it would be shame,
We must be weight in love, no grain too light;
Thou art the Land-mark, but if love be blind,
(As many that can see have so reported)

What benefit canst thou be to his darkness?
Love is a jewel (some say) inestimable,
But hung at the ear, deprives our own sight,
And so it shines to others, not our selves.
I speak my skill, I have only heard on't,
But I could wish a nearer document,
Alass, the ignorant desire to know:
Some say Love's but a toy, and with a but.
Now methinks I should love it ne'er the worse,
A toy is harmless sure, and may be plaid with,
It seldome goes without his adjunct, pretty,
A pretty toy we say, 'tis meeter to joy too.
Well, here may be a mad night yet for all this,
Here's a Priest ready, and a Lady ready:
A chamber ready, and a bed ready,
'Tis then but making unready, and that's soon done:
My Lady is my Cosen; I, my self,
Which is nearest then? My desires are mine,
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventur'd in a worser cause,
I must go question with my conscience:
I have the word; Centinel, do thou stand,
Thou shalt not need to call, I'll be at hand. [*Exit.*

Enter Antonio *and* Martin.

Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, thinkst thou friend?
Mar. I heard not one bark, Sir.
Ant. There are that bite
And bark not (man:) me-thought I spy'd two fellows
That through two streets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their eyes suspiciously upon us.
Mar. Your Jealousie, nothing else; or such perhaps
As are afraid as much of us, who knows
But about the like business? but for your fears sake
I'll advise and intreat one curtesie.
Ant. What's that friend?
Mar. I will not be denyed, Sir,
Change your upper garments with me.
Ant. It needs not.
Mar. I think so too, but I will have it so,

If you dare trust me with the better Sir.
Ant. Nay then.
Mar. If there should be danger towards,
There will be the main mark I'm sure.
Ant. Here thou tak'st from me.
Mar. Tush, the General
Must be safe, how ere the Battle goes:
See you the Beacon yonder?
Ant. Yes, we are near shore.

Enter 2. *Gentlemen with weapons drawn, they set upon* Martin: Antonio *pursues them out in rescue of* Martin.

Mar. Come, Land, land, you must clamber by the cliffe,
Here are no stairs to rise by.
Ant. I are you there? [*fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Aminta *above, and* Martin *return'd again ascends.*

Am. Antonio?
Mar. Yes *Ismenia.*
Am. Thine own.
Mar. Quench the light, thine eyes are guides illustrious.
Am. 'Tis necessary. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio.

[*Ant.*] Your legs have sav'd your lives, who ere you are,
Friend. *Martin*? where art thou? not hurt I hope:
Sure I was farthest in the pursuit of 'em:
My pleasures are forgotten through my fears:
The lights extinct, it was discreetly done:
They could not but have notice of the broil,
And fearing that might call up company,
Have carefully prevented, and closed up:
I do commend the heed; oh, but my friend,
I fear his hurt: friend? friend? it cannot be
So mortal, that I should lose thee quite, friend?
A groan, any thing that may discover thee:
Thou art not sunk so far, but I might hear thee:
I'll lay mine ear as low as thou canst fall:
Friend, Don *Martin*, I must answer for thee,
'Twas in my cause thou fe[ll]'st, if thou be'st down,

Such dangers stand betwixt us and our joyes,
That should we forethink ere we undertake,
Wee'ld sit at home, and save. What a night's here!
Purpos'd for so much joy, and now dispos'd
To so much wretchedness! I shall not rest in't:
If I had all my pleasures there within,
I should not entertain 'em with a smile.
Good night to you: Mine will be black and sad,
A friend cannot, a woman may be bad. [*Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Ismenia *and* Aminta.

Ism. O thou false,
Am. Do your daringst, he's mine own,
Soul and body mine, church and chamber mine,
Totally mine.
Ism. Dar'st thou face thy falshood?
Am. Shall I not give a welcome to my wishes
Come home so sweetly: farewell your company
Till you be calmer woman. [*Exit.*
Ism. Oh what a heap
Of misery has one night brought with it.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? do you turn your shame from me?
You'r a blind Adulteress, you know you are.
Ism. How's that *Antonio*?
Ant. Till I have vengeance,
Your sin's not pardonable: I'll have him,
If hell hide him not: y'have had your last of him. [*Exit.*
Ism. What did he speak? I understood him not,
He call'd me a foul name, it was not mine,
He took me for another sure.

Enter Bellides.

Bell. Ha? are you there?
Where's your sweet heart? I have found you Traytor
To my house: wilt league with mine enemy?

You'll shed his blood, you'll say: hah? will you so?
And fight with your heels upwards? No Minion,
I have a husband for you, since y'are so rank,
And such a husband as thou shalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: *Antonio*?
Ism. It thunders with the storm now.
Bel. And to night
I'll have it dispatch'd: I'll make it sure, I,
By to morrow this time thy Maiden-head
Shall not be worth a Chicken, if it were
Knockt at an out-cry: go, I'll ha'ye before me:
Shough, shough, up to your coop, Pea-Hen.
Ism. Then I'll try my wings. [*Exit.*
Bel. I, are you good at that? stop, stop thief, stop there.
[*Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Otrante *and* Florimell *singing.*

1. SONG.

Flo. *Now having leisure, and a happy wind,*
Thou mayst at pleasure cause the stones to grind,
Sayls spread, and grist here ready to be ground,
Fie, stand not idlely, but let the Mill go round.

Otr. Why dost thou sing and dance thus? why so merry?
Why dost thou look so wantonly upon me?
And kiss my hands?
Flo. If I were high enough,
I would kiss your lips too.
Otr. Do, this is some kindness,
This tastes of willingness, nay, you may kiss
Still, but why o'th' sudden now does the fit take ye,
Unoffer'd, or uncompell'd? why these sweet curtesies?
Even now you would have blush'd to death to kiss thus:
Prethee let me be prepar'd to meet thy kindness,
I shall be unfurnish'd else to hold thee play, wench:
Stay now a little, and delay your blessings;
If this be love, methinks it is too violent:
If you repent you of your strictness to me,

It is so sudden, it wants circumstance.

Flo. Fy, how dull!

2. SONG.

How long shall I pine for love?
how long shall I sue in vain?
How long like the Turtle-Dove
shall I heav[i]ly thus complain?
Shall the sayls of my love stand still?
Shall the grists of my hopes be unground?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

Otr. Prethee be calm a little,
Thou mak'st me wonder, thou that wert so strange,
And read such pious rules to my behavior
But yesternight, thou that wert made of modesty,
Shouldst in a few short minutes turn thus desperate.

Flo. You are too cold.

Otr. I do confess I freeze now,
I am another thing all over me:
It is my part to wooe, not to be courted:
Unfold this Riddle, 'tis to me a wonder,
That now [o']th' instant ere I can expect,
Ere I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A separation of your honest carriage
From the desires of youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation.

Flo. I will tell ye,
And tell ye seriously, why I appear thus,
To hold ye no more ignorant and blinded,
I have no modestie, I am truly wanton:
I am that you look for Sir; now come up roundly:
If my strict face and counterfeited sta[ied]ness
Could have won on ye, I had caught ye that way, (ye.
And you should never have come to have known who hurt
Prethee (sweet Count) be more familiar with me.
How ever we are open in our natures,
And apt to more desires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't:
I saw you touch[t] not at the bait of chastity,

And that it grew distasteful to your palate
To appear so holy, therefore I take my true shape:
Is your bed ready Sir? you shall quickly find me.

3. SONG

On the bed Ile throw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid, shall we be afraid
To try the rights that belong to love?
No, no, there I'll woe thee with a Crown,
Crown our desires, kindle the fires,
When love requires we should wanton prove,
We'll kiss, we'll sport, we'll laugh, we'll play,
If thou com'st short, for thee I'll stay,
If thou unskilful art [the] ground,
I'll kindly teach, we'll have the Mill go round.

Otr. Are ye no Maid.
Flo. Alas (my Lord) no certain:
I am sorry you are so innocent to think so,
Is this an age for silly Maids to thrive in?
It is so long too since I lost it Sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What should you do with Maiden-heads? you hate 'em,
They are peevish, pett[ish] things, that hold no game up,
No pleasure neither, they are sport for Surgeons:
I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond Maiden-head:
A fair and easie way men travel right in,
And with delight, discourse, and twenty pleasures,
They enjoy their journey; mad men creep through hedges.
Otr. I am metamorphos'd: why do you appear,
I conjure ye, beyond belief thus wanton?
Flo. Because I would give ye
Pleasure beyond belief.

4. SONG.

Think me still in my Fathers Mill,
where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my back, on a well-fill'd sack,
while the Mill has still gone round-a:
Prethe sirrah try thy skill,
and again let the Mill go round-a.

Otr. Then you have traded?
Flo. Traded? how should I know else how to live Sir,
And how to satisfie such Lords as you are,
Our best guests, and our richest?
Otr. How I shake now!
You take no base men?
Flo. Any that will offer,
All manner of men, and all Religions Sir,
We touch at in our time: all States and Ages,
We exempt none.

5. SONG.

The young one, the old one, the fearful, the bold one,
the lame one, though nere so unsound,
The Jew or the Turk, have leave for to work,
the whilst that the Mill goes round.

Otr. You are a common thing then.
Flo. No matter since you have your private pleasure,
And have it by an Artist excellent,
Whether I am thus, or thus, your men can tell ye.
Otr. My Men? Defend me, how I freeze together,
And am on Ice! do I bite at such an Orange
After my men? I am preferr'd.
Flo. Why stay ye?
Why do we talk my Lord, and lose our time?
Pleasure was made for lips, and sweet embraces,
Let Lawyers use their tongues: pardon [me] Modesty,
This desperate way must help; or I am miserable.
Otr. She turns, and wipes her face, she weeps for certain,
Some new way now, she cannot be thus beastly,
She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent:
She knows the elements of common looseness,
The art of lewdness: that, that, that, how now, Sir?

Enter a servant.

Ser. The King (and't please your Lordship) is alighted
Close at the gate.
Otr. The King?
Ser. And calls for ye Sir.

Means to break-fast here too.
Flo. Then I am happy.
Otr. Stol'n so suddenly? go lock her up.
Lock her up where the Courtiers may not see her,
Lock her up closely, sirrah, in my closet.
Ser. I will (my Lord) what does she yield yet? [*Exit.*
Otr. Peace:
She is either a damn'd divel, or an Angel,
No noise (upon your life Dame) but all silence.

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Lisauro, Terso.

Otr. Your Majesty heaps too much honor on me,
With such delight to view each several corner
Of a rude pile: there's no proportion in't, Sir.
Phil. Me-thinks 'tis handsome, and the rooms along
Are neat, and well contriv'd: the Gallery
Stands pleasantly and sweet: what rooms are these?
Otr. They are sluttish ones.
Phil. Nay, I must see.
Otr. Pray ye do Sir,
They are lodging-chambers over a homely garden.
Phil. Fit still, and handsome; very well: and those?
Otr. Those lead to the other side o'th' house, and't like ye.
Phil. Let me see those.
Otr. Ye may, the dores are open.
What would this view mean? I am half suspitious.
Phil. This little Room?
Otr. 'Tis mean: a place for trash Sir,
For rubbish of the house.
Phil. I would see this too:
I will see all.
Otr. I beseech your Majesty,
The savor of it, and the course appearance. (with it,
Phil. 'Tis not so bad, you would not offend your house
Come, let me see.
Otr. Faith Sir,
Phil. I'faith I will see.
Otr. My Groom has the key Sir, and 'tis ten to one—
Phil. But I will see it: force the lock (my Lords)
There be smiths enough to mend it: I perceive

You keep some rare things here, you would not show Sir.

Florimel *discover'd.*

Ter. Here's a fair maid indeed.
Phil. By my faith is she;
A hansome girl: come forward, do not fear wench.
I marry, here's a treasure worth concealing:
Call in the Miller.
Otr. Then I am discover'd.
I confess all before the Miller comes Sir,
'Twas but intention, from all act I am clear yet.

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your daughter?
Fra. Yes, and't please your Highness.
This is the shape of her, for her substance Sir,
Whether she be now honorable or dishonorable:
Whether she be a white-rose, or a canker is the question:
I thank my Lord, he made bold with my Philly,
If she be for your pace, you had best preserve her Sir,
She is tender mouth'd, let her be broken handsomly.
Phil. Maid, were you stoln?
Flo. I went not willingly,
And't please your Grace, I was never bred so boldly.
Phil. How has he us'd ye?
Flo. Yet Sir, very nobly.
Phil. Be sure ye tell truth, and be sure (my Lord)
You have not wrong'd her: if ye have, I tell ye
You have lost me, and your self too: speak again (wench)
Flo. He has not wrong'd me, Sir; I am yet a maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am Sir,
Only I suffer'd under strong temptations
The heat of youth; but heaven deliver'd me.
My Lord, I am no whore, for all I faigned it,
And faign'd it cunningly, and made ye loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you: I had been rob'd else,
I had been miserable, but I forgive ye.
Phil. What recompence for this?
Otr. A great one Sir,
First a repentance, and a hearty one.

Forgive me sweet.
Flo. I do my Lord.
Otr. I thank ye;
The next take this, and these: all I have *Florimel.*
Flo. No good my Lord, these often corrupt Maidens:
I dare not touch at these; they are lime for Virgins;
But if you'll give me.
Otr. Any thing in my power.
Or in my purchase.
Flo. Take heed (noble Sir)
You'll make me a bold asker.
Otr. Ask me freely.
Flo. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve ye,
I have kept ye from a crying sin would damn ye
To Men and Time: I have preserv'd your credit,
That would have died to all posterity:
Curses of maids shall never now afflict ye,
Nor Parents bitter tears make your name barren:
If he deserves well that redeems his Countrey,
And as a Patriot be remembred nobly,
Nay, set the highest: may not I be worthy
To be your friend, that have preserv'd your honor?
Otr. You are, and thus I take ye: thus I seal ye
Mine own, and only mine.
Phil. *Count*, she deserves ye,
And let it be my happiness to give ye,
I have given a virtuous maid, now I dare say it,
'Tis more then blood; I'll pay her portion Sir,
And't shall be worthy you.
Fra. I'll sell my Mill,
I'll pay some too: I'll pay the Fidlers.
And we'll have all i'th'Country at this wedding,
Pray let me give her too, here my Lord take her,
Take her with all my heart, and kiss her freely,
Would I could give you all this hand has stol'n too,
In portion with her, 'twould make her a little whiter.
The wind blows fair now, get me a young Miller.
Ver. She must have new clothes.
Tir. Yes.
Vir. Yes marry must she.

If't please ye (Madam) let me see the state of your body.
I'll fit you instantly
Phil. Art not thou gone yet? (now,
Ver. And't please your Grace, a gown, a handsome gown
An orient gown.
Phil. Nay, take thy pleasure of her.
Ver. Of cloth of Tissew I can fit ye (Madam)
My Lords, stand out o'th' light, a curious body,
The neatest body in *Spain* this day: with embroidered flow'rs,
A clinquant Petticoat of some rich stuffe,
To catch the eye: I have a thousand fashions.
O sleeve, O sleeve: I'll study all night (Madam)
To magnifie your sleeve.
Otr. Do, superstitious Tailor,
When ye have more time.
Flo. Make me no more then woman,
And I am thine.
Otr. Sir, haply my Wardrobe with your help
May fit her instantly: will you try her?
Ver. If I fit her not, your Wardrobe cannot.
But if the fashion be not there, you marre her.

Enter Antonio, *Constable*, *Officers.*

Ant. Is my offence so great, ere I be convict,
To be torn with Rascals? If it be Law,
Let 'em be wild horses rather than these.
Phil. What's that? (Grace.
Con. This is a man suspected of murther, if it please your
Phil. It pleases me not (friend) But who suspects him?
Const. We that are your Highness extraordinary officers,
We that have taken our oaths to maintain you in peace.
Phil. 'Twill be a great charge to you.
Const. 'Tis a great charge indeed; but then we call our neighbors to help us. This Gentleman and another were fallen out (yet that's more then I am able to say, for I heard no words between 'em, but what their weapons spoke, Clash, and Clatter) which we seeing, came with our Bills of government, and first knock'd down their weapons, and then the men.
Phil. And this you did to keep the peace?
Const. Yes, and't like your Grace, we knock'd 'em down

to keep the peace: this we laid hold on, the other we set in the stocks. That I could do by mine own power, without your Majesty.

Enter Aminta.

Phil. How so, Sir?
Const. I am a Shoo-maker by my Trade.
Am. Oh my Husband!
Why stands my husband as a man endanger'd?
Restore him me, as you are merciful,
I'll answer for him.
Ant. What woman's this? what husband? hold thy bawling,
I know thee for no wife.
Am. You married me last night.
Ant. Thou lyest: I neither was in Church nor house
Last night, nor saw I thee: a thing that was my friend,
I scorn to name now, was with *Ismenia*,
Like a thief, and there he violated
A sacred trust. This thou mayst know (*Aminta.*)
Am. Are not you he?
Ant. No; nor a friend of his:
Would I had kill'd him: I hope I have.
Am. That was my Husband (Royal Sir) that man,
That excellent man.

Enter Bellides.

Ant. That villain, that thief.
Bel. Have I caught you Sir? well overtaken.
This is mine enemy: pardon, (my Soveraign.)
Phil. Good charity, to crave pardon for your enemy.
Bel. Mine own pardon (Sir) for my joyes rudeness:
In what place better could I meet my foe,
And both of us so well provided too?
He with some black blood-thirsty crime upon him,
That (ere the horse-leech burst) will suck him dry:
I with a second accusation,
Enough to break his neck, if need should be,
And then to have even Justice it self to right us:
How should I make my joyes a little civil,
They might not keep this noyse?

Ant. Here is some hope.
Should the ax be dull, the halter's preparing. (former.
Phil. What's your accusation, Sir? We have heard the

Enter Julio.

Bel. Mine (my Lord?) a strong one.
Jul. A false one, Sir.
At least malicious: an evidence
Of hatred and despight: He would accuse
My poor kinsman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking saw; the stealing of his daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.
Speak *Antonio*, Didst thou ever see her?
Ant. Yes Sir, I have seen her.
Bel. Ah ha, friend *Julio*.
Jul. He might, but how? with an unheedful eye,
An accidental view, as men see multitudes
That the next day dare not precisely say
They saw that face, or that amongst 'em all.
Didst thou so look on her?
Bel. Guilty, guilty:
His looks hang themselves.
Phil. Your patience (Gen[t]leman.)
I pray you tell me if I be in errour,
I may speak often when I should but hear:
This is some show you would present us with,
And I do interrupt it: Pray you speak,
(It seems no more) Is't any thing but a show?
Bel. My Lord, this Gentlewoman can show you all,
So could my daughter too: if she were here;
By this time they are both immodest enough:
Shee's fled me, and I accuse this thief for't.
Don *Martin*, his own friend's my testimony:
A practis'd night-work.
Phil. That *Martin*'s the other
In your custodie; he was forgotten:
Fetch him hither.
Const. Wee'll bring the Stocks and all else, and't please your Grace.

Enter Bustofa *and* Ismenia.

Am. That man's my husband certain, instead of this:
Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.

Bust. Soh hoh, Miller, Miller, look out Miller: is there n'ere a Miller amongst you here, Gentlemen?

[*T*]*ir.* Yes Sir, here is a Miller amongst Gentlemen,
A Gentleman Miller.

Bust. I should not be far off then; there went but a pair of sheers and a bodkin between us. Will you to work Miller? Here's a maid has a sack full of news for you: shall your stones walk? will you grind Miller?

Phil. This your son, *Franio*?

Fra. My ungratious, my disobedient,
My unnatural, my rebel son (my Lord.)

Bust. Fie, your hopper runs over, Miller.

Fra. This villain (of my own flesh and blood) was accessary
To the stealing of my daughter.

Bust. Oh Mountain,
Shalt thou call a molehill a scab upon the face
Of the earth? though a man be a thief, shall a Miller call
Him so? Oh egregious!

Jul. Remember Sirrha, who you speak before.

Bust. I speak before a Miller.
A thief in grain; for he steals corn: He that steals
A wench, is a true man to him.

Phil. Can you prove that? you may help another cause that was in pleading.

Bust. I'll prove it strongly.
He that steals corn, steals the bread of the Common-wealth;
He that steals a wench, steals but the flesh. (the flesh?

Phil. And how is the bread stealing more criminal then

Bust. He that steals bread, steals that which is lawful every day:
He that steals flesh, steals nothing from the fasting day:
Ergo to steal the bread is the arranter theft.

Phil. This is to some purpose. (full:

Bust. Again, he that steals flesh steals for his own belly
He that steals bread, robs the guts of others:
Ergo, The arranter thief the bread-stealer.

Again he that steals flesh, steals once, and gives over; yes, and often pays for it: the other steals every day, without satisfaction. To conclude, Bread-stealing is the more capital crime: for what he steals he puts it in at the head: he that steals flesh (as the Dutch Author says) puts it in at the foot (the lower member.) Will you go as you are now, Miller?

Phil. How has this satisfied you, Don *Bellides*?

Bel. Nothing (my Lord) my cause is serious.
I claim a daughter from that loving thiefe there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, Sir.

Bel. Ah ha, *Julio.* (daughter?

Jul. How said you, *Antonio*? Wish you, you had his

Ant. With my soul I wish her; and my body
Shall perish, but I'll injoy my souls wish.
I would have slain my friend for his deceit,
But I do find his own deceit hath paid him.

Jul. Will you vex my soul forth? no other choice
But where my hate is rooted? Come hither Girl,
Whose pretty maid art thou?

Ism. The child of a poor man, Sir.

Jul. The better for it. With my Soveraigns leave,
I'll wed thee to this man, will he, nill he.

Phil. Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no Love enforcer:
I use no power of mine unto those ends.

Jul. Wilt thou have him?

Ism. Not unless he love me.

Ant. I do love thee: Farewell all other Beauties:
I settle here: you are *Ismenia.*

Ism. The same I was: better nor worse, (*Antonio*)

Ant. I shall have your consent here, I'm sure, Sir.

Bel. With all my heart, Sir. Nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this kindness to mine enemy,
And give her as a Father.

Ant. Shee'll thank you as a Daughter.
Will you not, *Ismenia*?

Bel. How? *Ismenia*?

Ism. Your daughter, Sir.

Bel. Is't possible? Away you feeble witted things,
You thought you had caught the old ones: you wade, you wade
In shallow fords: we can swim, we: look here,

We made the match: we are all friends good friends;
Thin, thin: why the fool knew all this, this fool.
Bust. Keep that to your self, Sir; What I knew I knew:
This sack is a witness. Miller, this is not for your thumming.
Here's gold lace: you may see her in her holliday clothes if you will; I was her ward-robe-man.

Enter Martin, Aminta, *Constable*, *Officers*.

Ant. You beguil'd me well, Sir.
Mar. Did you speak to me, Sir?
Ant. It might seem to you, *Martin*, your conscience
Has quick ears.
Mar. My sight was a little dim i'th' dark indeed,
So was my feeling cozen'd; yet I'm content:
I am the better understander now,
I know my wife wants nothing of a woman;
There y'are my *Junior*.
Ant. You are not hurt?
Mar. Not shrewdly hurt; I [h]ave good flesh to heal, you see,
Good round flesh: these cherries will be worth chopping,
Crack stones and all; I should not give much to boot
To ride in your new, and you in my old ones now.
Ant. You mistake the weapon: are you not hurt?
Mar. A little scratch: but I shall claw it off well enough.

Enter Gillian.

Gill. I can no longer own what is not mine
With a free conscience: My Liege, your pardon.
Phil. For what? who knows this woman?
Fra. I best, my Lord,
I have been acquainted with her these forty Summers,
And as many Winters, were it Spring agen;
She's like the Gout I can get no cure for her.
Phil. Oh, your Wife, *Franio*?
Fra. 'Tis oh my wife indeed, my Lord,
A painful stitch to my side; would it were pick'd out.
Phil. Well Sir, your silence.
Bust. Will you be older and older every day than other?

the longer you live the older still? Must his Majesty command your silence ere you'l hold your tongue?

Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same fault:
'Pray Sir, will you be silent.

Bust. I have told him of this before now, my Liege, but Age will have his course, and his weaknesses.

Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.

Bust. And his frailties, and his follies, as I may say, that cannot hold his tongue ere he be bidden.

Phil. Why Sirha?

Bust. But I believe your Majesty will not be long troubled with him: I hope that woman has something to confess will hang them both.

Phil. Sirha, you'll pull your desteny upon you
If you cease not the sooner.

Bust. Nay, I have done, my Liege, yet it grieves me that I should call that man Father, that should be so shameless, that being commanded to hold his tongue.

Phil. To th'Porters Lodge with him.

Bust. I thank your Grace, I have a friend there.

Phil. Speak woman, if any interruption meet thee more, It shall be punish'd sharply.

Gill. Good my Liege, (I dare not)
Ask you the question why that old man weeps.

Phil. Who? Count *Julio*? I observ'd it not.
You hear the question Sir, will you give the cause?

Jul. Oh my Lord, it hardly will get passage,
It is a sorrow of that greatness grown,
'Less it dissolve in tears, and come by parcels.

Gill. I'll help you Sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy. You lost a daughter. (sorrows.

Jul. 'Twas that recounted thought brought forth these

Gill. Shee's found again. Know you this mantle Sir?

Jul. Hah?

Gill. Nay leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you.
This did enwrap your child, whom ever since
I have call'd mine, when Nurse *Amaranta*
In a remove from *Mora* to *Corduba*
Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry Bear,
She was the Ravins prey, as heaven so would,

He with his booty fill'd, forsook the babe:
All this was in my sight: and so long I saw,
Untill the cruel creature left my sight,
At which advantage I adventur'd me
To rescue the sweet Lamb: I did it Sir,
And ever since I have kept back your joy,
And made it mine: but age hath wearied me,
And bids me back restore unto the owner
What I unjustly kept these fourteen years.

Jul. Oh, thou hast ta'n so many years from me,
And made me young as was her birth day to me.
Oh (good my Liege) give my joys a pardon,
I must go power a blessing on my child,
Which here would be too rude and troublesome. [*Exit.*

Phil. *Franio*, you knew this before.

Bust. Oh, oh; *Item* for you Miller.

Fra. I did (my Liege) I must confess I did,
And I confess, I ne'r would have confess'd,
Had not that womans tongue begun to me:
We poor ones love, and would have comforts, Sir,
As well as great: this is no strange fault, Sir,
There's many men keep other mens children
As though they were their own.

Bust. It may stretch farther yet, I beseech you (my Liege) let this woman be a little farther examin'd; let the words of her conscience be search'd, I would know how she came by me: I am a lost child, if I be theirs: though I have been brought up in a Mill, yet I had ever a mind (methought) to be a greater man.

Phil. She will resolve you sure.

Gill. I, I Boy: thou art mine own flesh and blood,
Born of mine own body.

Bust. 'Tis very unlikely that such a body should bear me; There's no trust in these Millers. Woman, tell the truth: my father shall forgive thee, whatsoever he was, were he Knight, Squire, or Captain; less he should not be.

Gill. Thou art mine own child, Boy.

Bust. And was the Miller my Father?

Gill. Wouldst thou make thy Mother a whore, Knave?

Bust. I, if she make me a Bastard. The rack must make

her confess (my Lord) I shall never come to know who I am else. I have a worshipful mind in me sure: methinks I do scorn poor folks.

Enter Otrante, Florimel *and* Julio, *&c.*

Phil. Here comes the brightest glory of the day:
Love yoak'd with love, the best equality,
Without the level of estate or person.

Jul. You both shall be rewarded bountifully,
Wee'll be -akin too; Brother and Sister
Shall be chang'd with us ever.

Bust. Thank you (Unkle) my sister is my cosen yet at the last cast: Farewell sister foster. If I had known the Civil Law would have allowed it, thou hadst had another manner of Husband then thou hast: but much good do thee; I'll dance at thy wedding, kiss the Bride, and so.

Jul. Why, how now sirha?

Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my Sister.
It was a Miller and a Lord
That had a scabbard and a sword
He put it up in the Countrey word
The Miller and his daughter.
She has a face, and she can sing,
She has a Grace, and she can spring,
She has a place with another thing
Tradoodle.

Fra. A knavish Brother of yours (my Lord.)

Bust. Would I were acquainted with your Taylor (Noble Brother.)

Otr. You may: there he is: mine, newly entertain'd.

Ver. If you have any work for me, I can fit you Sir, I fitted the Lady.

Bust. My Sister (Tailor,) what fits her will hardly fit me.

Ver. Who fits her may fit you Sir, the Tailor can do both.

Bust. You have a true yard (Tailor.)

Ver. Ne'r a whit too long, I warrant you.

Bust. Then (Tailor) march with me away
I scorn these robes I must be gay,
My noble Brother he shall pay
Tom Tailor. [*Exeunt.*

Phil. Your recovered friendships are sound, Gentlemen?
Bel. At heart, at heart (my Lord) the worm shall not
Beyond many ages find a breach to enter at.
Phil. These Lovers unities I will not doubt of:
How happy have you made our progress then,
To be the witness of such fair Accords!
Come, now we'll eat with you (my Lord *Otrante*,)
'Tis a charge sav'd: you must not grudge your guest,
'Tis both my welcome, and your Wedding-Feast. [*Exeunt.*

The Knight of Malta.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Valetta, *The Grand Master of* Malta.
Miranda, *An* Italian *Gentleman, the Knight of* Malta.
Astorius, Castriott } *Two Knights of the Order.*
Montferrat, *A Knight of the Order, but a villain.*
Gomera, *A deserving Spanish Gentleman.*
Norandine, *A valiant merry* Dane, *Commander in chief of the Gallies of* Malta.
Collona alias Angelo, *A Captive redeemed from the Gallies, and beloved of* Miranda.
Rocca, *Servant and Instrument to* Montferrat.
2 *Bishops.*
Souldiers.
Corporal.
Prisoners.
2 *Marshals.*
Doctor.
1 *Of the Esguard.*
Servants.

WOMEN.

Oriana, *Sister to* Valetta, *and Wife of* Gomera.
Velleda, *Attendant on* Oriana.
Zanthia alias Abdella, *a Moore Servant to* Oriana.
Luscinda, *A beautiful Turkish Woman, contracted to* Angelo, *Prisoner to* Miranda.
Two Gentlewomen.

The Scene Malta.

The principal Actors were

Rich. Burbadge,
Nathan Field,
John Underwood,
Rich. Sharpe,
Henry Condel,
Robert Benfeild,
John Lowin,
Thomas Holcome.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Mountferrat.

Mount. DAres she dispise me thus? me that with spoil
And hazardous exploits, full sixteen years
Have led (as hand-maids) Fortune, Victory
Whom the *Maltezi* call my servitors?
Tempests I have subdued, and fought them calm,
Out-lighten'd lightning in my Chivalry;
Rid (tame as patience) billows that kick'd heaven,
Whistl'd enraged *Boreas* till his gusts
Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh,
Because he could not show the ayr my keel,
And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
Which though they blaze both comfort, and invite
Neither by force, nor fraud pass through her ear
(Whose guard is only blushing Innocence)
To take the least possession of her heart, (torious actions,
Did I attempt her with a thred-bare name—unapt with meri-
She might with colour dis-allow my suit:
But by the honor of this Christian cross
(In blood of Infidels so often dy'd)
Which mine own Soul and Sword hath fixed here
And neither favor, nor births priviledge
Oriana shall confess, although she be
Valettas Sister our Grand-master here,
The wages of scorn'd Love is baneful hate,
And if I rule not her, I'le rule her fate.
Rocca, my trusty Servant, welcome.

Enter Rocca.

Rocca. Sir.
I wish my news deserv'd it: hapless I
That being lov'd, and trusted fail to bring
The loving answer that you do expect. (send forth
Mount. Why speak'st thou from me: thy pleas'd eyes
Beams brighter than the star that ushers day,
Thy smiles, restore sick expectation.
Roc. I bring you Sir, her smiles, not mine.

Mount. Her smiles?
Why they are presents for Kings eldest Sons,
Great *Solyman* that wearies his hot eyes,
But to peruse his deck'd *Seraglio*,
When from the number of his Concubines
He chooseth one for that night in his pride
Of them, wives, wealth, is not so rich as I
In this one smile, from *Oriana* sent.
Roc. Sir, fare ye well.
Mount. Oh *Rocca*! thou art wise,
And woul[d]'st not have the torrent of my joy
Ruine me headlong; aptly thou conceiv'st
If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
What trances will the sweet words which thou bring'st
Cast me into? I felt (my dearest friend,
No more my Servant) when I imployed thee
That knew'st to look, and speak as Lovers should,
And carry faithfully thy Masters sighs,
That it must work some heat in her cold heart,
And all my labors now come fraughted home
With ten fold prize.
Roc. Will you yet hear me?
Mount. Yes,
But take heed (gentle *Rocca*) that thou do'st
Tenderly by degrees assault mine ears
With her consent, now to embrace my love,
For thou well know'st I have been so plung'd, so torn
With her resolv'd reject, and neglect:
That to report her soft acceptance now,
Will stupifie sense in me, if not kill:
Why shew'st thou this distemper?
Roc. Draw your sword,
And when I with my breath have blasted you,
Kill me with it:
I bring you smiles of pitty, not affection:
For such she sent.
Mount. Oh! can she pitty me?
Of all the paths lead to a womans love,
Pitties the streightest.
Roc. Waken Sir, and know

That her contempt (if you can name it so)
Continues still: she bids you throw your Pearl
Into strong streams, and hope to turn them so,
Ere her too foul dishonor, writ[e] your plaints
In rocks of Coral grow'n above the Sea,
Them hope to soften to compassion,
Or change their modest blush to love sick pale,
Ere work her to your impious requests;
All your loose thoughts she chides you home again,
But with such calm behaviour, and mild looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For just as others love so doth she hate:
She says, that by your order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her and your own faith,
That being the virgin you should now protect,
Hitherto she professes she has conceal'd
Your lustful Batteries, but the next she vowes,
(In open Hall, before the honor'd cross
And her great Brother) she will quite disclose
Calling for justice, to your utter shame.

Mount. Hence, find the Blackamore that waits upon her,
Bring her unto me, she doth love me yet,
And I must her now, at least seem to do:
Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
I will with blood extinguish—ar't not gone?
Shall my desires, like beggars wait at dore
Whil'st any others revel in her breast?
Sweat on my spirits: know thou trickt up toy,
My love's a violent flood, where art thou faln,
Playing with which tide thou'dst been gently toss'd,
But crossing it, thou art or'whelm'd, and lost.

Enter Astorius *and* Castriot.

Cast. Monsieur, good day.

Ast. Good morrow valiant Knight,
What, are you for this great solemnity
This morn intended?

Mount. What solemnity?

Ast. The investing of the Martial *Spaniard*,

Peter Gomera, with our *Christian* Badge.
Cast. And young *Miranda* the *Italian*,
Both which with wondrous prowess, and great luck
Have dar'd and done for *Malta*, such high feats,
That not one Fort in it, but rings their names
As loud as any mans.
Mount. As any mans?
Why, we have fought for *Malta*.
Ast. Yes *Mountferrat*.
No bold Knight ever past you, but we wear
The dignity of Christians on our breasts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our conquests;
These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.
Mount. *Astori*[*u*]*s*, you are a most indulgent Knight,
Detracting from your self, to add to others,
You know this title is the period
To all our labors, the extremity
Of that tall pyramid, where hon[ou]r hangs,
Which we with sweat and agony have reach'd,
And should not then so easily impart
So bright a wreath to every cheap desert.
Cast. How is this French man chang'd *Astorius*!
Some sullen discontent possesses him,
That makes him envy, what he heretofore
Did most ingeniously but emulate.
Mount. Oh furious desire, how like a whirl-wind
Thou hurriest me beyond mine honors point!
Out of my heart, base lust, or heart, I vow
Those flames that heat me thus, I'll burn thee in.
Ast. Do' ye observe him?
Mount. What news of the *Dane*,
That valiant Captain *Norandine*?
Cast. He fights still,
In view oth' Town; he playes the devil with 'em,
And they the *Turks* with him.
Mount. They'r well met then, 'twere sin to sever 'em
Pish—woman.—Memory—
Would one of ye would leave me:
Ast. Six fresh Gallies
I in St. *Angelo* from the promontory

This morne descride, making a Girdle for him,
But our great Master doth intend relief
This present meeting: will you walk along?
Mount. Humh—I have read, Ladies enjoy'd, have been
The gulphs of worthiest men, buried their names,
Their former valor, bounty, beauty, virtue,
And sent 'em stinking to untimely graves.
I that cannot enjoy, by her disdain,
Am like to prove as wretched; woman then
Checking or granting, is the grave of men.
Ast. He's saying of his prayers sure.
Cast. Will you go Sir?
Mount. I cry you mercy: I am so transported
(Your pardon, noble Brothers) with a business
That doth concern all *Malta*, that I am
(Anon you'l hear't) almost blind, and deaf.
Lust neither sees nor hears ought but it self:
But I will follow instantly: your cross.
Ast. Not mine. [*dropt.*
Cast. Nor mine, 'tis yours.
Ast. Cast. Good morrow Brother. [*Exeunt.*
Mount. White innocent sign, thou do'st abhor to dwell,
So near the dim thoughts of this troubled breast,
[And grace these graceless projects of my heart.]

Enter Zanthia, alias Abdella, *with two Letters.*

Yet I must wear thee to protect my crimes,
If not for conscience, for hypocrisie,
Some Churchmen so wear Cassocks: Oh my *Zan.*
My Pearl, that scornes a stain! I mu[ch] repent
All my neglect: let me *Ixion* like,
Embrace my black cloud, since my *Juno* is
So wrathful, and averse; thou art more soft
And full of dalliance than the fairest flesh,
And far more loving.
Zan. I, you say so now,
But like a property, when I have serv'd
Your turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up
For a sign, somewhere.
Mount. May my life then forsake me

Or from my expected bliss, be cast to hell.
Zan. My tongue Sir, cannot lisp to meet you so,
Nor my black cheeck put on a feigned blush,
To make me seem more modest than I am.
This ground-work, will not bear adulterate red,
Nor artificial white, to cozen love.
These dark locks, are not purchas'd, nor these teeth,
For every night, they are my bed-fellows;
No bath, no blanching water; smoothing oyles,
Doth mend me up; and yet *Mountferrat*, know,
I am as full of pleasure in the touch
As ere a white fac'd puppet of 'em all,
Juicy, and firm, unfledge 'em of their tyres,
Their wires, their partlets; pins, and Periwigs,
And they appear like bald cootes, in the nest;
I can as blithly work in my loves bed,
And deck thy fair neck, with these Jetty chains,
Sing thee asleep, being wearied, and refresh'd,
With the same organ, steal sleep off again.
Mount. Oh my black swan, sleeker then Cignets plush,
Sweeter than is the sweet of Pomander,
Breath'd like curl'd *Zephyrus*, cooling Lymon-trees,
Straight as young pines, or Cedars in the grove,
Quickly discend lovers best Canopie
Still night, for *Zanthia* doth enamour me
Beyond all continence perpetrate (deer wench)
What thou hast promis'd, and I vow by heaven
Malta, I'll leave [in it] my honours here,
And in some other Country (*Zanthia*) make
My wife, and my best fortune.
Zan. From this hope,
Here is an answer to that Letter, which
I lately shew'd you sent from *Tripoly*,
By the great Basha, which importunes her
Love unto him, and treachery to the Island,
Which will she undertake, by *Mahomet*
The *Turk* there vowes, on his blest *Alcharon*,
Marriage unto her: this the Master knows,
But is resolv'd of her integrity
(As well [he] may) sweet Lady yet for love,

For love of thee *Mountferrat*, (Oh! what Chains
Of deity, or duty can hold love?)
I have this answer fram'd, so like her hand
As if it had been moulded off: returning
The Bashas Letter safe into her pocket;
What will you do with it, your self best knows,
Farewel, keep my true heart, keep true your vows. [*Exit*
Mount. Till I be dust, my *Zanthia* be confirm'd. *Zan.*
Sparrows, and Doves, sit coupling twixt thy lips,
It is not love, but strong *Libidinous* will
That triumphs o're me, and to satiate that,
What difference twixt this *Moore*, and her fair Dame?
Night makes their hews alike, their use is so,
Whose hand is so subtle, he can colours name,
If he do winck, and touch 'em? lust being blind,
Never in women did distinction find. [*Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

1. But yfaith dost thou think my Lady was never in love?
2. I rather think she was ever in love: in perfect charity. I mean, with all the world.

[1]. A most christian answer I promise you: but I mean in Love with a man.

2. With a man? what else? would'st have her in love with (a beast?

1. You are somewhat quick: but if she were, it were no President: did you never read of *Europa*, the fair, that leapt A bull, that leapt the Sea, that swoom to land, and then

2. Oh heavens, a bull? (leapt her?

1. Yes, a white bull.

2. Lord, how could she sit him? where did she hold?

1. Why, by the horn, since which time, no woman (almost) is Contented, till she have a horn of her own, to hold by.

2. Thou art very knavish.

1. And thou very foolish: but sirah, why dost not thou

2. Because I would be no mans looking-glase? (marry?

1. As how?

2. As thus, there is no Wife, if she be good, and true, will honor, and obey, but must reflect the true countenance of her husband upon him; if he look sad upon her she must not look merrily upon him: if he look merrily, she must not sorrowfully, else she is a false glass, and fit for nothing but breaking: his anger [must] be her discontent; his pleasure, her delight: if he weep, she must cry: if he laugh, she must show her teeth: if he be sick, she must not be in health; if he eat Cawdles, she must eat pottage, she must have no proper passion of her own; and is not this a tyranny?

1. Yes, yfaith, Marriage may well be called a yoak; Wives then are but like superficial lines in Geometry, that have no proper motion of their own, but as their bodies their husbands move, yet I know some Wives, that are never freely merry, nor truly pleased, but when they are farthest off their husbands.

2. That's because the Moon governs 'em which hath most light and shines brightest, the more remote it is from the Sun; and contrary is more sullen, dim, and showes least splendor, when it is neerest.

1. But if I were to marry I would marry a fair effeminate fool.

2. Why?

1. Because I would lead the blind whither I list.

2. And I the wisest man I could get for money, because I had rather follow the cleer-sighted: bless me from a husband That sales by his Wives compass!

1. Why?

2. Why 'tis ten to one but she breaks his head in her youth, and when she is old shee'l never leave till she has broke his back too—
But what scurvy Knight have you here in *Malta*, &c.

Enter Zanthia.

Zan. Hist, wenches: my Lady calls, she's entring
The Tarrase, to see the show.

1. Oh black pudding.

2. My little labor in vain.

1. But what scurvy Knights have we here in *Malta*, that

when they are dubd take their oath of allegiance to live poor, and chastly ever after!

2. 'Faith many Knights in other Nations (I have heard) are as poor as ours: marry where one of 'em has taken the Oath of chastity, we want a new *Columbus* to find out.

[*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter (*above*) Oriana, Zanchia, *two Gentlewomen*, (*beneath*) Valetta, Mountferrat, Astorius, Castriot, Gomera, Miranda, *Attendants of Knights*, &c.

Mount. Are you there Lady?
Ori. Thou art a naughty Man,
Heaven mend thee.
Val. Our greet meeting princely brothers,
Ye holy Souldiers of the *Christian Cross*,
Is to relieve our Captain *Norandine*,
Now fighting for *Valetta* with the *Turk*,
A valliant Gentleman, a noble *Dane*
As ere the Countrey bred, endangered now
By fresh supply of head-bound Infidels.
Much means, much blood this warlike *Dane* hath spent
To advance our flag, above their horned moons,
And oft hath brought in profitable conquest:
We must not see him perish in our view:
How far off fight they?
Mir. Sir, within a League.
Val. 'Tis well: our next occasion of conventing
Are these [two] gentlemen, standing in your sight.
(Ye are noble props of *Malta*) royally
Descended are they both, valiant as war,
Miranda, and *Gomera*, full ten years
They have serv'd this Island, perfected exploits
Matchless, and infinite, they are honest, wise,
Not empty of one ornament of man:
Most eminent agents were they in that slaughter
That great marvelous slaughter of the *Turks*,
Before St. *Elme*, where five and twenty thousand
Fell, for five thousand of our *Christians*:

These ripe considerations moving us
(Having had your allowance on their worths)
Here we would call 'em to our Brotherhood;
If any therefore can their manners tax,
Their faith, their chastity, any part of life,
Let 'em speak now.

Ast. None do's.

All. None can, great Master.

Val. The dignity then dignifie, by them,
As their reward: tender *Miranda* first
(Because he is to succor *Norandine*)
Our sacred Robe of Knight-hood, our white Cross,
The holy cognizance of him we serve,
The sword, the spurs.

Mir. Grave, and most honor'd Master,
With humble duty, and my souls best thanks
To you, and all this famous Conventicle,
Let me, with modesty refuse acceptance
Of this high order: I (alass) am yet
Unworthy, and uncapable of such honor,
That merit, which with favor you enlarge
Is far, far short, of this propos'd reward.
Who take upon him such a charge as this,
Must come with pure thoughts, and a gathered mind
That time, nor all occasions ever may
After disperse, or stain; did this title here
Of Knighthood, ask no other ornaments
Then other Countries glittring show, poor pride,
A gingling spur, a feather, a white hand,
A frizled hayr, powder'd, perfumes, and lust,
Drinking sweet wines, surfeits, and ignorance,
Rashly, and easily should I venture on't,
But this requires an other kind of man.

Mount. A staid, and mature judgement; speak on sir.

Mir. May it please you then to allow me some small time
To rectifie my self, for that high seat,
Or give my reasons to the contrary.
Ith mean space, to dismiss me to the ayd
Of *Norandine*: my Ships ride in the bay
Ready to disembogue, tack'led, and mann'd

Even to my wishes.
Mount. His request
Is fair and honest.
Val. At your pleasure go.
Mir. I humbly take my leave of all: of you
My noble friend *Mountferrat*; gratious Mistriss,
Oh that auspitious smile doth arm your souldier,
Who fights for those eyes, and this sacred Cross,
Can neither meet sad accident, nor loss. [*Exit.*
Ori. The mighty master of that Livory,
Conduct thee safely to these eyes again.
Mount. Blowes the wind that way?
Val. Equally belov'd,
Equally meriting, *Gomera*, you
Without excuse receive that dignity:
Which our provincial chapter hath decreed you.
Gom. Great Master of *Jerusalems* Hospital,
From whence to *Rhodes* this blest Fraternity
Was driven, but now among the *Maltois* stands,
Long may it flourish, whilst *Gomera* serves it,
But dares not enter farther.
All. This is strange.
Val. What do ye object?
Gom. Nothing against it, but my self (fair Knights)
I may not wear this Robe.
Val. Express your reasons;
Doth any hid sin goar your conscience?
Ast. Are you unstedfast in Religion?
Cast. Or do ye intend to forsake *Malta* now,
And visit your own Countrey fruitful *Spaine.*
Gom. Never good sir.
Val. Then explicate your thoughts.
Gom. This then: I should be perjur'd to receive it,
Once in *Melita*, your next City here,
When I was yonger, read I the decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
To approach it once, none but a Gentleman
Can be admitted.
Val. That's no obstacle
In you.

Gom. I should be sorry that were it,
No married man.
Mount. You never felt that yoak.
Gom. None, that hath been contracted.
Cast. Were you ever?
Gom. Nor married, nor contracted, none that ever
Hath vowed his love to any woman kind,
Or finds that secret fire within his thoughts:
Here I am cast, this Article my heart
Objects against the title of my fame,
I am in love; laugh not: though time hath set
Some wrinkles in this face, and these curl'd locks
Will shortly dye into an other hew,
Yet, yet I am in love: (yfaith [you] smile)
What age, what sex, or what profession
Divine, or humane, from the man that cries
For Almes the high way, to him that sings
At the high Altar, and doth sacrifice,
Can truly say he knows not what is Love?
Val. 'Tis honestly profest; with whom *Gomera*?
Name the Lady, that with all [advantage]
We may advance your suit.
Gom. But will you Sir?
Val. Now by our holy rock were it our Sister:
Spaniard, I hold thee worthy, freely name her.
Gom. Be master of your word: it is she Sir,
The matchless *Oriana*.
Val. Come down Lady,
You have made her blush, let her consent I will
Make good my oath.
Mount. Is't so? stay: I do love
So tenderly *Gomera* your bright flame,
As not to suffer your perdition.
Gom. What means *Mountferrat*?

Enter Guard.

Mount. This whole *auberge* hath
(A Guard upon this Lady) wonder not,
'Tane publick notice of the *Bassaes* love
Of *Tripoli* unto her, and consented

She should return this answer, as he writ
For her conversion, and betraying *Malta*,
She should advise him betray *Tripoli*,
And turning *Christian*, he should marry her.
All. All this was so.
Mount. How weakly do's this court then
Send Vessels forth to Sea, to guard the Land
Taking such special care to save one Bark,
Or strive to add fam'd men unto our cloak,
When they lurk in our bosomes would subvert
This State, and us, presuming on their blood,
And partial indulgence to their sex?
Val. Who can this be?
Mount. Your Sister, great *Valetta*,
Which thus I prove: demand the *Bassa's* Letter.
Ori. 'Tis here, nor from this pocket hath been mov'd
Nor answer'd, nor perus'd by ——
Mount. Do not swear
Cast not away your fair soul, to your treason
Add not foul perjury: is this your hand?
Ori. 'Tis very like it.
Mount. May it please the Master,
Confer these Letters, and then read her answer,
Which I have intercepted; pardon me
Reverend *Valetta*, that am made the means
To punish this most beautious Treachery;
Even in your Sister, since in it I save
Malta from ruine: I am bolder in't,
Because it is so palpable and withall
Know our great Master to this Countrey, firm.
As was the *Roman Marcus*, who spar'd not
As dear a Sister in the publique cause.
Val. I am amaz'd; attend me.

Reads the Letter.

Let your Forces by the next even be ready, my Brother feasts then; put in at St. Michaels, *the ascent at that Port is easiest; the Keys of the Castle, you shall receive at my hands: that possest, you*

are Lord of Malta, *and may soon destroy all by fire, then which I am hotter, till I embrace you,*
Farewell, Your Wife
ORIANA.

From this time let me never read again.
[*Gent. w.*] 'Tis certain her hand.
Val. This Letter too
So close kept by her self, could not be answered
To every period thus, but by her self.
Ori. Sir, hear me.
Val. Peace, thou fair sweet bank of flowers,
Under whose beauty Scorpions lie, and kill;
Wert thou a kin to me, in some new name
Dearer than Sister, Mother, or all blood,
I would not hear thee speak: bear her to prison,
So gross is this, it needs no formal course,
Prepare thy self, to morrow thou shalt dye.
Ori. I dye a Martyr then, and a poor maid,
Almost yfaith as innocent as born,
Thou know'st thou art wicked, Frenchman heaven forgive
All. This Scene is strangely turn'd. (thee [*Ex.*
Val. Yet can nature be
So dead in me? I would my charge were off,
Mountferrat should perceive my Sister had
A Brother would not live to see her dye
Unfought for, since the statutes of our state
Allow (in case of accusations)
A Champion to defend a Ladies truth.
Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy wife,
Death pleads a precontract.
Gom. I have lost my Tongue,
My sence, my heart, and every faculty:
Mountferrat go not up: with reverence
To our great Master, and this consistory
(I have considered it, it cannot be)
Thou art a villain, and a forger.
A blood-sucker of innocence, an hypocrite,
A most unworthy wearer of our Cross;
To make which good take (if thou dar'st) that gage

And arm'd at all points like a Gentleman
Meet me to morrow morning, where the Master,
And this fraternity shall design, where I
Will cram this slander back into thy throat,
And with my swords point thrust it to thy heart,
The very nest, where lust and slander breeds.
Pardon my passion; I will tear those spurs
Off from thy heels, and stik 'em in thy front
As a mark'd villain.
Mount. This I look'd not for:
Ten times more villain, I return my gage,
And crave the Law of Arms.
Gom. 'Tis that I crave.
All. It cannot be denide.
Gom. Do not I know
With thousand gifts, and importunacies,
Thou often hast sollicited this Lady
(Contrary to thy oath of chastity)
Who ne'r disclosing this thy hot reign'd lust,
Yet tender to prevent a publique scandal,
That *Christendome* might justly have impos'd,
Upon this holy institution,
Thou now hast drawn this practise 'gainst her life
To quit her charity.
Mount. Spaniard, thou liest.
Ast. No more *Gomera*, thou art granted combat,
And you *Mountferrat* must prepare against
To morrow morning in the valley here
Adjoyning to *St. Georg*[*e*]*s* Port: a Lady
In case of life 'gainst whom one witness comes
May have her champion.
Val. And who hath most right [*Florish*
With, or against our Sister, speed in fight. [*Exit.*

Enter Rocca.

Mount. Rocca, the first news of *Mirandas* service
Let me have notice of.
Roc. You shall: The *Moore*
Waites you without.
Mount. Admit her, ha, ha, ha.

Oh, how my fancies run at tilt! *Gomera*
Loves *Oriana*; she as I should ghess,
Affects *Miranda*; these are two dear friends,
As firm, and full of fire, as steel and flint.
To make 'em so now, one against the other: [*Enter* Zanthia.
Stay let me like it better, *Zanthia*;
First tell me this, did *Don Gomera* use
To give his visits to your Mistriss?
Zan. Yes, and *Miranda* too: but severally.
Mount. Which did she most apply to?
Zan. Faith to neither:
Yet infinitely I have heard her praise 'em both,
And in that manner, that were both one man
I think she was in love with't.
Mount. Zanthia,
Another Letter you must frame for me
Instantly, in your Ladies Character,
To such a purpose as I'll tell thee strait,
Go in, and stay me: Go my Tinder-box,
Cross lines I'll cross; so, so: my after-game
I must play better: woman, I will spread
My vengeance over *Malta*, for thy sake:
Spaniard, *Italian*, like my steel and stone,
I'll knock you thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
And wink to save the sparkles from mine eyes. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

[*A Sea-fight within, alarm.*

Enter Norandine, Miranda, *and Soldiers, and Gentlemen.*

Mir. HOw is it Sir?
Nor. Pray set me down; I cool,
And my wounds smart.
Mir. I hope yet
Though there be many, there's none dangerous.
Nor. I know not, nor I care not much, I got 'em
Like a too forward fool, but I hope the Surgeons

Will take an order I shall not leave 'em so,
I make the rogues more work than all the Island,
And yet they give me the hardest words for my money.
Mir. I am glad ye are so sprightly: ye fought bravely
Go call the Surgeons Soldiers: wondrous nobly
Upon my life, I have not seen such valour,
Maintained so long, and to so large a ruine,
The odds so strong against ye.
Nor. I thank ye,
And thank ye for your help, your timely succor.
By th'mass, it came i' th' nick Sir, and well handled;
Stoutly, and strongly handled: we had duckt else,
My *Turk* had *Turk'd* me else: but he has well paid for't.
Why what a Sign for an Almanack h'as made me!

Enter Astorius.

Ast. I am glad to find ye here Sir, of necessity,
I must have come aboard else; and brave Captain
We all joy much in your fair victory,
And all the Island speaks your valour nobly.
Have ye brought the *Turk* in, that ye took?
Mir. He rides there.
Nor. If he were out again, the devil should bring him.
H'as truly circumcis'd me.
Ast. I have a business
Which much concerns ye, presently concerns ye;
But not this place nor people: pray ye draw off, Sir,
For 'tis of that weight to ye.
Mir. I'll wait on ye,
I must crave leave awhile: my care dwels with ye,
And I must wait my self.
Nor. Your servant, Sir.
Mir. Believe I shall, and what my love can minister;
Keep your stout heart still.
Nor. That's my best Physitian.
Mir. And I shall keep your fame fair. [*Exit.*
Nor. Ye are too Noble.
A brave young fellow of a matchless spirit;
He brought me off like thunder, charg'd, and boarded,
As if he had been shot to save mine honor:

And when my fainting men, tyr'd with their labour,
And lack of bloud, gave to the *Turk* assurance
The day was his; when I was cut in shreds thus,
And not a corn of Powder left to bless us;
Then flew his Sword in, then his Cannon roar'd,
And let flie bloud and death and storms amongst 'em.
Then might I hear their sleepy Prophet howl too,
And all their *silver Crescents* then I saw
Like falling Meteors spent, and set for ever
Under the Cross of *Malta*; death so wanton
I never lookt upon, so full of revel.

Enter Surgeon.

I will not be drest yet: Methought that fellow
Was fit for no conversation, nor no *Christian*
That had not halfe his brain's knockt out, no Soldier.
Oh valiant young man, how I love thy virtue.
1 *Sol.* Pray ye Sir be drest, alas ye bleed apace yet.
Nor. 'Tis but the sweat of honor (alas) thou milksop,
Thou man of March-pain, canst thou fear to see
A few light hurts, that blush they are no bigger,
A few small scratches? get ye a Cawdle, Sirrah,
Your finger akes, and let the old wives watch thee:
Bring in the booty: and the prisoners;
By heaven I'll see 'em, and dispose 'em first,
Before I have a drop of blood wip'd from me, goe. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*
Surg. You'll faint Sir.
Nor. No, ye lie, Sir, like an Ass, Sir;
I have no such pigs hurt in my belly.
Sur. By my life Captain
These hurts are not to be jested with.
Nor. If thou hadst 'em:
They are my companions fool, my family;
I cannot eat nor sleep without their company,
Dost take me for *St. Davy*, that fell dead
With seeing of his nose bleed?

Enter Soldiers with booty.

Sur. Here they come, Sir:
But would you would be drest.

Nor. Pox: dress thy self first.
Thou faint'st a great deal faster: what's all this?
1 *Sold.* The money and the merchandize ye took Sir.
Nor. A goodly purchase; Is it for this we venture
Our liberties and lives? what can all this do?
Get me some dozen surfeits, some seven fresh whores,
And twenty pot-Allies; and then I am virtuous.
Lay the Knights part by, and that to pay the Soldier:
This is mine own, I think I have deserv'd it:
Come, now look to me, and grope me like a Chambermaid,
I'll neither start nor squeak; what's that i' th' Trusse there?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis cloth of Tissue, Sir, and this is Scarlet.
Nor. I shall look redder shortly then, I fear me,
And as a Captain ought, a great deal prouder.
Can ye cure me of that crack, Surgeon?
Sur. Yes, when your Suit's at pawn, Sir.
Nor. There's for your plaister.
A very learned Surgeon: what's in that pack there?
1 *Sold.* 'Tis *English* Cloth.
Nor. That's a good wear indeed,
Both strong, and rich: but it has a virtue
A twang of the own Countrey, that spoils all:
A man shall ne'r be sober in't: Where are the Gentlemen,
That ventur'd with me, both their lives and fortunes?
Come forward my fair spirits; *Norandine*
Forgets his worth, when he forgets your valours,
You have lost an eye, I saw ye face all hazards:
You have one left yet, to choose your Mistriss.
You have your leg broke with a shot; yet sitting,
I saw you make the place good with your Pike still.
And your hand's gone; a good heart wants no instruments;
Share that amongst ye, there's an eye, an arm,
And that will bear you up, when your legs cannot.
Oh, where's the honest Sailor? that poor fellow,
Indeed that bold brave fellow, that with his Musket
Taught them new ways how to put their caps off;
That stood the fire of all the fight, twice blown,
And twice I gave him drown'd; welcome ashore knave;
Give me thy hand, if they be not both lost: faith thou art welcome,

My tough knave welcome: thou wilt not shrink i' th' washing.
Hold, there's a piece of Scarlet, get thee handsom.
And this to buy thee buttons.
Sail. Thank ye Captain.
Command my life at all hours.
Nor. Thou durst give it.
You have deserv'd too.
3 *Sold.* We have seen the fight Sir.
Nor. Yes: coil'd up in a Cable, like salt Eels,
Or buried low i' th' ballast, do you call that fighting?
Where be your wounds? your knocks? your want of limbs
Art not thou he that ask'd the Master-gunner (rogues?
Where thou mightst lie safest? and he strait answered,
Put thy head in that hole, new bor'd with a Cannon;
For 'twas an hundred to one, another shot would not hit there:
Your wages you shall have, but for rewards
Take your own waies: and get ye to the Taverns;
There, when ye are hot with Wine, 'mongst your admirers,
Take Ships, and Towns, and Castles at your pleasures,
And make the Great *Turk* shake at your valors.
Bring in the prisoners now, my brave Musslemen.

Enter Prisoners, and Luscinda.

You that are Lords o' th' Sea, and scorn us *Christians*,
Which of your mangy lives is worth this hurt here?
Away to prison with 'em, see 'em safe;
You shall find we have Gallies too, and slaves too.
1 *Sol.* What shall be done with this woman, Sir?
Nor. Pox take her,
'Twas she that set me on to fight with these rogues,
That Ring-worm, rot it: what can you do now
With all your paintings, and your pouncings, Lady,
To restore my blood again? you, and your *Cupid*
That have made a Carbinado of me, plague take ye,
Ye are too deep ye rogue, this is thy work woman,
Thou lousie woman; 'death, you goe too deep still.
The seeing of your simpring sweetness: —— ye Filly,
Ye Tit, ye Tomboy, what can one nights gingling,
Or two, or ten, sweet heart, and oh my dear chicken,
Scratching my head, or fumbling with my fore-mast,

Doe me good now? ye have powder'd me for one year,
I am in souce I thank ye; thank your beauty,
Your most sweet beauty: pox upon those goggles.
We cannot fight like honest men, for honor,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in steps one of you; the devils holiness
And you must have a daunce: away with her,
She stinks to me now.

1 *Sold.* Shall I have her Captain?

2 *Sold.* Or I?

3 *Sold.* I'll marry her.

4 *Sold.* Good Captain, I.

3 *Sold.* And make her a good *Christian*; lay hands off her;
I know she's mine.

2 *Sold.* I'll give my full share for her: have ye no manners;
To thrust the woman so?

Nor. Share her among ye;
And may she give ye as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches.

Lusc. Noble Captain,
Be pleas'd to free me from these Soldiers wildness,
Till I but speak two words.

Nor. Now for your Maidenhead,
You have your book, proceed.

Lusc. Victorious Sir,
'Tis seldom seen in men so valiant,
Minds so devoid of virtue: he that can conquer,
Should ever know how to preserve his conquest,
'Tis but a base theft else. Valour's a virtue,
Crown of men's actions here; yours as you make it.
And can you put so rough a foyl as violence,
As wronging of weak woman to your triumph?

Nor. Let her alone.

Lusc. I have lost my husband, Sir;
You feel not that: him that I love; you care not:
When fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too:
My liberty, I kneel not for; mine honor,
(If ever virtuous honor toucht your heart yet)
Make dear, and precious, Sir: you had a mother.

Nor. The rougy thing speaks finely, neat, who took ye?

For he must be your guard.
Lusc. I wish no better,
A noble Gentleman, and Nobly us'd me,
They call'd his name *Miranda.*
Nor. You are his then:
Ye have light upon a young man worth your service,
I free ye from all the rest: and from all violence;
He that doth offer't, by my head he hangs for't:
Goe see her safe kept, till the Noble Gentleman
Be ready to dispose her: thank your tongue,
You have a good one, and preserve it good still:
Soldiers, come wait on me, I'll see ye paid all. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Miranda *and* Astorius.

Ast. I knew ye lov'd her, virtuously ye lov'd her,
Which made me make that haste: I knew ye priz'd her
As all fair minds do goodness.
Mir. Good *Astorius*,
I [must] confess I do much honor her,
And worthily I hope still.
Ast. 'Tis no doubt, Sir,
For on my life she is much wrong'd.
Mir. Very likely:
And I as much tormented I was absent.
Ast. You need not fear, *Peter Gomera*'s Noble,
Of a try'd faith and valour.
Mir. This I know too:
But whilst I was not there, and whilst she suffer'd;
Whilst Virtue suffer'd, friend, oh how it loads me!
Whilst innocence and sweetness sunk together,
How cold it sits here! if my arm had fought her,
My truth, though naked, stood against all treasons,
My sword here grasped, Love on the edge, and Honor,
And but a signal from her eye to seal it;
If then she had been lost; I brag too late,
And too much I decline the Noble *Peter.*
Yet some poor service I would do her sweetness,

Alas she needs it, my *Astorius*,
The gentle Lady needs it.
Ast. Noble spirit.
Mir. And what [I] can: prethee bear with this weakness.
Often I do not use these Womens weapons
But where true pity is. I am much troubl'd,
And something have to do, I cannot form yet.
Ast. I'll take my leave, Sir, I shall but disturb ye.
Mir. And please you for a while: and pray to fortune to smile upon this Lady.
Ast. All my help, Sir. [*Exit.*
Mir. *Gomera*'s old and stiff: and he may lose her,
The winter of his years and wounds upon him:
And yet he has done bravely hitherto;
Mountferrat's fury, in his heat of Summer,
The whistling of his Sword like angry storms,
Renting up life by th' roots, I have seen him scale
As if a Falcon had run up a train,
Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd Curasse,
And at his pitch inmew the Town below him.
I must doe something.

Enter Collonna.

Col. Noble Sir, for Heaven sake
Take pity of a poor afflicted *Christian*
Redeem'd from one affliction to another.
Mir. Boldly you ask that, we are bound to give it.
From what affliction, Sir?
Col. From cold, and hunger;
From nakedness and stripes.
Mir. A prisoner?
Col. A slave, Sir, in the *Turkish* prize, new taken;
That in the heat of fight, when your brave hand
Brought the *Dane* succor, got my irons off,
And put my self to mercy of the Ocean.
M[*i*]*r.* And swom to Land?
Col. I did Sir, Heaven was gracious;
But now a stranger, and my wants upon me,
Though willingly I would preserve this life, Sir,
With honesty and truth I am not look'd on;

The hand of pity that should give for heaven sake,
And charitable hearts are grown so cold, Sir,
Never remembring what their fortunes may be.
Mir. Thou say'st too true: of what profession art thou?
Col. I have been better train'd; and can serve truly,
Where trust is laid upon me.
Mir. A handsome fellow;
Hast thou e'r bore Arms?
Col. I have trod full many a march, Sir,
And some hurts have to shew: before me too, Sir.
Mir. Pity this thing should starve, or, forced for want,
Come to a worse end. I know not what thou mayst be.
But if thou thinkst it fit to be a servant,
I'll be a Master, and a good one to thee,
If ye deserve, Sir.
Col. Else I ask no favour.
Mir. Then Sir, to try your trust, because I like you,
Go to the *Dane*, of him receive a woman,
A *Turkish* prisoner, for me receive her,
I hear she is my prize, look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, though now my prisoner,
The *Christians* need no Schoolmasters for honor.
Take this to buy thee clothes, this Ring, to help thee
Into the fellowship of my house: ye are a stranger,
And my servants will not know ye else; there keep her,
And with all modesty preserve your service.
Col. A foul example find me else: Heaven thank ye.
Of Captain *Norandine*?
Mir. The same.
Col. 'Tis done, Sir:
And may Heavens goodness ever dwell about ye.
Mir. Wait there till I come home.
Col. I shall not fail, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Mountferrat *with a Letter, and* Abdella.

Abd. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your high mettle
Should check thus poorly, dully; most unmanly.

Mount. Let me alone.
Abd. Thus leadenly?
Mount. —— [t]ake ye.
Abd. At every childish fear? at every shadow?
Are you *Mountferrat* that have done such deeds?
Wrought through such bloudy fields, men shake to speak of?
Can ye go back? is there a safety left yet
But fore-right? is not ruine round about ye?
Have ye not still these arms, that Sword, that heart-whole?
Is't not a man ye fight with, and an old man,
A man half kill'd already? Am not I here?
As lovely in my black to entertain thee,
As high and full of heat to meet thy pleasures?
Mount. I will be alone.
Abd. Ye shall: farewel, Sir;
And do it bravely, never think of conscience:
There is none to a man resolved; be happy. [*Exit.*

Enter Miranda.

Mount. No, most unhappy wretch as thou hast made me
More devil than thy self, I am.
Mir. Alone,
And troubled too, I take it: how he starts!
All is not handsome in thy heart *Mountferrat.*
God speed ye Sir, I have been seeking of ye:
They say you are to fight to day.
Mount. What then?
Mir. Nay, nothing but good fortune to your Sword, Sir.
Ye have a cause requires it, the Islands safety,
The Orders, and your Honors.
Mount. And do you make a question
I will not fight it Nobly?
Mir. Ye dare fight,
Ye have, and with as great a confidence as justice,
I have seen ye strike as home, and hit as deadly.
Mount. Why are these questions then?
Mir. I'll tell ye quickly.
Ye have a Lady in your cause, a fair one,
A gentler never trode on ground, a Nobler.
Mount. Do ye come on so fast? I have it for ye.

Mir. The Sun ne'r saw a sweeter.
Mount. These I grant ye:
Nor dare I against beauty heave my hand up,
It were unmanly, Sir; too much unmanly:
But when these excellencies turn to ruine,
To ruine of themselves, and those protect 'em;
When virtue's lost, lust and dishonor enter'd,
Loss of our selves and souls basely projected—
Mir. Do you think 'tis so?
Mount. Too sure.
Mir. And can it be?
Can it be thought *Montferrat*, so much sweetness,
So great a Magazine of all things precious,
A mind so heavenly made, prethee observe me:
Mount. I thought so too: now by my Holy Order,
He that had told me, (till experience found it
Too bold a proof) this Lady had been vitious—
I wear no dull Sword Sir, nor hate I virtue.
Mir. Against her brother? to the man has bred her?
Her Bloud and Honor?
Mount. Where ambitious lust
Desires to be above the rule prescrib'd her,
Takes hold, and wins, poor chastity, cold duty,
Like fashions old forgot, she flings behind her,
And puts on bloud and mischief, death, and ruine,
To raise her new-built hopes, new faith to fasten her:
Ma' foy, she is as foul, as Heaven is beauteous.
Mir. Thou liest; thou liest *Mountferrat*: thou liest basely.
Stare not, nor swell not with thy pride: thou liest;
And this shall make it good.
Mount. Out with your heat first,
Ye shall be fought withal.
M[i]r. By —— that Lady,
The virtue of that woman, were all the good deeds
Of all thy families, bound in one Fagot,
From *Adam* to this hour, but with one sparkle
Would fire that wispe, and turn it to light ashes.
Mount. Oh pitiful young man, struck blind with beauty!
Shot with a womans smile: poor, poor *Miranda*;
Thou hopeful young man once; but now thou lost man:

Thou naked man of all that we call Noble,
How art thou cozen'd! didst thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear honor (mark me fool)
Which like a father I have kept from blasting,
Thy tender honor is abus'd: but fight first,
And then too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou liest, still.

Mount. Stay, now I'll shew thee all, and then I'll kill thee.
I love thee so dear, time shall not disgrace thee.
Read that.

Mir. It is her hand: it is most certain;
Good Angels keep me: that I should be her Agent
To betray *Maltha*, and bring her to the *Basha*,
That on my tender love lay all her project!
Eyes never see again, melt out for sorrow,
Did the Devil do this?

Mount. No, but his Dam did it,
The virtuous Lady that you love so dearly;
Come, will ye fight again?

Mir. No, prethee kill me:
For Heaven sake, and for goodness sake dispatch me,
For the disgrace sake that I gave thee, kill me.

Mount. Why, are ye guilty?

Mir. I have liv'd *Mountferrat*,
To see dishonor swallow up all virtue,
And now would die: by heavens eternal brightness,
I am as clear as innocence.

Mount. I knew it,
And therefore kept this Letter from all knowledge,
And this sword from anger, ye had died else.
And yet I lye, and basely lye.

Mir. O virtue!
Unspotted virtue, whither art thou vanish'd?
What hast thou left to abuse our frailties
In shape of goodness?

Mount. Come, take courage, man,
I have forgiven, and forgot your rashness,
And hold you fair as light in all your actions,
And by my troth I griev'd your loves; take comfort,
There be more women.

Mir. And more mischief in 'em.
Mount. The justice I shall do, to right these villanies
Shall make ye man again: I'll strike it sure, Sir.
Come, look up bravely: put this puling passion
Out of your mind; one knock for thee *Miranda.*
And for the Boy, the grave *Gomera* gave thee,
When she accepted thee her Champion;
And in thy absence, like a valiant Gentleman,
I yet remember it: he is too young,
Too Boyish, and too tender, to adventure:
I'll give him one sound rap for that: I love thee,
Thou art a brave young spark.
Mir. Boy, did he call me?
Gomera call me Boy?
Mount. It pleas'd his gravity,
To think so of ye then: they that do service,
And honest service, such as thou, and I doe,
Are either knaves, or boys.
Mir. Boy, by *Gomera*?
How look'd he when he said it? for *Gomera*
Was ever wont to be a virtuous Gentleman,
Humane, and sweet.
Mount. Yes when he will, he can be;
But let it go, I would not breed dissention;
'Tis an unfriendly office, and had it been
To any of a higher strain than you, Sir,
The well known, well approved, and lov'd *Miranda,*
I had not thought on't: 'twas hap'ly his haste too,
And zeal to her.
Mir. A Traitor and a Boy too?
Shame take me if I suffer't: puff: farewel love.
Mount. Ye know my business, I must leave ye, Sir,
My hour grows on apace.
Mir. I must not leave you
I dare not, nor I will not, till your goodness
Have granted me one courtesie: ye say ye love me?
Mount. I doe, and dearly: ask, and let that courtesie
Nothing concern mine honor.
Mir. You must do it,
Or you will never see me more:

Mount. What is it?
It shall be great that puts ye off; pray speak it.
Mir. Pray let me fight to day: good, dear *Mountferrat*,
Let me, and bold *Gomera*—
Mount. Fie *Miranda*,
Doe ye weigh my worth so little?
Mir. On my knees,
As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow
Thy friend conceiv'd, as ever honor lov'd thee.
Mount. Shall I turn recreant now?
Mir. 'Tis not thy cause,
Thou hast no reputation wounded in't,
Thine's but a general zeal: 'death: I am tainted,
The dearest twyn to life, my credit's murder'd,
Baſl'd and boy'd.
Mount. I am glad ye have swallow'd it,
I must confess I pity ye; and 'tis a justice,
A great one too, you should revenge these injuries:
I know it, and I know ye fit and bold to do it,
And man, as much as man may: but *Miranda*,
Why do ye kneel?
Mir. By —— I'll grow to the ground here,
And with my sword dig up my grave, and fall in't
Unless thou grant me: dear *Mountferrat*, friend,
Is any thing in my power, to my life, Sir?
The honor shall be yours.
Mount. I love ye dearly,
Yet so much I should tender.
Mir. I'll preserve all:
By —— I will: or all the sin fall with me,
Pray let me.
Mount. Ye have won: I'll once be coward
To pleasure you.
Mir. I kiss your hands, and thank ye.
Mount. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.
Mir. Blow not the fire that flames.
Mount. I'll send mine Armor,
My man shall presently attend ye with it,
For you must arm immediately, the hour calls,
I know 'twill fit ye right; be sure, and secret,

And last be fortunate; farewel: ye are fitted:
I am glad the load's off me.
Mir. My best *Mountferrat.* [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Norandine *and Doctor.*

Nor. Doctor, I will see the Combat, that's the truth on't
If I had never a leg, I would crawl to see it.
Doct. You are most unfit, if I might counsel ye,
Your wounds so many, and the air—
Nor. The Halter;
The air's as good an air, as fine an air;
Wouldst thou have me live in an Oven?
Doct. Beside the noise, Sir:
Which to a tender body.
Nor. That's it, Doctor,
My body must be cur'd withal: if you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a Drum-head in my broth: I never prosper,
With knuckles o' Veal, and birds in Sorrel sops,
Cawdles, and Cullysses; they wash me away
Like a horse had eaten grains: if thou wilt cure me,
A pickled herring, and a pottle of Sack: Doctor,
And half a dozen Trumpets.
Doct. Y' are a strange Gentleman, (glister
Nor. As e'r thou knew'st: wilt thou give me another
That I may sit cleanly there like a *French* Lady,
When she goes to a Mask at Court? where's thy hoboy?
Doct. I am glad ye are grown so merry.
Nor. Welcome Gent[l]emen.

Enter Astor, *and* Castr.

Ast. We come to see you, Sir; and glad we are
To see you thus, thus forward to your health, Sir.
Nor. I thank my Doctor here.
Doct. Nay, thank your self, Sir,
For by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd,
He ne'r observes any of our prescriptions.
Nor. Give me my Money again then, good sweet Doctor,
Wilt thou have twenty shillings a day for vexing me.

Doct. That shall not serve ye Sir; [*Drums afar off.*
Nor. Th[e]n forty shall Sir, *A low March.*
And that will make ye speak well: hark the Drums.
Cast. They begin to beat to th' field: Oh noble *Dane*,
Never was such a stake, I hope of innocence
Plaid for in *Malta*, and in bloud before.
Ast. It makes us hang our heads all.
Nor. A bold villain:
If there be treason in it: accuse poor Ladies?
And yet they may do mischief too: I'll be with ye:
If she be innocent, I shall find it quickly,
And something then I'll say.
Ast. Come, lean on us, Sir.
Nor. I thank ye Gentlemen: and *Domine Doctor*,
Pray bring a little sneezing powder in your pocket,
For fear I sound when I see [bloud].
Doct. You are pleasant. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter two Marshals.

1. Are the Combatants come in? [*The Scaffold set*
2. Yes. *out, and the stairs.*
1. Make the field clear there.
2. That's done too.
1. Then to the prisoner: the grand Master's coming,
Let's see that all be ready there.
2. Too ready.
How ceremonious our very ends are!
Alas, sweet Lady,
If she be innocent, [*Florish.*
No doubt but justice will direct her Champion
Away: I hear 'em come:
1. Pray heaven she prosper.

Enter Valetta, Norandine, Astor. Castriot, *&c.*

Val. Give Captain *Norandine* a chair.
Nor. I thank your Lordship.
Val. Sit Sir, and take your ease: your hurts require it
You come to see a womans cause decided

That's all the knowledge now, or name I have for her:
They say a false, a base, and treacherous woman,
And partly prov'd too.
Nor. Pity it should be so:
And if your Lordship durst ask my opinion,
Sure, I should answer no, so much I honor her:
And answer't with my life too: But *Gomera*
Is a brave Gentleman; the other valiant,
And if he be not good, dogs gnaw his flesh off,
And one above 'em both will find the truth out.
He never fails, Sir.
Val. That's the hope rests with me.
Nor. How nature and his honor struggle in him!
A sweet, clear, noble Gentleman. [*Within, make room there.*
Guard. Make room there.
Val. Go up, and what you have to say, say there.

Enter Oriana, Ladies, Executioner, Abdella, *and Guard.*

Ori. Thus I ascend: nearer I hope to heaven,
Nor doe I fear to tread this dark black Mansion:
The Image of my grave, each foot we move,
Goes to it still: each hour we leave behind us,
Knols sadly toward it: My noble Brother
For yet mine innocence dares call ye so,
And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,
The *Chorus* to this *Tragick Scæne*, behold me,
Behold me with your Justice, not with Pity,
(My cause was ne'r so poor to ask compassion,)
Behold me in this spotless White I wear,
The *Emblem* of my life, of all my actions,
So ye shall find my story, though I perish:
Behold me in my Sex, I am no Soldier,
Tender, and full of fears our blushing Sex is,
Unhardned with relentless thoughts; unhatcht
With bloud, and bloudy practice: alas we tremble;
But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies,
Die with a tale well told: had I been practis'd,
And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it
And given my bloud; and honor up to reach it,
Forgot Religion, and the line I sprung on,

Oh heaven, I had been fit then for thy justice,
And then in black, as dark as Hell, I had howl'd here.
Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence,
Amongst ye I was planted from an Infant
(Would then, if heaven had so been pleas'd, I had perish'd)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage:
And am I blasted in my bud with Treason?
Boldly, and basely of my fair name ravish'd,
And hither brought to find my rest in ruine?
But he that knows all, he that rights all wrongs,
And in his time restores, knows me: I have spoken.

Val. If ye be innocent, heaven will protect ye,
And so I leave ye to his Sword strikes for ye,
Farewell.

Ori. Oh that went deep, farewel deer brother,
And howsoe'r my cause goes, see my body
(Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely;
For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.

Ast. Justice sit on your cause; and heaven fight for ye.

Nor. Two of ye Gentlemen, do me but the honor
To lead me to her: good my Lord, your leave too:

Val. You have it Sir.

Nor. Give me your fair hands fearless,
As white as this I see your Innocence,
As spotless, and as pure: be not afraid Lady,
You are but here brought to your nobler fortune,
To add unto your life immortal story:
Vertue, through hardest things arrives at happiness,
Shame follow that blunt sword that looses you:
And he that strikes against you: I shall study
A curse or two for him: once more your fair hands,
I never brought ill luck yet; be fearless happy.

Ori. I thank ye, noble Captain.

Nor. So I leave ye.

Val. Call in the Knights severally.

Enter severally Gomera *and* Miranda.

Ori. But two words to my champion,
And then to heaven and him, I give my cause up:

Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.
Ori. I have not much Sir.
Noble *Gomera*, from your own free virtue,
You have undertaken here a poor Maids honor.
And with the hazard of your life: and happily
You may suspect the cause, though in your true worth
You will not shew it, therefore take this testimony
(And as I hope for happiness, a true one)
And may it steel your heart, and edge your good sword,
Ye fight for her, as spotless of these mischiefs,
As heaven is of our sins, or truth of errors,
And so defie that treacherous man, and prosper.
Nor. Blessing o'thy heart Lady.
Val. Give the signal to 'em. [*Low Alarms.*
Nor. 'Tis bravely fought *Gomera*; follow that blow,
Well struck again boy: look upon the Lady,
And gather spirit: brave again: lye close.
Lye close I say: he fights aloft, and strongly:
Close for thy life: a vengeance o' that fell buffet:
Retire, and gather breath: ye have day enough Knights;
Look lovely on him Lady: to't again now
Stand, stand *Gomera*, stand: one blow for all now.
Gather thy strength together; God bless the woman:
Why, where's thy noble heart? heaven bless the Lady.
All. Oh, oh!
Val. She is gone, she is gone.
Nor. Now strike it.
Hold, hold: he yields: hold thy brave sword he's conquer'd:
He's thine *Gomera*, now be joyful Lady:
What could this thief have done, had his cause been equal?
He made my heart-strings tremble.
Val. Off with his Caske there;
And Executioner take you his head next.
Abdel. Oh cursed fortune!
Gom. Stay, I beseech ye, Sir, and this one honor
Grant me: I have deserv'd it; that this villain
May live one day, to envy at my justice,
That he may pine and dye, before the sword fall.
Viewing the glory, I have won her goodness.
Val. He shall, and you the harvest of your valour

Shall reap brave Sir, abundantly.
Gom. I have sav'd her.
Preserv'd her spotless worth from black destruction,
Her white name to eternity deliver'd,
Her youth, and sweetness, from a timeless ruine.
Now Lord *Valetta*, if this bloudy labour
May but deserve her favour.
Mir. Stay, and hear me first.
Val. Off with his Cask, this is *Miranda*'s voice.
Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine eies abuse me,
What makes he here thus?
Ori. The young *Miranda*?
Is he mine enemy too?
Mir. None has deserv'd her
If worth must carry it, and service seek her,
But he that saved her honor.
Gom. That's I *Miranda*.
Mir. No, no, that's I *Gomera*, be not so forward,
In bargain for my love, ye cannot cozen me.
Gom. I fought it.
Mir. And I gave it: which is nobler?
Why every Gentleman would have done as much
As you did: fought it: that's a poor desert, Sir,
They are bound to that; but then to make that fight sure,
To doe as I did, take all danger from it
Suffer that coldness, that must call me now
Into disgrace for ever, into pity.
Gom. I undertook first, to preserve from hazard.
Mir. And I made sure no hazard should come neer her.
Gom. 'Twas I defi'd *Mountferat*.
Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,
You had had a dark day else; 'Twas I defi'd
His conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there,
Which is the brave defiance.
Gom. My life and honor
At stake I laid.
Mir. My care; and truth lay by it
Least that stake might be lost: I have deserv'd her,
And none but I; the Lady might have perish'd,
Had Fell *Mountferrat* struck it, from whose malice

With cunning, and bold confidence I catch'd it,
And 'twas high time, and such a service Lady
For you, and for your innocence, for who knows not
The all-devouring sword of fierce *Mountferrat*?
I shew'd ye what I could do, had I been spightful
Or Master but of halfe the poison he bears,
(Hell take his heart for't) and beshrew these hands Madam,
With all my heart, I wish a mischief on 'em,
They made ye once look sad: such another fright
I would not put ye in, to ow[n]e the Island,
Yet pardon me, 'twas but to shew a Soldier,
Which, when I had done, I ended your poor coward.
Val. Let some look out, for the base Knight *Mountferrat.*
Ab. I hope he's far enough, if his man be trusty:
This was a strange misfortune; I must not kno[w] it.
Val. That most debauch'd Knight, come down sweet Sister
My spotless Sister: now, pray thank these Gentlemen,
They have deserv'd both truly, nobly of ye.
Both excellently, dearly, both all the honor
All the respect and favour.
Ori. Both shall have it;
And as my life, their memories I'll nourish.
Val. Ye are both true Knights, and both most worthy
Here stands a Lady ripen'd with your service, (Lovers,
Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable:
'Tis my Will she shall marry: marry now,
And one of you (she cannot take more nobly) your deserts
Begot this Will, and bred it; both her beauty
Cannot enjoy: dare ye mark me your umpier?
Gom. Mir. With all our Souls.
Val. He must not then be angry
That looses her.
Gom. Oh that were Sir, unworthy.
Mir. A little sorrow he may find.
Val. 'Tis manly.
Gomera, you are a brave accomplish'd Gentleman
A braver no where lives than is *Miranda*,
In the white way of virtue, and true valour.
Ye have been a pilgrim long: yet no man farther
Has trode those thorny steps, than young *Miranda*,

You are gentle: he is gentleness it self: Experience
Calls you her brother; this her hopeful heir.
Nor. The young man now, and 't be thy Will.
Val. Your hand, Sir;
You undertook first: nobly undertook,
This Ladies cause: you made it good, and fought it
You must be serv'd first, take her, and enjoy her;
I give her to you: kiss her, are you pleas'd now?
Gom. My joy's so much I cannot speak.
Val. Nay, fairest Sir;
You must not be displeas'd: you break your promise.
Mir. I never griev'd at good, nor dare I now, Sir,
Though something seem strange to me.
Val. I have provided
A better match for you: more full of Beauty,
I'll wed ye to our Order: there's a Mistriss,
Whose beauty ne'r decaies: time stands below her:
Whose honor, *Ermin-like*, can never suffer,
Spot, or black soil; whose eternal issue
Fame brings up at her breasts, and leaves 'em sainted,
Her you shall marry.
Mir. I must humbly thank ye.
Val. Saint *Thomas Fort*, a charge of no small value
I give ye too, in present, to keep waking
Your noble spirits; and to breed ye pious,
I'll send ye a probation Robe, wear that
Till ye shall please to be our brother: how now?

Enter Astorius.

Ast. *Mountferrat*'s fled, Sir.
Val. Let him go awhile
Till we have done these Rites, and seen these coupled:
His mischief now lies open: come all friends now.
And so let's march to th' Temple, sound those Instruments,
That were the signal to a day of bloud;
Evil beginning hours may end in good. [*Flourish.*
Nor. Come, we'll have wenches man, and all brave things.
—— Let her go: we'll want no Mistresses,
Good Swords, and good strong Armors.
Mir. Those are best Captain.

Nor. And fight till Queens be in love with us, and run (after us.
I'll see ye at the Fort within these two days,
And let's be merry prethee.

Mir. By that time I shall.

Nor. Why that's well said: I like a good heart truly.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Norandine, *and Servant, Corporal and Soldiers above.*

Ser. THe day's not yet broke, Sir.

Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding,
I must goe see *Miranda*: bring my horse
Round to the *South* Port: I'll out here at the beach
And meet ye at the end o' th' Sycamores:
'Tis a sweet Walk, and if the wind be stirring
Serves like a Fan to cool.

[*Corporal and Watch above singing.*

SONG.

1. SIt *Soldiers, sit and sing, the Round is clear*
And Cock-a-loodle-looe, tells us the day is near.
Each toss his Cann, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh and sing, the Soldier has no fellow.
2. *To thee a full pot, my little Lance-presado,*
And when thou hast done, a pipe of Trinidado.
Our glass of life runs wine, the Vintner slinks it
Whilst with his Wife the frolick Soldier drinks it.
3. *The Dr[u]ms beat, Ensigns wave, and Cannons thump it*
Our Game is Ruffe, and the best heart doth trump it:
Each toss his Cann until his throat be mellow
Drink, Laugh, and Sing, the Soldier has no fellow.
4. *I'll pledge thee my Corporal, were it a Flagon*
After Watch fiercer, than George *did the Dragon,*
What blood we loose i' th' Town, we gain i' th' Tuns,
Furr'd Gowns, and flat Caps, give the wall to Guns
Each toss his Cann, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the Soldier has no fellow.

Ser. Which Walk?

Nor. Why that, Sir,

Where the fine City Dames meet to make matches.
Ser. I know it.
Nor. Speed ye then: what mirth is this?
The Watches are not yet discharg'd, I take it:
These are brave careless Rogues; I'll hear the Song out
And then I'll fit ye for't, merry Companions:
Here's notable Order, now for a trick to tame ye—
Owgh, owgh.
1 *Wat.* Hark, hark, what's that below us, who goes there?
Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.
2. *Wat.* 'Tis a Bear broke loose: pray call the Corporal.
1. *Wat.* The *Dutchmans* huge fat Sow.
2 *Wat.* I see her now, and five fine pigs.
Nor. Owgh, owgh.
Corp. Now, what's the matter?
1 *Wat.* Here's the great fat Sow, Corporal.
The *Dutchmans* Sow, and all the Pigs, brave fat Pigs,
You have been wishing long she would break loose.
Nor. Owgh, owgh.
Cor. 'Tis she indeed, there's a white pig now sucking,
Look, look, do you see it, Sirs?
1 *Wat.* Yes very well, Sir.
Cor. A notable fat whorson; come two of ye.
Go down with me, we'll have a tickling breakfast.
2 *Wat.* Let's eat 'em at the Cross.
Cor. There's the best liquor.
Nor. I'll liquor some of ye, ye lazie rogues,
Your minds are of nothing but eating and swilling:
What a sweet Beast they have made of me! a Sow?
Hogg upon hogg, I hear 'em come.

Enter Cor. *below, and Watch.*

Cor. Go softly, and fall upon 'em finely, nimb[l]y.
1 *Wat.* Bless me.
Cor. Why, what's the matter?
1 *Wat.* Oh the devil?
The devil, as high as a Steeple.
2 *Wat.* There he goes Corporal,
His feet are Cloven too.

Cor. Stand, stand I say: death, how I shake!
Where be your Muskets?
1 *Wat.* There's no good of them:
Where be our Prayers, man?
2 *Wat.* Lord, how he stalks: speak to him Corporal.
Cor. Why, what a devil art thou.
Nor. Owgh, owgh.
Cor. A dumb devil.
The worst devil that could come, a dumb devil,
Give me a Musket; he gathers in to me,
I' th' name of —— speak what art thou?—speak devil,
Or I'll put a plumb in your belly.
Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.
Cor. Fie, fie, in what a sweat I am! Lord bless me,
My Musket's gone too, I am not able to stir it.
Nor. Who goes there? stand, speak.
Corp. Sure I am inchanted.
Yet here's my Halbert still: nay, who goes there, Sir?
What have I lost my self? what are ye?
Nor. The Guard.
Corp. Why, what are we then: he's not half so long now.
Nor he has no tail at all, I shake still damnably.
Nor. The word.
Corp. Have mercy on me, what word does he mean?
Prethee devil, if thou be'st the devil,
Do not make an Ass of me; for I remember yet
As well as I am here, I am the Corporal,
I'll lay my life on't devil.
Nor. Thou art damn'd:
Corp. That's all one: but am not I the Corporal?
I would give a thousand pound to be resolv'd now,
Had not I Soldiers here?
Nor. No, not a man,
Thou art debauch'd, and cozen'd.
Corp. That may be,
It may be I am drunk; Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my Halbert in my hand?
Nor. No, 'tis a *May*-pole.
Cor. Why then I know not who I am, nor what,
Nor whence I come.

Nor. Ye are an arrand Rascal;
You Corporal of a Watch.
Cor. 'Tis the *Dane*'s voice: you are no devil then.
Nor. No, nor no Sow, Sir.
Cor. Of that [I] am right g[l]ad, Sir,
I was ne'r so frighted in my life, as I am a Soldier.
Nor. Tall watchmen,
A guard for a Goose, you sing away your Centuries.
A careful company: let me out o' th' port here,
I was a little merry with your worships:
And keep your guards strong, though the devil walk.
Hold, there's to bring ye into your wits again.
Goe off no more to hunt Pigs: such another trick
And you will hunt the gallows.
Cor. Pray Sir pardon us:
And let the devil come next, I'll make him stand
Or make him stink.
Nor. Doe, doe your duty truly.
Come let me out, and come away: no more rage. [*Exe.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Abdella *with a Letter, and* Rocca.

Ab. Write thus to me? he hath fearfully, and basely
Betraid his own cause: yet to free himself
He now ascribes the fault to me.
Roc. I know not.
What he hath done: but what he now desires,
His Letters have inform'd you.
Ab. Yes, he is
Too well acquainted with the power he holds,
Over my mad affections: I want time
To write: but pray you tell him, if I were
No better steel'd in my strong resolutions
Than he hath shown himself in his; or thought
There was a hell hereafter, or a Heaven,
But in enjoying him, I should stick here,
And move no further: bid him yet take comfort;
For something I would doe, the devil would quake at,
But I'll untie this Nuptial knot of love,

And make way for his wishes: in the mean time
Let him lie close, for he is strictly sought for,
And practise to love her, that for his ends
Scorns fear and danger.

Enter Oriana *and* Velleda.

Roc. All this I will tell him. [*Exit* Rocca.
Ab. Do so: farewel. My Lady, with my fellow,
So earnest in discourse! what e'r it be
I'll second it.
Vel. He is such a noble Husband,
In every circumstance so truly loving,
That I might say, and without flattery, Madam
The Sun sees not a Lady but your self
That can deserve him.
Abd. Of all men I say
That dare (for 'tis a desperate adventure)
Wear on their free necks the sweet yoak of woman,
(For they that do repine, are no true husbands)
Give me a Soldier.
Ori. Why, are they more loving
Than other men?
Abd. And love too with more judgement;
For, but observe, your Courtier is more curious
To set himself forth richly than his Lady;
His baths, perfumes, nay paintings too, more costly
Than his frugality will allow to her,
His clothes as chargeable; and grant him but
A thing without a beard, and he may pass
At all times for a woman, and with some
Have better welcome: Now, your man of Lands
For the most part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his Lady fallow; your great Merchant
Breaks oftner for the debt he owes his wife,
Than with his creditors; and that's the reason
She looks elsewhere for payment: Now your Soldier—
Vel. I marry do him right.
Abd. First, who has one,
Has a perpetual guard upon her honor;
For while he wears a sword, slander her self

Dares not bark at it: next, she sits at home
Like a great Queen, and sends him forth to fetch in
Her tribute from all parts; which being brought home,
He laies it at her feet, and seeks no further
For his reward, than what she may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own Exchequer
Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modest.

Abd. Why, we may speak of that we are glad to taste of,
Among our selves I mean.

Ori. Thou talkst of nothing.

Abd. Of nothing Madam? You have found it something;
Or with the raising up this pre[tt]y mount here,
My Lord hath dealt with spirits.

Enter Gomera.

Ori. Two long hours absent?

Gom. Thy pardon sweet: I have been looking on
The Prize that was brought in by the brave *Dane*,
The valiant *Norandine*, and have brought something,
That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiss,
And then possess my purchase: there's a piece
Of cloth of Tissue, this of purple Velvet,
And as they swear, of the right *Tyrian* dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit:
If they are worth thy use, wear them; if not,
Bestow them on thy women.

Abd. Here's the Husband.

Gom. While there is any trading on the Sea
Thou shalt want nothing; 'tis a Soldiers glory,
However he neglect himself, to keep
His Mistriss in full lustre.

Ori. You exceed, Sir.

Gom. Yet there was one part of the prize dispos'd of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miss'd of,
Being almost assured, it would have been
A welcome present.

Ori. Pray you say, what was it?

Gom. A *Turkish* Captive of incomparable beauty,
And without question, in her Countrey Noble;

Which, as companion to thy faithful *Moor*,
I would have given thee for thy slave.
Ori. But was she
Of such an exquisite form?
Gom. Most exquisite.
Ori. And well descended?
Gom. So the habit promis'd,
In which she was taken.
Ori. Of what years?
Gom. 'Tis said
A Virgin of fourteen.
Ori. I pity her,
And wish she were mine, that I might have the means
T' entertain her gently.
Gom. She's now *Miranda*'s,
And as I have heard, made it her suit to be so.
Ori. *Miranda*'s? then her fate deserves not pity,
But envy rather.
Gom. Envy *Oriana*?
Ori. Yes, and their envy that live free.
Gom. How's this?
Ori. Why, she's falln into the hands of one,
So full of that, which in men we stile goodness,
That in her being his slave, she is happier far
Than if she were confirm'd the *Sultan*'s Mistriss.
Gom. *Miranda* is indeed a Gentleman
Of fair desert, and better hopes, but yet
He hath his equals.
Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, though much unfit for travails,
But to see one that without injury
Might be put in the scale, or paralell'd,
In any thing that's Noble, with *Miranda*;
His knowledge in all services of war,
And ready courage, to put into act
That knowing judgement, as you are a Soldier
You best may speak of. Nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject.
And heaven did well, in such a lovely feature
To place so chaste a mind; for he is of

So sweet a carriage, such a winning nature,
And such a bold, yet well-dispos'd behaviour;
And to all these, h'as such a charming tongue,
That if he would serve under Loves fresh colours,
What monumental Trophies might he raise,
Of his free conquests, made in Ladies favors?
Gom. Yet you did resist him, when he was
An earnest suitor to you.
Ori. Yes I did;
And if I were again sought to, I should;
But must ascribe it rather to the fate
That did appoint me yours, than any power
Which I can call mine own.
Gom. Even so?
Abd. Thanks fortune,
The plot I had to raise, in him, doubts of her,
Thou hast effected.
Ori. I could tell you too,
What cause I have to love him, with what reason.
In thankfulnes, he may expect from me,
All due observance; but I pass that, as
A benefit, for which, in my behalf,
You are his debtor.
Abd. I perceive it takes,
By his chang'd looks.
Ori. He is not in the City?
Is he my Lord?
Gom. Who Lady?
Ori. Why *Miranda*,
Having you here, can there be any else
Worth my enquiry?
Gom. This is somewhat more
Than love to virtue.
Ori. Faith when he comes hither
(As sometimes, without question you shall meet him)
Invite him home.
Gom. To what end?
Ori. To dine with us,
Or sup.
Gom. And then to take a hard bed with you:

Mean you not so?
Ori. If you could win him to it,
'Twould be the better; for his entertainment,
Leave that to me, he shall find Noble usage,
And from me a free welcome.
Gom. Have you never
Heard of a *Roman* Lady (*Oriana*)
Remembred as a president for Matrons,
(Chaste ones, I pray you understand) whose husband
Tax'd for his sowre breath by his enemy,
Condemn'd his wife, for not acquainting him
With his infirmity?
Ori. 'Tis a common one;
Her answer was, having kiss'd none but him,
She thought it was a general disease
All men were subject to; but what infer you
From that my Lord?
Gom. Why, that this virtuous Lady
Had all her thoughts so fixed upon her Lord,
That she could find no spare time to sing praises
Of any other; nor would she imploy
Her husband (though perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an instrument
To bring home younger men that might delight her
With their discourse, or—
Ori. What my Lord?
Gom. Their persons,
Or if I should speak plainer—
Ori. No it needs not,
You have said enough to make my innocence know
It is suspected.
Gom. You betray your self
To more than a suspition; could you else
To me that live in nothing but love to you
Make such a gross discovery, that your lust
Had sold that heart I thought mine, to *Miranda*?
Or rise to such a height in impudence,
As to presume to work my yielding weakness
To play for your bad ends, to my disgrace,
The Wittal, or the Pander?

Ori. Do not study
To print more wounds, (for that were tyranny)
Upon a heart that is pierced through already. (false one,
Gom. Thy heart? thou hast pierc'd through mine honor
The honor of my house, fool that I was,
To give it up to the deceiving trust
Of wicked woman: for thy sake vild creature,
For all I have done well, in my life,
I have dig'd a grave, all buried in a wife;
For thee I have defi'd my constant Mistriss,
That never fail'd her servant, glorious war;
For thee, refus'd the fellowship of an Order
Which Princes, through all dangers, have been proud
To fetch as far as from *Jerusalem*:
And am I thus rewarded?
Vel. By all goodness,
You wrong my Lady, and deserve her not,
When you are at your best: repent your rashness,
'Twill show well in you.
Abd. Do, and ask her pardon.
Ori. No, I have liv'd too long, to have my faith
(My tri'd faith) call'd in question, and by him
That should know true affection is too tender
To suffer an unkind touch, without ruine;
Study ingratitude, all, from my example;
For to be thankful now, is to be false.
But be it so, let me dye, I see you wish it;
Yet dead for truth, and pities sake, report
What weapon you made choice of, when you kild me.
Vel. She faints.
Abd. What have ye done?
Ori. My last breath cannot
Be better spent, than to say I forgive you;
Nor is my death untimely, since with me
I take along, what might have been hereafter
In scorn delivered for the doubtful issue
Of a suspected mother.
Vel. Oh, she's gone.
Abd. For ever gone. Are you a man?
Gom. I grow here.

Abd. Open her mouth, and power this Cordial in it;
If any spark of life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.
Vel. 'Tis all in vain,
She's stiffe already: live I, and she dead?
Gom. How like a murtherer I stand! look up,
And hear me curse my self, or but behold
The vengeance I will take for't *Oriana*,
And then in peace forsake me: Jealousie,
Thou loathsome vomit of the fiends below,
What desperate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my heart, and soul? I'll let thee forth,
And so in death find ease; and does my fault then
Deserve no greater punishment? no, I'll live
To keep thee for a fury to torment me,
And make me know what hell is on the earth:
All joyes and hopes forsake me; all mens malice,
And all the plagues they can inflict, I wish it
Fall thick upon me: let my tears be laught at,
And may mine enemies smile to hear me groane;
And dead, may I be pitied of none. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Collonna *and* Lucinda.

Luc. Pray you Sir why was the Ordnance of the Fort
Discharg'd so sodainly?
Col. 'Twas the Governors pleasure,
In honor of the *Dane*, a custom us'd,
To speak a Soldiers welcome.
Luc. 'Tis a fit one:
But is my Master here too?
Col. Three days since.
Luc. Might I demand without offence, so much,
Is't pride in him (however now a slave)
That I am not admitted to his presence?
Col. His curtesie to you, and to mankind
May easily resolve you, he is free
From that poor vice which only empty men
Esteem a virtue.

Luc. What's the reason then,
As you imagine, Sir?
Col. Why I [will] tell you;
You are a woman of a tempting beauty,
And he, however virtuous, as a man
Subject to humane frailties; and how far
They may prevail upon him, should he see you,
He is not ignorant: and therefore chooses,
With care t'avoid the cause that may produce
Some strange effect, which will not well keep ranck
With the rare temperance, which is admired
In his life hitherto.
Luc. This much increases
My strong desire to see him.
Col. It should rather
Teach you to thank the Prophet that you worship,
That you are such a mans, who though he may
Do any thing which youth and heat of blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them:
Your entertainment's Noble, and not like
Your present fortune; and if all those tears
Which made grief lovely in you, in the relation
Of the sad story, that forc'd me to weep too,
Your husbands hard fate were not counterfeit;
You should rejoyce that you have means to pay
A chast life to his memory, and bring to him
Those sweets, which while he liv'd, he could not tast of;
But if you wantonly bestow them on
Another man you offer violence
To him, though dead; and his griev'd spirit will suffer
For your immodest looseness.
Luc. Why, I hope, Sir,
My willingness to look on him, to whom
I owe my life and service, is no proof
Of any unchast purpose.
Col. So I wish too,
And in the confidence it is not, Lady,
I dare the better tell you he will see you
This night, in which by him I am commanded,
To bring you to his chamber, to what end

I easily should guess, were I *Miranda*;
And therefore, though I can yield little reason,
(But in a general love to womens goodness)
Why I should be so tender of your honor,
I willingly would bestow some counsail of you,
And would you follow it?

Luc. Let me first hear it,
And then I can resolve you.

Col. My advice then
Is, that you would not, (as most Ladies use
When they prepare themselves for such encounters)
Study to add, by artificial dressings
To native excellence; yours (without help)
But seen as it is now, would make a Hermit
Leave his deaths head, and change his after hopes
Of endless comforts for a few short minutes
Of present pleasures; to prevent which, Lady,
Practice to take away from your perfections,
And to preserve your chastity unstain'd,
The most deform'd shape that you can put on
To cloud your bodies fair gifts, or your minds,
(It being laboured to so chast an end)
Will prove the fairest ornament.

Luc. To take from
The workmanship of Heaven is an offence
As great, as to endeavor to add to it;
Of which, I'll not be guilty: Chastity
That lodges in deformity, appears rather
A mulct impos'd by nature, than a blessing;
And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,
Though nere so oft assaulted, in resistance:
For me, I'll therefore so dispose my self,
That if I hold out, it shall be with honor;
Or if I yield, *Miranda* shall find something
To make him love his victory. [*Exit.*

Col. With what cunning
This woman argues for her own damnation!
Nor should I hold it for a miracle,
Since they are all born *Sophisters* to maintain
That lust is lawful, and the end and use

Of their creation: would I never had
Hop'd better of her; or could not believe,
Though seen the ruin, I must ever grieve. [*Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *Servants with Lights.*

Mir. I'll see you in your chamber. [*A Table out, two stools.*

Nor. Pray ye no farther:
It is a ceremony I expect not,
I am no stranger here, I know my lodging,
An[d] have slept soundly there, when the *Turks* Cannon
Playd thick upon't: O 'twas Royal Musick,
And to procure a sound sleep for a Souldier,
Worth forty of [y]our Fiddles. As you love me
Press it no farther.

Mir. You will overcome.
Wait on him carefully.

Nor. I have took since supper
A rouse or two too much, and by ——
It warms my blood.

Mir. You'll sleep the better for't.

Nor. —— on't, I should, had but I a kind wench
To pull my Boot-hose off, and warm my night-cap,
There's no charm like it: I love old *Adams* way;
Give me a diligent *Eve*, to wait towards bed-time,
Hang up your smooth chin page: and now I think on't,
Where is your *Turkish* Prisoner?

Mir. In the Castle,
But yet I never saw her.

Nor. Fie upon you:
See her for shame; or hark ye, if you would
Perform the friends part to me, the friends part,
It being a fashion of the last edition,
Far from panderism, now send her to me;
You look strange on't, no entertainment's perfect
Without it on my word; no livery like it;
[I'll tell her, he lookes for it as duly
As for his fee;] there's no suit got without it,
Gold is an ass to't.

Mir. Go to bed, to bed.

Nor. Well, if she come, I doubt not to convert her,
If not, the sin lye on your head.
Good night. [*Exit* Nor. *and Servants.*

Enter Colonna *and* Lucinda.

Col. There you shall find him Lady: you know what I (have said,
And if you please you may make use.
Luc. No doubt Sir.
[*C*]*ol.* From hence I shall hear all.
Mir. Come hither young one.
Beshrew my heart: a handsome wench: come nearer,
A very handsome one: do not you grieve, Sweet,
You are a prisoner?
Luc. The loss of liberty
No doubt Sir, is a heavy and a sharp burden
To them that feel it truely: But your servant,
Your humble handmayd, never felt that rigor,
Thanks to that noble will: no want, no hunger,
(Companions still to slaves) no violence
Nor any unbeseeming act, we start at,
Have I yet [met] with; all content and goodness,
Civility, and sweetness of behaviour
Dwell round about me; therefore worthy Master,
I cannot say I grieve my liberty.
Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a Soldier,
Too obstinate an enemy to youth,
That had so fair a jewel in my Cabinet,
And in so long a time, would nere look on it?
Col. What can she say now?
Luc. Sure I desir'd to see ye,
And with a longing wish.
Col. There's all her virtue.
Luc. Pursu'd that full desire to give ye thanks Sir,
The only Sacrifice I have left, and service,
For all the virtuous care you have kept me safe with.
Col. She holds well yet.
Mir. The pretty fool speaks finely:
Come sit down here.
Luc. O Sir, 'tis most unseemly.
Mir. I'll have it so: sit close, now tell me truly,

Did you ere love yet?
Luc. My years will answer that Sir.
Mir. And did you then love truly?
Luc. So I thought Sir.
Mir. Can ye love me so?
Col. Now!
Luc. With all my duty;
I were unworthy of those favors else,
You daily showre upon me.
Mir. What thinkst thou of me?
Luc. I think ye are a truly worthy Gentleman,
A pattern, and a pride to the age ye live in,
Sweet as the commendations all men give ye. (man
Mir. A pretty flattering rogue, dare ye kiss that sweet
Ye speak so sweetly of? Come.
Col. Farewell virtue. (more.
Mir. What hast thou got between thy lips? kiss once
Sure thou hast a spell there.
Luc. More than ere I knew Sir.
Col. All hopes go now. (hear me,
Mir. I must tell you a thing in your ear, and you must
And hear me willingly, and grant me so too,
'Twill not be worth my asking else.
Luc. It must be
A very hard thing Sir, and from my power,
I shall deny your goodness.
Mir. 'Tis a good wench; I must lye with ye Lady.
Luc. 'Tis something strange:
For yet in all my life I knew no bedfellow.
Mir. You will quickly find that knowledge.
Luc. To what end Sir?
Mir. Art thou so innocent, thou canst not guess at it?
Did thy dreams never direct thee?
Luc. 'Faith none yet Sir. (pleasure;
Mir. I'll tell thee then: I would meet thy youth, and
Give thee my youth for that, by heaven she fires me,
And teach thy fair white arms, like wanton Ivies
A thousand new embraces.
Luc. Is that all Sir?
And say I should try, may we not lie quietly?

Upon my conscience I could.
Mir. That's as we make it. (then?
Luc. Grant that, that likes ye best, what would ye do,
Mir. What would I do? certainly I am no baby,
Nor brought up for a Nun; hark in thine ear.
Luc. Fie, fie, Sir.
Mir. I would get a brave boy on thee,
A warlike boy.
Luc. Sure we shall get ill Christians.
Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.
Luc. Sweet Master.
Col. Never belief in woman come near me more.
Luc. My best and noblest Sir, if a poor Virgin,
(For yet by —— I am so) should chance so far
(Seeing your excellence, and able sweetness)
To forget her self, and slip into your bosome,
Or to your bed, out of a doting on ye,
Take it the best way; have you that cruel heart,
That murd'ring mind too?
Mir. Yes by my troth (sweet) have I,
To lie with her.
Luc. And do you think it well done? (wench,
Mir. That's as she'll think when 'tis done; come to bed
For thou art so pretty, and so witty a companion,
We must not part to night.
Luc. Faith let me go Sir,
And think better on't.
Mir. Yfaith thou shalt not;
I warrant thee I'll think on't.
Luc. I have heard 'em say here,
You are a Maid too.
Mir. I am sure I am, wench,
If that will please thee.
Luc. I have seen a wonder,
And would you loose that for a little wantonness,
(Consider my sweet Master, like a man, now,)
For a few honied kisses, sleight embraces,
That glory of your youth that crown of sweetness?
Can ye deliver that unvalued treasure?
Would ye forsake, to seek your own dishonor,

What gone, no age recovers, nor repentance,
To a poor stranger?
Col. Hold there again, thou art perfect.
Luc. I know you do but try me.
Mir. And I know
I'll try you a great deal farther: prethee to bed;
I love thee, and so well: come kiss me once more;
Is a maiden-head ill bestow'd o'me?
Luc. What's this Sir?
Mir. Why, 'tis the badge (my Sweet) of that holy Order
I shortly must receive, the Cross of *Malta*.
Luc. What virtue has it?
Mir. All that we call virtuous.
Luc. Who gave it first?
Mir. He that gave all, to save us.
Luc. Why then 'tis holy too?
Mir. True sign of holiness,
The badge of all his Soldiers that profess him.
Luc. The badge of all his Soldiers that profess him,
Can 't save in dangers?
Mir. Yes.
Luc. In troubles comfort?
Mir. You say true, sweet.
Luc. In sicknes, restore health?
Mir. All this it can do.
Luc. Preserve from evils that afflict our frailties.
Mir. I hope she will be *Christian*: all these truly.
Luc. Why are you sick then, sick to death with lust?
In danger to be lost? no holy thought,
In all that heart, nothing but wandring frailties
Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance,
Inhabit there.
Mir. Forgive me heaven, she says true.
Luc. Dare ye profess that badge, prophane that goodness?
Col. Thou hast redeem'd thy self again, most rarely.
Luc. That holiness and truth ye make me wonder at?
Blast all the bounty heaven gives, that remembrance.
Col. O excellent woman.
Luc. Fling it from ye quickly,
If ye be thus resolv'd; I see a virtue

Appear in't like a sword, both edges flaming
That will consume ye, and your thoughts, to ashes,
Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and just of thought, that build the cross,
Not those that break it, by —— if ye touch me,
Even in the act, I'll make that cross, and curse ye.

Mir. You shall not (fair) I did dissemble with ye,
And but to try your faith, I fashion'd all this:
Yet something you provokt me: this fair cross:
By me (if he but please to help, first gave it)
Shall nee'r be worn upon a heart corrupted;
Go to your rest, my modest, honest servant,
My fair, and virtuous maid, and sleep secure there,
For when you suffer, I forget this sign here.

Col. A man of men too: O most perfect Gentleman!

Luc. All sweet rest to you sir; I am half a *Christian*,
The other half, I'll pray for; then for you, Sir;

Mir. This is the fowlest play I'll shew, good night, sweet.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Mountferrat *and* Rocca.

Mount. The Sun's not set yet?

Roc. No Sir.

Mount. Would it were,
Never to rise again to light the world.
And yet, to what vain purpose do I wish it.
Since though I were inviron'd with thick mists,
Black as *Cymerian* darkness, or my crimes,
There is that here, upon which as an anvile
Ten thousand hammers strike, and every spark
They force from it, to me's an other Sun
To light me to my shame?

Roc. Take hope, and comfort.

Mount. They are aides indeed, but yet as far from me,
As I from being innocent: this cave fashion'd
By provident nature, in this solid Rock
To be a den for beasts, alone, receives me,
And having prov'd an enemy to mankind,
All humane helps forsake me.

Roc. I'll nee'r leave you,
And wish you would call back that noble courage
That old invincible fortitude of yours
That us'd to shrink at nothing.
Mount. Then it did not.
But 'twas when I was honest; then in the height
Of all my happiness, of all my glories,
Of all delights, that made life pretious to me
I durst dye *Rocca*; death it self then to me
Was nothing terrible, because I knew,
The fame of a good Knight would ever live
Fresh on my memory; but since I fell
From my integrity, and dismis'd those guards,
Those strong assurances of innocence,
That constancy fled from me, and what's worse,
Now I am loathsome to my self; and life
A burthen to me, rack'd with sad remembrance
Of what I have done, and my present horrors
Unsufferable to me, tortur'd with despair
That I shall nee'r find mercy: hell about me,
Behind me, and before me, yet I dare not,
Still fearing worse, put off my wretched Being.

Ent[e]r Abdella.

Roc. To see this would deter a doubtful man
From mischievous intents, much more the practice
Of what is wicked: here's the Moore, look up Sir,
Some ease may come from her.
Mount. New trouble rather,
And I expect it.
Abd. Who is this? *Mountferrat*?
Rise up for shame, and like a river dri'd up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous Sea
Receive those tides of comfort that flow to you;
If ever I look[t] lovely: if desert.
Could ever challenge welcome; if revenge,
And unexpected wreak, were ever pleasing
Or could endear the giver of such blessings,
All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
Make challenge of those so long wish'd embraces

Which you (unkind) have hitherto deny'd me.
Mount. Why, what have you done for me?
Abd. Made *Gomera*
As truely miserable, as you thought him happy,
Could you wish more?
Mount. As if his sickness could
Recover me; the injuries I receiv'd
Were *Oriana's.*
Abd. She has paid dear for 'em,
She's dead.
Mount. How?
Abd. Dead; my hate could reach no farther:
Taking advantage of her in a swoon,
Under pretence to give a Cordial to her
I poyson'd her: what stupid dulness is this?
What you should entertain with sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly?
Mount. Bloody deeds
Are grateful offerings, pleasing to the devill,
And thou, in thy black shape, and bla[c]ker actions
Being hels perfect character, art delighted
To do what I thought infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear: thou hast, in this taen from me
All means to make amends with penitence,
To her wrong'd virtues, and dispoil'd me of
The poor remainder of that hope was left me,
For all I have already, or must suffer.
Abd. I did it for the best.
Mount. For thy worst ends,
And be assur'd but that, I think to kill thee
Would but prevent, what thy despair must force thee
To do unto thy self, and so to add to
Thy most assur'd damnation, thou wert dead now.
But get thee from my sight: and if lust of me
Did ever fire thee (love I cannot call it)
Leap down from those steep Rocks, or take advantage
Of the next tree to hang thy self, and then
I may laugh at it.
Abd. In the mean time
I must be bold, to do so much for you, ha, ha.

Mount. Why grinst thou, devil?
Abd. That 'tis in my power,
To punish thy ingratitude; I made trial
But how you stood affected, and since I know
I'm us'd only for a property,
I can, and will revenge it to the full.
For understand, in thy contempt of me,
Those hopes of *Oriana*, which I could
Have chang'd to certainties, are lost for ever.
Mount. Why, lives she?
Abd. Yes, but never to *Mountferrat*,
Although it is in me, with as much ease
To give her freely up to thy possession,
As to remove this rush; which yet despair of:
For by [my] much wrong'd love, flattery, nor threats,
Tears, prayers, nor vowes, shall ever win me to it:
So with my curse I leave thee.
Mount. Prethee stay,
Thou know'st I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peevish, and perverse, so apt to take
Triffles unkindly from me.
Abd. To perswade me
To break my neck, to hang, then damn my self,
With you are trifles.
Mount. 'Twas my melancholy
That made me speak I know not what: forgive,
I will redeem my fault.
Roc. Believe him Lady.
Mount. A thousand times I will demand thy pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy lips with kisses. (with me.
Abd. There's something else, that would prevail more
Mount. Thou shalt have all thy wishes do but bless me
With means to satisfie my mad desires
For once in *Oriana* and for ever
I am thine, only thine my best *Abdella.*
Abd. Were I assur'd of this, and that you would
Having enjoy'd her—
Mount. Any thing: make choice of
Thine own conditions.
Abd. Swear then, that perform'd,

(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter)
To give me leave to kill her.
Mount. That our safety
Must of necessity urge us to.
Abd. Then know
It was not poyson, but a sleeping potion
Which she receiv'd; yet of sufficient strength
So to bind up her sences, that no sign
Of life appear'd in her: and thus thought dead,
In her best habit, as the custom is
You know in *Malta*, with all ceremonies
She's buried in her families monument,
In the Temple of St. *John*; I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are disguis'd; some six hours hence
The potion will leave working.
Roc. Let us haste then.
Mount. Be my good angel, guide me.
Abd. But remember,
You keep your Oath.
Mount. As I desire to prosper
In what I undertake.
Abd. I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *and* Collonna.

Col. Here sir, I have got the Key; I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the Church, the door is open.
Mir. Look to the horses then, and please the fellow.
After a few devotions, I'll retire.
Be not far off, there may be some use of ye,
Give me the light: come friend, a few good prayers
Were not bestow'd in vain now, even from you Sir.
Men that are bred in blood, have no way left 'em,
No bath, no purge, no time to wear it out
Or wash it off, but penitence, and prayer:
I am to take the order, and my youth
Loaden I must confess with many follies,
Circled and bound about with sins as many
As in the house of memory live figures.

My heart I'll open now, my faults confess,
And raise a new man, heaven, I hope, to a new life.
Nor. I have no great devotion, at this instant,
But for a prayer or two, I will not out Sir,
Hold up your finger, when you have pray'd enough.
Mir. Go you to that end.
Nor. I shall nee'r pray alone sure,
I have been so us'd to answer the Clerk: would I had a cushion, for I shall ne'r make a good Hermit, and kneel till my knees are horn, these stones are plaguy hard; where shall I begin now? for if I do not observe a method, I shall be out presently.
Ori. Oh, oh.
Nor. What's that Sir? did ye hear?
Mir. Ha; to your prayers.
Nor. 'Twas here abouts, t'has put me clean aw[r]y now,
I shall nee'r get in again, ha, by Land,
And water, all children, and all women,
I there it was I left.
Ori. Oh, oh.
Nor. Never tell me Sir,
Here's something got amongst us.
Mir. I heard a groan:
A dismal one, —
Ori. Oh, oh.
Nor. Here, 'tis here Sir, 'tis here Sir;
A devil in the wall.
Mir. 'Tis some illusion
To fright us from devotion—
Ori. Oh, oh.
Nor. Why 'tis here,
The spirit of a huntesman choak'd with butter:
Here's a new tomb, new trickments too.
Mir. For certain,
This has not been three days here.
Nor. And a Tablet
With rimes upon't.
Mir. I prethee read 'em *Norandine.*
Nor. An Epi—and Epi—taff. I think 'tis, I 'tis taff, an
Upon the most excell, excell—lent—and. (Epitaff.

Mir. Thou canst not read.
Nor. I have spoyl'd mine eyes with gunpowder.
Mir. An *Epitaph* upon the most virtuous, and excellent
The honor of Chastity, *Oriana.* (Lady
Nor. The grand masters sister: how a devil came she here?
When slipt she out o'th'way, the stone's but half upon her.
Mir. 'Tis a sodain change: certain the mischief
Mountferrat offer'd to her broak her heart-strings.
Nor. Would he were here, I would be the clerk my self,
And by this little light, I would bury him alive here:
Here's no lamenting now.
Ori. Oh, oh.
Nor. There 'tis. (for her.
Mir. Sure from the monument, the very stone groanes
Oh, dear Lady: blessing of women, virtue of thy sex;
How art thou set for ever, how stol'n from us.
Babling, and prating now converse with women.
Nor. Sir, it rises, it looks up. [*She rises up.*
Mir. Heaven bless us.
Nor. It is in womans cloathes, it rises higher.
Mir. It looks about, and wonders, sure she lives Sir.
'Tis she, 'tis *Oriana*, 'tis that Lady.
Nor. Shall I go to her?
Ori. Where am I!
Mir. Stand still.
Ori. What place is this?
Nor. She is as live as I am.
Ori. What smell of earth, and rotten bones, what dark
Lord, whither am I carried? (place?
Nor. How she stares,
And sets her eyes upon him.
Mir. How is't dear Lady?
Do you know me, how she shakes!
Ori. You are a man.
Mir. A man that honors you.
Ori. A cruel man,
Ye are all cruel: are you in your grave too?
For there's no trusting cruel man, above ground.
Nor. Byr'Lady that goes hard.
Mir. To do you service

And to restore ye to the joys you were in.
Ori. I was in joyes indeed, and hope—
Mir. She sinks again
Again she's gone; she's gone: gone as a shadow,
She sinks for ever, friend.
Nor. She is cold now,
She is certainly departed, I must cry too.
Mir. The blessed angels guide thee: put the stone too,
Beauty thou art gone to dust, goodness to ashes.
Nor. Pray take it well: we must all have our hours Sir.
Mir. I, thus we are; and all our painted glory,
A buble that a boy blows in to th' ayr,
And there it breaks.
Nor. I am glad ye sav'd her honor yet.
Mir. Would I had sav'd her life now too: oh heaven
For such a blessing, such a timely blessing
O friend, what dear content 'twould be, what story
To keep my name from worms!
Oria. Oh, oh.
Nor. She lives again.
'Twas but a trance.
Mir. Pray ye call my man in presently
Help with the stone first, oh she stirs again.
Oh call my man away.
Nor. I fly, I fly Sir.
Mir. Upon my knees O heaven, O heaven I thank thee.

Enter Colonna, *and* Norand.

The living heat steals into every member;
Come help the Coffin out softly, and sodainly;
Where is the Clerk?
Col. Drunk above he is sure Sir.
Mir. Sirrah, you must be secret.
Col. As your soul Sir.
Mir. Softly good friend, take her into your armes.
Nor. Put in the crust again.
Mir. And bring her out there when I am a horseback
My man, and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the Fort; stay you, and watch what issue,
And what inquirie's for the body.

Nor. Well Sir.
Mir. And when ye have done, come back to me.
Nor. I will.
Mir. Softly, oh softly.
Nor. She grows warmer still Sir.
Col. What shall I do with the Key?
Mir. Thou canst not stir now,
Leave it ith'door, go get the horses ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rocca, Mountferrat, Abdella, *with a dark Lanthorn.*

Roc. The door's already open, the Key in it.
Mount. What were those past by?
Roc. Some scout of Soldiers, I think.
Mount. It may well be so, for I saw their horses:
They saw not us I hope.
Abd. No, no, we were close,
Beside they were far off.
Mount. What time of night is't?
Abd. Much about twelve I think.
Roc. Let me go in first
For by the leaving open of the door here
There may be some body in the Church: give me the
Abd. You'll love me now I hope. (Lanthorne.
Mount. Make that good to me
Your promise is engaged for.
Abd. Why she is there
Ready prepar'd, and much about this time
Life will look up again.
Roc. Come in all's sure,
Not a foot stirring, nor a tongue.
Mount. Heaven bless me,
I never enter'd with such unholy thoughts
This place before.
Abd. Ye are a fearful fool,
If men have appetites allow'd 'em,
And warm desires, are there not ends too for 'em?
Mount. Whether shall we carry her?
Roc. Why, to the bark, Sir,
I have provided one already waits us;
The wind stands wondrous fair too for our passage.

A[*b*]*d.* And there when ye have enjoy'd her, for ye have
Let me alone to send her to feed fishes: (that liberty
I'll no more sighs for her.
Mount. Where is the monument?
Thou art sure she will awake about this time?
Abd. Most sure, if she be not knockt oth'head: give me
Here 'tis, how is this, the stone off? (the Lanthorn,
Roc. I, and nothing
Within the monument, that's worse; no body
I am sure of that, nor sign of any here,
But an empty Coffin.
Mount. No Lady?
Roc. No, nor Lord Sir,
This Pye has been cut up before.
Abd. Either the Devil
Must do these tricks—
Mount. Or thou, damn'd one, worse;
Thou black swoln pitchy cloud, of all my afflictions:
Thou night hag, gotten when the bright Moon suffer'd:
Thou hell it self confin'd in flesh: what trick now?
Tell me, and tell me quickly what thy mischief
Has done with her, and to what end, and whether
Thou hast remov'd her body, or by this holy place
This Sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces,
A thousand thousand, strow thee ore the Temple
A sacrifice to thy black sire, the Devil.
Ro[*c*]. Tell him, you see he's angry.
Abd. Let him burst,
Neither his sword, nor anger do I shake at,
Nor will yield to feed his poor suspitions,
His idle jealousies, and mad dogs heats
One thought against my self: ye have done a brave deed;
A manly, and a valiant piece of Service:
When ye have kill'd me, reckon't amongst your Battels;
I am sorry ye are so poor, so weak a Gentleman,
Able to stand no fortune: I dispose of her?
My mischief make her away? a likely project,
I must play booty against my self, if any thing cross ye,
I am the devil, and the devils heir,
All plagues, all mischiefs.

Mount. Will ye leave and do yet?
Ab. I have done too much,
Far, far too much, for such a thankless fellow,
If I be devil, you created me;
I never knew those arts, nor bloody practises
(—— o'your cunning heart, that mine of mischief)
Before your flatteries won 'em into me.
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this hour to wake again.
Mount. Where is she?
This is the last demand.
Ab. Did I now know it,
And were I sure, this were my latest minute,
I would not tell thee: strike, and then I'll curse thee:
Roc. I see a light, stand close, and leave your angers.
We all miscarry else.

Enter Gomera, *Page with Torch.*

Ab. I am now careless.
Mount. Peace, prethee peace, sweet, peace, all friends.
Abd. Stand close then.
Gom. Wait there Boy, with the light, till I call to thee:
In darkness was my soul and sences clouded
When my fair Jewel fell, the night of jealousie,
In all her blackness drawn about my judgment:
No light was let into me, to distinguish
Betwixt my suddain anger and her honor,
A blind sad Pilgrimage shall be my pennance,
No comfort of the day will I look up at:
Far darker than my jealous Ignorance
Each place of my aboad shall be my prayers
No ceremonious lights shall set off more:
Bright Armes, and all that carry lustre, life,
Society, and solace, I forsake ye.
And were it not once more to see her beauties,
(For in her bed of death, she must be sweet still,)
And on her cold sad lips seal my repentance;
Thou child of heaven, fair light I could not miss thee.
Mount. I know the tongue, would I were out again.
I have done him too much wrong to look upon him.

Ab. There is no shifting now, boldness, and confidence
Must carry it now away: he is but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a strength far under.
Mount. But he has a cause above me.
Ab. That's as you handle it.
Roc. Peace: he may go again, and never see us.
Gom. I feel I weep apace, but where's the flood,
The torrent of my tears, to drown my fault in?
I would I could now, like a loaden cloud,
Begotten in the moist south, drop to nothing.
Give me the Torch, Boy.
Roc. Now he must discover us.
Ab. He has already, never hide your head
Be bold and brave, if we must dye together.
Gom. Who's there? what friend to sorrow? The Tomb
The Stone off too? the body gone, by —— (wide open
Look to the door Boy: keep it fast, who are ye?
What sacrilegious villains? false *Mounteferrat*,
The woolf to honor, has thy hellish hunger,
Brought thee to tear the body out oth'tomb too?
Has thy foul mind so far wrought on thee? ha,
Are you there too? nay, then I spie a villany
I never dream'd of yet, thou sinful usher
Bred from that rottenness, th[ou] bawd to mischief,
Do you blush through all your blackness? will not that hide it?
Ab. I cannot speak.
Gom. You are well met, with your dam, Sir,
Art thou a Knight? did ever on that sword,
The *Christian* cause sit nobly? could that hand fight,
Guided by fame, and fortune? that heart inflame thee,
With virtuous fires of valor, to fall off,
Fall off so suddainly, and with such foulness,
As the false Angels did, from all their glory?
Thou art no Knight, honor thou never heard'st of,
Nor brave desires could ever build in that breast.
Treason, and tainted thoughts, are all the Gods
Thou worship'st, all the strength thou hadst, and fortune;
Thou didst things out of fear, and false heart, villain
Out of close traps and treacheries, they have raised thee.
Mount. Thou rav'st old man.

Gom. Before thou get'st off from me,
Hadst thou the glory of thy first fi[gh]ts on thee
Which thou hast basely lost, thy noblest fortunes,
And in their greatest lustres, I would make thee,
Before we part, confess, nay, kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for mercy, crying:
Thou art the recreant'st Rogue, time ever nourish'd,
Thou art a dog, I will make thee swear, a dog [stav'd,]
A mangy Cur-dog; do you creep behind the Altar?
Look how it sweats, to shelter such a rascall;
First, with thy venemous tooth infect her chast life,
And then not dare to do; next, rob her rest,
Steal her dead body out oth'grave.

Mount. I have not.

Gom. Prethee come out, this is no place to quarrel in,
Valiant *Mountferrat* come.

Mount. I will not stir.

Gom. Thou hast thy sword about thee,
That good sword, that never faill'd thee: prethee come,
We'll have but five stroaks for it; on, on Boy,
Here's one would fain be acquainted with thee,
Would wondrous fain cleave that Calves-head of yours Sir,
Come, prethee let's dispatch, the Moon shines finely:
Prethee be kill'd by me, thou wilt be hang'd else,
But it may be, thou long'st to be hang'd.

Roc. Out with him, Sir,
You shall have my sword too: when he's dispatch'd once,
We have the world before us.

Gom. Wilt thou walk fellow,
I never knew a Rogue, hang arse-ward so,
And such a desperate knave too.

Ab. Pray go with him,
Something I'll promise too.

Mount. You would be kill'd then?
No remedy; I see.

Gom. If thou dar'st do it?

Mount. Yes, now I dare; lead out, I'll follow presently
Under the Mount I'll meet ye.

Gom. Go before me,
I'll have ye in a string too.

Mount. As I am a Gentleman,
And by this holy place I will not fail thee,
Fear not, thou shalt be kill'd, take my word for it
I will not fail.
Gom. If thou scap'st thou hast Cats luck.
The Mount?
Mount. The same: make hast, I am there before else.
Gom. Go get ye home; now if he scape I am a Coward.
Mount. Well, now I am resolv'd, and he shall find it.
[*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Miranda, Lucinda, Collonna.

Mir. How is it with the Lady?
Luc. Sir, as well
As it can be with one, who feeling knowes now
What is the curse the divine justice lay'd
On the first sinful woman.
Mir. Is she in travel?
Luc. Yes sir; and yet the troubles of her mind
Afflict her more, than what her body suffers,
For in the extremity of her pain, she cryes out,
Why am I here? Where is my Lord *Gomera*,
Then sometimes names *Miranda*, and then sighes,
As if to speak, what questionless she loves well,
If heard, mig[ht] do her injury.
Col. Heavens sweet mercy
Look gently on her.
Mir. Prethee tell her, my Prayers
Are present with her, and good wench provide
That she want nothing: what's thy name?
Luc. *Lucinda.*
Mir. *Lucinda*? there's a prosperous omen in it,
Be a *Lucina* to her, and bring word
That she is safe delivered of her burthen,
And thy reward's thy liberty: come *Collonna*,
We will go see how th'Engineer has mounted
The Cannon the great Master sent, be careful
To view the works, and learn the discipline

That is us'd here: I am to leave the world
And for your service, which I have found faithful,
The charge that's mine, if I have any power
Hereafter may concern you.
Col. I still find
A noble Master in you.
Mir. 'Tis but justice,
Thou do'st deserve it in thy care, and duty. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Gomera, Mountferrat, Rocca, Abdella, *with a Pistol.*

Gom. Here's even ground, I'll stir no foot beyond it,
Before I have thy head.
Mount. Draw *Rocca.*
Gom. Coward,
Hath inward guilt, robb'd thee as well of courage
As honesty? that without odds thou dar'st not
Answer a single Enemy?
Mount. All advantage
That I can take, expect.
Roc. We know you are valiant,
Nor do we purpose to make farther trial
Of what you can do now: but to dispatch you.
Mount. And therefore fight, and pray together.
Gom. Villains,
Whose baseness, all disgraceful words made one,
Cannot express; so strong is the good cause
That seconds me, that you shall feel, with horror
To your proud hopes, what strength is in that arm,
Though old, that holds a sword made sharp by justice
Ab. You come then here, to prate? [*fight.*
Mount. Help *Rocca*, now,
Or I am lost for ever; how comes this?
Are villany and weakness twyns?
Roc. I am gone too.
Gom. You shall not scape me, wretches.
Ab. I must do it,
All will go wrong else. [*shoots him.*
[*G*]*om.* Treacherous bloody woman,

What hast thou done?
Ab. Done a poor womans part,
And in an instant, what these men so long
Stood fooling for.
Mount. This ayd was unexpected,
I kiss thee for't.
Roc. His right arms only shot,
And that compell'd him to forsake his sword,
He's else unwounded.
Mount. Cut his throat.
Ab. Forbear.
Yet do not hope 'tis with intent to save thee.
But that thou mayst live to thy farther torment,
To see who triumphs over thee: come *Mountferrat*,
Here join thy foot to mine, and let our hearts
Meet with our hands, the contract that is made
And cemented with blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy sanction, and much surer,
Than all the superstitious ceremonies
You *Christians* use.

Enter Norandine.

Roc. Who's this?
Mount. Betray'd again?
Nor. By the report it made, and by the wind
The Pistol was discharg'd here.
Gom. Norandine.
As ever thou lov'st valor, or wear'st Arms
To punish baseness, shew it.
Nor. O the devil,
Gomera wounded, and my *Brache black beauty*
An actor in it?
Ab. If thou strik'st, I'll shoot thee.
Nor. How? fright me with your Pot-gun? what art thou?
Good heaven, the Rogue, the traytor rogue *Mountferrat*,
To swinge the nest of you, is a sport unlook'd for,
Hels —— consume you.
Mount. As thou art a man,
I am wounded, give me time to answer thee.
Gom. Durst thou urge this? this hand can hold a sword yet.

Nor. Well done: to see this villain, makes my hurts
Bleed fresh again, but had I not a bone whole,
In such a cause I should do thus, thus Rascals.

Enter Corporal and watch.

Cor. Disarm them, and shoot any that resists.
Gom. Hold Corporal; I am *Gomera.*
Nor. 'Tis well yet, that once in an age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought
You had again been making out your parties
For sucking piggs.
'Tis well: As you will answer
The contrary with your lives, see these forth coming.
Cor. That we shall do.
Nor. You bleed apace: good Soldiers
Go help him to a Surgeon.
Roc. Dare the worst,
And suffer like your self.
Ab. From me learn courage.
Nor. Now for *Miranda*, this news will be to him
As welcome as 'tis unexpected: Corporal,
There's something for thy care to night; my horse there.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Oriana, *and* Lucinda.

Ori. How do's my Boy?
Luc. Oh, wondrous lusty Madam,
A little Knight already: you shall live
To see him toss a *Turk.*
Ori. Gentle *Lucinda*,
Much must I thank thee for thy care, and service.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, Colonna.

And may I grow but strong to see *Valetta*,
My husband, and my brother, thou shalt find

I will not barely thank thee.

Mir. Look Captain, we must ride away this morning
The Auberge sits to day, and the great Master
Writes plainly, I must or deliver in
(The year expir'd) my probation weed,
Or take the Cloak: you likewise *Norandine*
For your full service, and your last assistance
In false *Mountferrats* apprehension (honor.
Are here commanded to associate me; my twin in this high

Nor. I'll none on't: do they think to bind me to live chast, sober, and temperately, all days of my life? they may as soon tye an *Englishman* to live so; I shall be a sweet *Dane*, a sweet Captain, go up and down drinking small beer, and swearing *'ods neagues*, no, I'll live a Squire at Arms still, and do thou so too; and thou beest wise: I have found the mystery now, why the Gentlemen wear but three bars of the cross, and the Knights the whole one.

Mir. Why Captain?

Nor. Marry Sir, to put us in remembrance, we are but three quarters cross'd in our licence, and pleasures: but the poor Knights cross'd altogether; the brothers at Arms, may yet meet with their Sisters at Arms, now and then, in brotherly love; but the poor Knights cannot get a Lady for love, nor money: 'tis not so in other Countries I wis, pray haste you, for I'll along, and see what will come on't. [*Exit.*

Mir. *Collonna*, provide strait, all necessaries
For this remove, the Lytter for the Lady,
And let *Lucinda* bear her company,
You shall attend on me.

Col. With all my duties. [*Exit.*

Mir. How fare you gracious Mistriss?

Ori. O *Miranda.*
You pleas'd to honor me with that fair title
When I was free, and could dispose my self;
But now, no smile, no word, no look, no touch
Can I impart to any, but as theft
From my *Gomera*, and who dares accept,
Is an usurper.

Mir. Leave us; I have touch'd thee,
(Thou fairer virtue, than thou'rt beautiful)

Hold but this test, so rich an ore was never [*Altar ready, tapers and booke.*]
Tryed by the hand of man, on the vast earth:
Sit brightest *Oriana*, is it sin
Still to profess I love you, still to vow
I shall do ever? heaven my witness be,
'Tis not your eye, your cheek, your tongue, no part
That superficially doth snare young men,
Which has caught me; read over in your thoughts
The story that this man hath made of you,
And think upon his merit.

Ori. Only thought
Can comprehend it.

Mir. And can you be so
Cruel, thankless, to destroy his youth
That sav'd your honor, gave you double life?
Your own, and your fair Infants? that when fortune
(The blind foe to all beauty, that is good,)
Bandied you from one hazard to another,
Was even heavens Messenger, by providence
Call'd to the Temple, to receive you there,
Into these Arms, to give ease to your throwes,
As if't had thunder'd; take thy due *Miranda*,
For she was thine; *Gomera*'s jealousie
Struck death unto thy heart; to him be dead,
And live to me, that gave thee second life:
Let me but now enjoy thee: Oh regard
The torturing fires of my affections.

Ori. Oh master them, *Miranda*, as I mine;
Who follows his desires, such tyrants serves
As will oppress him insupportably.
My flames, *Miranda*, rise as high as thine,
For I did love thee 'fore my marriage,
Yet would I now consent, or could I think
Thou wert in earnest, (which by all the souls
That have (for chastity) been sanctified
I cannot) in a moment I do know
Thou'ldst call fair temperance up to rule thy blood,
Thy eye was ever chaste, thy countenance too honest,
And all thy wooings was like Maidens talk;
Who yieldeth unto pleasures, and to lust

Is a poor captive, that in Golden Fetters
(And pretious (as he thinks) but holding gyves)
Frets out his life.
Mir. Find such another woman,
And take her for his labour, any man:
Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my best,
Heaven knew I was not, I had had thee else;
Much less now gentle Sir; *Miranda*'s deeds
Have been as white as *Oriana*'s fame,
From the beginning to this point of time,
And shall we now begin to stain both thus?
Think on the legend which we two shall breed
Continuing as we are, for chastest dames
And boldest Soldiers to peruse and read,
I and read thorough, free from any act
To cause the modest cast the book away,
And the most honour'd Captain fold it up.
Mir. Fairest; let go my hand: my pulse beats thick,
And my mov'd blood, rides high in every vain,
Lord of thy self now, Soldier, and ever:
I would not for *Aleppo*, this frail Bark,
This bark of flesh, no better steers-man had
Than has *Mountferrat*'s: may you kiss me, Lady?
Ori. No; though't be no essential injury,
It is a circumstance due to my Lord,
To none else: and my dearest friend, if hands
Playing together, kindle heat in you,
What may the game at Lips provoke unto?
Mir. Oh what a tongue is here! whil'st she doth teach
My heart to hate my fond unlawful love,
She talks me more in love, with love to her,
My fires she quencheth with her arguments,
But as she breathes 'em, they blow fresher fires.
Sit further: now my flame cools; Husband, Wife,
There is some holy mystery in those names
That sure the unmarried cannot understand.
Ori. Now thou art strait, and dost enamour me,
So far beyond a carnal earthly love;
My very soul doats on thee, and my spirits
Do embrace thine, my mind doth thy mind kiss,

And in this pure conjunction we enjoy
A heavenlier pleasure than if bodies met:
This, this is perfect love, the other short,
Yet languishing fruition, every Swain
And sweating Groom may clasp, but ours refin'd
Two in ten ages cannot reach unto;
Nor is our spiritual love, a barren joy,
For mark what blessed issue we'll beget,
Dearer than children to posterity,
A great example to mens continence,
And womens chastity, that is a child
More fair and comfortable, than any heir.

Mir. If all wives were but such, lust would not find
One corner to inhabit, sin would be
So strange, remission superfluous:
But one petition, I have done.

Ori. What (Sweet)?

Mir. To call me Lord, if the hard hand of death
Seize on *Gomera* first.

Ori. Oh, much too worthy;
How much you undervalue your own price,
To give your unbought self, for a poor woman,
That has been once sold, us'd, and lost her show?
I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A *Zone* unti'd, a Lilly trode upon,
A fragrant Flower cropt by another[s] hand,
My colour sully'd, and my odo[r] chang'd,
If when I was new blossom'd, I did fear
My self unworthy of *Miranda*'s spring:
Thus over-blown, and seeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his Chimney, than his bed.

Mir. Rise miracle: save *Malta*, with thy virtue,
If words could make me proud, how has she spoke,
Yet I will try her to the very block:
Hard-hearted, and uncivil *Oriana*,
Ingrateful payer of my Industries,
That with a soft painted hypocrisie
Cozen'st, and jeer'st my perturbation,
Expect a witty, and a fell revenge:
My comfort is, all men will think thee false,

Beside thy Husband having been thus long
(On this occasion) in my Fort, and power.

Enter Nor. Collonna, & Lucinda, *with a Child.*

I'll hear no more words: Captain, let's away
With all care see to her: and you *Lucinda*
Attend her diligently: she is a wonder.
Nor. Have you found she was well deliver'd:
What, had she a good Midwife, is all well?
Mir. You are merry *Norandine.*
Luc. Why weep you, Lady?
Ori. Take the poor Babe along.
Col. Madam, 'tis here.
Ori. Dissembling death, why didst thou let me live
To see this change, my greatest cause to grieve? [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Astorius, Castriot, Valetta, Gomera, Synnet, *Knights, two Bishops*, Mountferrat *guarded by Corporal and Soldiers*, Abdella, *a Gentleman with a Cloak, sword, and Spurrs:* Gomera.

Val. A tender Husband hast thou shew'd thy self
My dearest brother, and thy memory
After my life in brazen Characters;
Shall monumentally be register'd
To ages consequent, till times running hand,
Beats back the world, to undistinguish'd *Chaos*,
And on the top of that thy name shall stand
Fresh, and without decay.
Gom. Oh honor'd Sir!
If hope of this, or any bliss to come,
Could lift my load of grief off from my soul,
Or expiate the trespass 'gainst my wife,
That in one hours suspition I begat,
I might be won to be a man again,
And fare like other Husbands, sleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleasing penitence;
But till old nature can make such a wife
Again, I vow ne'r to resume the order

And habits that to men are necessary,
All breath I'll spend in sighs, all sound in groans,
And know no company but my wasting moans.
Ast. This will be wilful murder on your self,
Nor like a Christian do you bear the chance
Which th' inscrutable Will of Heaven admits.
Gom. What would you have my weakness do, that
Suffer'd it self thus to be practis'd on,
By a damn'd hell-hound, and his agent dam,
The impious Midwife, to abortive births,
And cruel instrument to his decrees?
By forgery they first assail'd her life,
Heaven playing with us yet, in that, he wrought
My dearest friend, the servant to her virtue
To combat me, against his Mistriss truth.
That yet effectless, this enchanting Witch,
Bred baneful jealousie against my Lady,
My most immaculate Lady, which seiz'd on her
Almost to death: Oh yet! not yet content,
She in my hand put (to restore her life
As I imagin'd) what did execute
Their devilish malice, farther, great with child,
Was this poor innocent, that too was lost,
They doubled death upon her, not staying there,
They have done violence unto her Tomb,
Not granting rest unto her in the grave:
I wish *Miranda* had enjoy'd my prize;
For sure I'm punish'd for usurping her,
Oh what a Tyger is resisted Lust!
How it doth forrage all!
Mount. Part of this tale
I grant you true; but 'twas not poison given her?
Ab. I would it had, we had been far enough,
If we had been so wise, and had not now
Stood curtesing for your mercies here.
Mount. Beside,
What is become o' th' body? we know not.
Val. Peace impudence,
And dear *Gomera* practice patience
As I my self must, by some means at last

We shall dissolve this Riddle.
Gom. Wherefore comes
This villain in this festival array,
As if he triumph'd for his treachery?
Cast. That is by our appointment: give us leave,
You shall know why anon.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, Collona.

Val. One of the *Esguard.*
Esg. The Gentlemen are come.
Val. Truce then awhile,
With our sad thoughts; what are you both resolv'd?
Nor. Not I my Lord, your down-right Captain still
I'll live, and serve you, not that altogether
I want compunction of conscience,
I have enough to save me, and that's all,
Bar me from drink, and drabs, ev'n hang me too,
You must ev'n make your Captains Capons first,
I have too much flesh for this spiritual Knighthood,
And therefore do desire forbearance, Sir,
Till I am older, or more mortifi'd,
I am too sound yet.
Val. What say you *Miranda*?
Mir. With all pure zeal to Heaven, duty to you,
I come to undergo it.
Val. Proceed to th' ceremony.
Gom. Before you match with this bright honor'd title,
Admir'd *Miranda*, pardon what in thought
I ever did transgress against your virtue;
And may you find more joy with your new Bride
Than poor *Gomera* e'r enjoy'd with his,
But 'twas mine own crime, and I suffer for't:
Long wear your dignity, and worthily,
Whilst I obscurely in some corner vanish.
Mir. Have stronger thoughts, and better, first I crave
According to the order of the Court
I may dispose my Captives, and the Fort,
That with a clean and purified heart
The fitlier I may endue my Robe.
All. 'Tis granted.

Enter Oriana *vail'd*, *Ladies*, Lucinda, *Child.*

Mir. Bring the Captives. To your charge
And staid tuition, my most noble friend;
I then commend this Lady; start not off
A fairer, and a chaster never liv'd;
By her own choice you are her Guardian,
For telling her I was to leave my Fort,
And to abandon quite all worldly cares.
Her own request was, to *Gomera*'s hands
She might be given in custody, for sh'ad heard
He was a Gentleman wise, and temperate,
Full of humanity to Women-kind,
And 'cause he had been married, knew the better
How to entreat a Lady.
Val. What Countrey-woman is she?
Mir. Born a *Greek.*
Val. *Gomera*, 'twill be barbarous to denie
A Lady, that unto your refuge flies,
And seeks to shrowd her under virtues wing.
Gom. Excuse me noble Sir; oh think me not
So dull a devil, to forget the loss
Of such a matchless wife as I possess'd,
And ever to endure the sight of woman:
Were she the abstract of her sex for form,
The only warehouse of perfection.
Were there no Rose nor Lilly but her Cheek,
No Musick but her tongue, Virtue but hers;
She must not rest near me, my vow is graven,
Here in my heart, irrevocably breath'd
And when I break it.
Ast. This is rudeness *Spaniard*,
Unseasonably you play the *Timonist*,
Put on a disposition is not yours,
Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.
Gom. Sir.
Cast. We cannot force you, but we would perswade.
Gom. Beseech you Sir, no more, I am resolv'd
To forsake *Malta*, tread a pilgrimage
To fair *Jerusalem*, for my Ladies soul,

And will not be diverted.
Mir. You must bear
This Child along w'ye then.
Gom. What Child?
All. How's this?
Mir. Nay then *Gomera*, thou art injurious,
This Child is thine, and this rejected Lady
Thou hast as often known, as thine own wife,
And this I'll make good on thee, with my sword.
Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme: if such a scandal—
(I crave the rights due to a Gentleman)
Woman unvail.
Ori. Will you refuse me yet?
Gom. My Wife!
Val. My Sister!
Gom. Some body, thank Heaven
I cannot speak.
All. All praise be ever given:
Mount. This saves our lives, yet would she had been dead;
The very sight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of punishment, or my disgrace.
Val. How came you to the Temple?
Mir. Sir, to do
My poor devotions, and to offer thanks
For scaping a temptation near perform'd
With this fair Virgin. I restore a wife
Earth cannot parallel: and busie nature
If thou wilt still make women, but remember
To work 'em by this sampler; take heed, Sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, Sir.
Gom. When I do
Death take me suddainly.
Mir. To increase your happiness
To your best wife take this addition.
Gom. Alack my poor knave.
Val. The confession
The *Moor* made 't seems was truth.
Nor. Marry was it Sir; the only truth that ever issued out of hell, which her black jawes resemble; a plague o' your bacon-face, you must be giving drinks with a vengeance; ah

thou branded bitch: do' ye stare goggles, I hope to make winter-boots o' thy hide yet, she fears not damning: hell fire cannot parch her blacker than she is: d' ye grin, chimney-sweeper.

Ori. What is't *Miranda*?

Mir. That you would please *Lucinda* might attend you.

Col. That suit Sir, I consent not to.

Luc. My husband?
My dearest *Angelo*?

Nor. More *Jiggam-bobs*; is not this the fellow that swom
Like a duck to th' shore in our sea-service?

Col. The very same, do not you know me now, Sir,
My name is *Angelo*, though *Colonna* vail'd it,
Your Countrey-man and kinsman born in *Florence*,
Who from the neighbor-Island here of *Goza*
Was captive led, in that unfortunate day
When the *Turk* bore with him three thousand souls;
Since in *Constantinople* have I liv'd
Where I beheld this *Turkish* Damsel first.
A tedious suitor was I for her love,
And pittying such a beauteous case should hide
A soul prophan'd with infidelity,
I labour'd her conversion with my love,
And doubly won her; to fair faith her soul
She first betroth'd, and then her faith to me,
But fearful there to consummate this contract
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By those same Gallies, 'fore *Valetta* fought.
Since in your service I attended her,
Where, what I saw, and heard, hath joy'd me more
Than all my past afflictions griev'd before.

Val. Wonders crown wonders: take thy wife *Miranda*.
Be henceforth call'd our *Malta*'s better Angel,
And thou her evil *Mountferrat*.

Nor. We'll call him *Cacodemon*, with his black gib there, his *Succuba*, his devils seed, his spawn of *Phlegeton*, that o' my conscience was bred o' the spume of *Cocitus*; do ye snarle you black Jill? she looks like the Picture of *America*.

Val. Why stay we now.

Mir. This last petition to the Court,
I may bequeath the keeping of my Fort

To this my kinsman, toward the maintenance
Of him, and his fair virtuous wife; discreet,
Loyal, and valiant I dare give him you.
Val. You must not ask in vain, Sir.
Col. My best thanks
To you my noble Cosin, and my service
To the whole Court; may I deserve this bounty.
Val. Proceed to th' ceremony, one of our *Esguard*
Degrade *Mountferrat* first.
Mount. I will not sue
For mercy, 'twere in vain; fortune thy worst. [*Musick.*

An Altar discover'd, with Tapers, and a Book on it. The two Bishops stand on each side of it; Mountferrat, *as the Song is singing, ascends up the Altar.*

See, see, the stain of honor, virtues foe,
Of Virgins fair fames, the foul overthrow,
That broken hath his oath of chastity
Dishonor'd much this holy dignity,
Off with his Robe, expell him forth this place,
Whilst we rejoyce, and sing at his disgrace.

Val. Since by thy actions thou hast made thy self
Unworthy of that worthy sign thou wear'st,
And of our sacred order, into which
For former virtues we receiv'd thee first,
According to our Statutes, Ordinances,
For praise unto the good, a terror to
The bad, and an example to all men;
We here deprive thee of our habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our society,
From which we do expell thee, as a rotten
Corrupted and contagious member.
Esq. Using th' authority th' Superior
Hath given unto me, I untie this knot,
And take from thee the pleasing yoak of heaven:
We take from off thy breast this holy cross
Which thou hast made thy burthen, not thy prop;
Thy spurs we spoil thee of, leaving thy heels
Bare of thy honor, that have kick'd against

Our Orders precepts: next we reave thy sword,
And give thee armless to thy enemies,
For being foe to goodness, and to Heaven,
Last, 'bout thy stiff neck, we this halter hang,
And leave thee to the mercy of thy Court.
Val. Invest *Miranda*.

SONG.

Fair child of virtue, honors bloom
That here with burning zeal dost come
With joy to ask the white cross cloak,
And yield unto this pleasing yoak
That being young, vows chastity,
And choosest wilful poverty;
As this flame mounts, so mount thy zeal, thy glory
Rise past the Stars, and fix in Heaven thy story.

1 *Bish.* Wha[t] crave you, gentle Sir?
Mir. Humble admittance
To be a brother of the holy Hospital
Of great *Jerusalem*.
2 *Bish.* Breathe out your vow.
Mir. To heaven, and all the bench of Saints above
Whose succor I implore t' enable me,
I vow henceforth a chaste life, not to enjoy
Any thing proper to my self; obedience
To my Superiors, whom Religion,
And Heaven shall give me: ever to defend
The virtuous fame of Ladies, and to oppugne
Even unto death the *Christian* enemy,
This do I vow to accomplish.
Esq. Who can tell,
Has he made other vow, or promis'd marriage
To any one, or is in servitude?
All. He's free from all these.
1 *Bish.* Put on his spurs, and girt him with the sword,
The scourge of Infidels, and tipes of speed.
Buildst thy faith on this?
Mir. On him that dy'd
On such a sacred figure, for our sins.

2 *Bish.* Here, then we fix it on thy left side, for
Thy increase of faith, *Christian* defence, and service
To th' poor, and thus near to thy heart we plant it
That thou maist love it even with all thy heart,
With thy right hand protect, preserve it whole,
For if thou fighting 'gainst heavens enemies
Shalt flie away, abandoning the cross
The Ensign of thy holy General,
With shame thou justly shalt be robb'd of it
Chas'd from our company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified limb.

Mir. I ask no favour.

1 *Bish.* Then receive the yoak
Of him that makes it sweet, and light, in which,
Thy soul find her eternal rest.

Val. Most welcome.

All. Welcome, our noble Brother.

Val. Break up the Court; *Mountferrat*, though your deeds
Conspiring 'gainst the lives of innocents
Hath forfeited your own, we will not stain
Our white cross with your blood: your doom is then
To marry this coagent of your mischiefs
Which done, we banish you the continent,
If either, after three daies here be found
The hand of Law laies hold upon your lives.

Nor. Away *French* stallion, now you have a *Barbary* mare of your own, go leap her, and engender young devilings.

Val. We will find something noble *Norandine*
To quit your merit: so to civil feasts,
According to our customs; and all pray
The dew of grace, bless our new Knight to day. [*Exeunt.*

Loves Cure, or the Martial Maid
A COMEDY.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Assistant, *or Governor.*
Vitelli, *a young Gentleman, enemy to* Alvarez.
Lamoral, *a fighting Gallant, friend to* Vitelli.
Anastro, *an honest Gentleman, friend to* Vitelli.
Don Alvarez, *a noble Gent. Father to* Lucio, *and* Clara.
Siavedra, *a friend to* Alvarez.
Lucio, *Son to* Alvarez, *a brave young Gent. in womans habit.*
Alguazeir, *a sharking panderly Constable.*
Pachieco, *a Cobler,*
Mendoza, *a Botcher,* } *of worship.*
Metaldie, *a Smith,*
Lazarillo, Pachieco *his hungry servant.*
Bobbadilla, *a witty knave, servant to* Eugenia, *and Steward vant to* Alvarez.
Herald.
Officer.

WOMEN.

Eugenia, *a virtuous Lady, wife to Don* Alvarez.
Clara, *Daughter to* Eugenia, *a martial Maid, valiant and chaste, enamoured of* Vitelli.
Genevora, *Sister to* Vitelli, *in love with* Lucio.
Malroda, *a wanton Mis[tr]iss of* Vitelli.

The Scene Sevil.

A PROLOGUE
At the reviving of this PLAY.

Statues and Pictures challenge price and fame;
If they can justly boast, and prove they came
From Phidias *or* Apelles. *None denie,*
Poets and Painters hold a sympathy;
Yet their works may decay, and lose their grace,
Receiving blemish in their Limbs or Face.

When the Minds Art has this preheminence,
She still retaineth her first excellence.
Then why should not this dear Piece be esteem'd
Child to the richest fancies that e'r teem'd?
When not their meanest off-spring, that came forth,
But bore the image of their Fathers worth.
Beaumonts, *and* Fletchers, *whose desert out-wayes*
The best applause, and their least sprig of B[*a*]*yes*
Is worthy Phœbus; *and who comes to gather*
Their fruits of wit, he shall not rob the treasure.
Nor can you ever surfeit of the plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty.
The more you take, the more you do them right,
And we will thank you for your own delight.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Anastro.

Vit. ALvarez pardon'd?
Ana. And return'd
Lamo. I saw him land
At *St. Lucars*, and such a general welcome,
Fame as harbinger to his brave actions,
Had with the easie people, prepar'd for him,
As if by his command alone, and fortune
Holland, with those low Provinces, that hold out
Against the Arch-Duke, were again compell'd
With their obedience to give up their lives
To be at his Devotion.
Vit. You amaze me,
For though I have heard, that when he fled from *Sevil*
To save his life (th[e]n forfeited to Law
For murth'ring Don *Pedro* my dear Uncle)
His extream wants enforc'd him to take pay
I'th' Army, sate down then before *Ostend*,
'Twas never yet reported, by whose favour
He durst presume to entertain a thought
Of coming home with pardon.

Ana. 'Tis our nature
Or not to hear, or not to give belief
To what we wish far from our enemies.
Lam. Sir, 'tis most certain, the *Infanta*'s Letters
Assisted by the Arch-Dukes, to King *Philip*,
Have not alone secur'd him from the rigor
Of our *Castilian* Justice, but return'd him
A free man and in grace.
Vi[*t*]. By what curs'd means
Could such a fugitive arise unto
The knowledge of their Highnesses? much more
(Though known) to stand but in the least degree
Of favour with them?
Lam. To give satisfaction
To your demand, though to praise him I hate,
Can yield me small contentment, I will tell you,
And truly, since should I detract his worth,
'Twould argue want of merit in my self.
Briefly to pass his tedious pilgrimage
For sixteen years, a banish'd guilty man,
And to forget the storms, th' affrights, the horrors
His constancy, not fortune, overcame,
I bring him, with his little son, grown man
(Though 'twas said here, he took a Daughter with him)
To *Ostend*'s bloody siege that stage of war,
Wherein the flower of many Nations acted,
And the whole Christian world spectators were;
There by his Son, or were he by adoption,
Or nature his, a brave Scene was presented,
Which I make choice to speak of, since from that
The good success of *Alvarez*, had beginning.
Vi[*t*]. So I love virtue in an enemy
That I desire in the relation of
This young mans glorious deed, you'ld keep your self
A friend to truth, and it.
Lam. Such was my purpose;
The Town being oft assaulted, but in vain,
To dare the proud defendents to a sally,
Weary of ease, Don *Inigo Peralta*,
Son to the General of our *Castile* forces,

All arm'd, advanc'd within shot of their Walls,
From whence the Musquetiers plaid thick upon him,
Yet he (brave youth) as careless of the danger,
As careful of his honor, drew his sword,
And waving it about his head, as if
He dar'd one spirited like himself, to trial
Of single valor, he made his retreat
With such a slow, and yet majestique pace,
As if he still call'd loud, dare none come on?
When sodainly, from a postern of the Town
Two gallant horsemen issued, and o'ertook him,
The Army looking on, yet not a man
That durst relieve the rash adventurer,
Which *Lucio*, son to *Alvarez* then seeing,
As in the Vant-guard he sate bravely mounted,
Or were it pity of the youths misfortune,
Care to preserve the honor of his Countrey,
Or bold desire to get himself a name,
He made his brave Horse like a whirlwind bear him,
Among the Combatants: and in a moment
Discharg'd his Petronel, with such sure aim
That of the adverse party from his horse,
One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing
A Faulcion, swift as lightning he came on
Upon the other, and with one strong blow,
In view of the amazed Town, and Camp,
He struck him dead, and brought *Peralta* off
With double honor to himself.

Vit. 'Twas brave:
But the success of this?

Lam. The Camp receiv'd him
With acclamations of joy and welcome,
And for addition to the fair reward
Being a massy chain of Gold given to him
By young *Peralta*'s Father, he was brought
To the Infanta's presence, kiss'd her hand,
And from that Lady, (greater in her goodness
Than her high birth) had this encouragement:
Go on young man; yet not to feed thy valour
With hope of recompence to come, from me,

For present satisfaction of what's past,
Ask any thing that's fit for me to give,
And thee to take, and be assur'd of it.
Ana. Excellent Princess.
Vit. And stil'd worthily
The heart-bloud, nay the Soul of Soldiers.
But what was his request?
Lam. That the repeal
Of *Alvarez* makes plain: he humbly begg'd
His Fathers pardon, and so movingly
Told the sad story of your Uncles death
That the *Infanta* wept, and instantly
Granting his suit, working the Arch-Duke to it,
Their Letters were directed to the King,
With whom they so prevail'd, that *Alvarez*
Was freely pardon'd.
Vit. 'Tis not in the King
To make that good.
Ana. Not in the King? what subject
Dares contradict his power?
Vit. In this I dare,
And will: and not call his prerogative
In question, nor presume to limit it.
I know he is [the] Master of his Laws,
And may forgive the forfeits made to them,
But not the injury done to my honor;
And since (forgetting my brave Uncles merits
And many services, under Duke *D' Alva*)
He suffers him to fall, wresting from Justice
The powerful sword, that would revenge his death,
I'll fill with this *Astrea*'s empty hand,
And in my just wreak, make this arm the Kings,
My deadly hate to *Alvarez*, and his house,
Which as I grew in years, hath still encreas'd,
As if it call'd on time to make me man,
Slept while it had no object for her fury
But a weak woman, and her talk'd of Daughter:
But now, since there are quarries, worth her sight
Both in the father, and his hopeful son,
I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full

With both their hearts: to further which, your friendship,
And oaths: will your assistance, let your deeds
Make answer to me: useless are all words
Till you have writ performance with your swords.

[*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Bobadilla *and* Lucio.

Luc. Go fetch my work: this Ruffe was not well starch'd,
So tell the maid, 't has too much blew in it,
And look you that the Partridge and the Pullen
Have clean meat, and fresh water, or my Mother
Is like to hear on't,

Bob. Oh good *St. Jaques* help me: was there ever such an Hermaphrodite heard of? would any wench living, that should hear and see what I do, be wrought to believe, that the best of a man lies under this Petticoat, and that a Codpiece were far fitter here, than a Pinn'd Placket?

Luc. You had best talk filthily: do; I have a tongue
To tell my Mother, as well as ears to hear
Your ribaldry.

Bob. Nay you have ten womens tongues that way I am sure: why my young Master or Mistriss, Madam, Don, or what you will, what the devil have you to do with Pullen, or Partridge? or to sit pricking on a clout all day? you have a better needle, I know, and might make better work, if you had grace to use it.

Luc. Why, how dare you speak this before me, sirrah?

Bob. Nay rather, why dare not you do what I speak? —though my Lady your mother, for fear of *Vitelli* and his faction, hath brought you up like her Daughter, and has kept you these 20 years, which is ever since you were born, a close prisoner within doors, yet since you are a man, and are as well provided as other men are, methinks you should have the same motions of the flesh, as other Cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto.

Luc. Indeed you have cause to love those wanton motions,
They having hope you to an excellent whipping,
For doing something, I but put you in mind of it,

With the *Indian* Maid, the Governor sent my mother
From *Mexico*.

Bob. Why, I but taught her a *Spanish* trick in charity, and holpe the King to a subject that may live to take *Grave Maurice* prisoner, and that was more good to the State, than a thousand such as you are ever like to doe: and I will tell you, (in a fatherly care of the Infant I speak it) if he live (as bless the babe, in passion I remember him) to your years, shall he spend his time in pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming as you do? no, he shall to the wars, use his *Spanish* Pike, though with the danger of the lash, as his father has done, and when he is provoked, as I am now, draw his *Toledo* desperately, as—

Luc. You will not kill me? oh.

Bob. I knew this would silence him: how he hides his eies!
If he were a wench now, as he seems, what an advantage
Had I, drawing two *Toledo*'s, when one can do this!
But oh me, my Lady: I must put up: young Master
I did but jest: Oh custom, what hast thou made of him?

Enter Eugenia *and Servants.*

Eug. For bringing this, be still my friend; no more
A servant to me.

Bo[*b*]. What's the matter?

Eug. Here,
Even here, where I am happy to receive
Assurance of my *Alvarez* return,
I will kneel down: and may those holy thoughts
That now possess me wholly, make this place
A Temple to me, where I may give thanks
For this unhop'd for blessing Heavens kind hand
Hath pour'd upon me.

Luc. Let my duty Madam
Presume, if you have cause of joy, to intreat
I may share in it.

Bob. 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him yet.

Eug. Thou shalt: but first kneel with me *Lucio*,
No more *Posthumia* now, thou hast a Father,
A Father living to take off that name,
Which my too credulous fears, that he was dead,

Bestow'd upon thee: thou shalt see him *Lucio*
And make him young again, by seeing thee,
Who only hadst a being in my Womb
When he went from me, *Lucio*: Oh my joyes,
So far transport me, that I must forget
The ornaments of Matrons, modesty,
And grave behaviour; but let all forgive me
If in th' expression of my soul's best comfort
Though old, I do a while forget mine age
And play the wanton in the entertainment
Of those delights I have so long despair'd of.

Luc. Shall I then see my Father?

Eug. This hour *Lucio*;
Which reckon the beginning of thy life
I mean that life, in which thou shalt appear
To be such as I brought thee forth, a man,
This womanish disguise, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou shalt now cast off,
And change those qualities thou didst learn from me,
For masculine virtues, for which seek no tutor,
But let thy fathers actions be thy precepts;
And for thee *Zancho*, now expect reward
For thy true service.

Bob. Shall I? you hear fellow *Stephano*, learn to know me more respectively; how dost thou think I shall become the Stewards chair, ha? will not these slender hanches show well with a chain, and a gold night-Cap after supper, when I take the accompts?

Eug. Haste, and take down those Blacks with which my (chamber
Hath like the widow, her sad Mistriss mourn'd,
And hang up for it, the rich *Persian* Arras,
Us'd on my wedding night, for this to me
Shall be a second marriage: send for Musique,
And will the Cooks to use their best of cunning
To please the palat.

Bob. Will your Ladyship have a Potato-pie, 'tis a good stirring dish for an old Lady, after a long *Lent*.

Eug. Begone I say: why Sir, you can goe faster?

Bob. I could Madam: but I am now to practise the Stewards pace, that's the reward I look for: every man must

fashion his gate, according to his calling: you fellow *Stephano*, may walk faster, to overtake preferment: so, usher me.

Luc. Pray Madam, let the wastcoat I last wrought
Be made up for my Father: I will have
A Cap, and Boot-hose sutable to it.

Eug. Of that
We'll think hereafter *Lucio*: our thoughts now
Must have no object but thy Fathers welcome,
To which thy help—

Luc. With humble gladness, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Alvarez, Clara.

Alv. Where lost we *Syavedra*?

Cla. He was met
Ent'ring the City by some Gentlemen
Kinsmen, as he said of his own, with whom
For compliment sake (for so I think he term'd it)
He was compell'd to stay: though I much wonder
A man that knows to do, and has done well
In the head of his troop, when the bold foe charg'd home,
Can learn so sodainly to abuse his time
In apish entertainment: for my part
(By all the glorious rewards of war)
I had rather meet ten enemies in the field
All sworn to fetch my head, than be brought on
To change an hours discourse with one of these
Smooth City-fools, or Tissue-Cavaliers,
The only Gallants, as they wisely think,
To get a Jewel, or a wanton Kiss
From a Court-lip, though painted.

Alv. My Love *Clara*,
(For *Lucio* is a name thou must forget
With *Lucio*'s bold behaviour) though thy breeding
I' th' Camp, may plead something in the excuse
Of thy rough manners, custom having chang'd,
Though not thy Sex, the softness of thy nature,
And fortune (then a cruel stepdame to thee)
Impos'd upon thy tender sweetness, burthens

Of hunger, cold, wounds, want, such as would crack
The sinews of a man, not born a Soldier:
Yet now she smiles, and like a natural mother
Looks gently on thee, *Clara*, entertain
Her proffer'd bounties with a willing bosom;
Thou shalt no more have need to use thy sword;
Thy beauty (which even *Belgia* hath not alter'd)
Shall be a stronger guard, to keep my *Clara*,
Than that has been, (though never us'd but nobly)
And know thus much.

Cla. Sir, I know only that
It stands not with my duty to gain-say you,
In any thing: I must, and will put on
What fashion you think best: though I could wish
I were what I appear.

Alv. Endeavour rather [*Musick.*
To be what you are, *Clara*, entring here,
As you were born, a woman.

Enter Eugenia, Lucio, *Servants.*

Eug. Let choice Musick
In the best voice that e'er touch'd humane ear,
For joy hath ti'd my tongue up, speak your welcome.

Alv. My soul (for thou giv'st new life to my spirit)
Myriads of joyes, though short in number of
Thy virtues, fall on thee; Oh my *Eugenia*,
Th' assurance that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty years of sorrow but a dream,
And by the Nectar, which I take from these,
I feel my age restor'd, and like old *Æson*
Grow young again.

Eug. My Lord, long wish'd for welcome,
'Tis a sweet briefness, yet in that short word
All pleasures which I may call mine, begin,
And may they long increase, before they find
A second period: let mine eies now surfeit
On this so wish'd for object, and my lips
Yet modestly pay back the parting kiss
You trusted with them, when you fled from *Sevil*,
With little *Clara* my sweet daughter: lives she?

Yet I could chide my self, having you here
For being so covetous of all joyes at once,
T' enquire for her, you being alone, to me
My *Clara*, *Lucio*, my Lord, my self,
Nay more than all the world.
Alv. As you, to me are.
Eug. Sit down, and let me feed upon the story
Of your past dangers, now you are here in safety
It will give rellish, and fresh appetite
To my delights, if such delights can cloy me.
Yet do not *Alvarez*, let me first yield you
Account of my life in your absence, and
Make you acquainted how I have preserv'd
The Jewel left lock'd up in my womb,
When you, in being forc'd to leave your Countrey,
Suffer'd a civil death. [*Within clashing swords.*
Alv. Doe my *Eugenia*,
'Tis that I most desire to hear.
Eug. Then know. [Sayavedra *within.*
Alv. What noise is that?
Saya. If you are noble enemies, [Vitelli *within.*
Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly,
Vit. Stand off, I am too many of my self.

Enter Bobadilla.

Bob. Murther, murther, murther, your friend my Lord, *Don Sayavedra* is set upon in the streets, by your enemies *Vitelli*, and his Faction: I am almost kill'd with looking on them.
Alv. I'll free him, or fall with him: draw thy sword
And follow me.
Clar. Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this occasion once more to use it. [*Exit.*
Bo[*b*]. Nay, hold not me Madam; if I do any hurt, hurt (me.
Luc. Oh I am dead with fear! let's flie into
Your Closet, Mother.
Eug. No hour of my life
Secure of danger? heav'n be merciful,
Or now at once dispach me.

Enter Vitelli, *pursued by* Alvarez, *and* Sayavedra, Clara *beating of* Anastro.

Cla. Follow him
Leave me to keep these of.
Alv. Assault my friend
So near my house?
Vit. Nor in it will spare thee,
Though 'twere a Temple: and I'll make it one,
I being the Priest, and thou the sacrifice,
I'll offer to my Uncle.
Alv. Haste thou to him,
And say I sent thee:
Cla. 'Twas put bravely by,
And that: and yet comes on, and boldly rare,
In the wars, where emulation and example
Joyn to increase the courage, and make less
The danger; valour, and true resolution
Never appear'd so lovely, brave again:
Sure he is more than man, and if he fall;
The best of virtue, fortitude would dye with him:
And can I suffer it? forgive me duty,
So I love valour, as I will protect it
Against my Father, and redeem it, though
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.
Vit. Come on,
All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer
Before you have me: keep off.
Cla. Fear me not,
Thy worth has took me prisoner, and my sword
For this time knows thee only for a friend,
And to all else I turn the point of it.
Say. Defend your Fathers enemy?
Alv. Art thou mad?
Cla. Are you men rather? shall that valour, which
Begot you lawful honor in the wars,
Prove now the Parent of an infamous Bastard
So foul, yet so long liv'd, as murther will
Be to your shames? have each of you, alone
With your own dangers only, purchas'd glory

From multitudes of enemies, not allowing
Those nearest to you, to have part in it,
And do you now joyn, and lend mutual help
Against a single opposite? hath the mercy
Of the great King, but newly wash'd away
The blood, that with the forfeit of your life
Cleav'd to your name, and family like an ulcer,
In this again to set a deeper dye
Upon your infamy: you'll say he is your foe,
And by his rashness call'd on his own ruin;
Remember yet, he was first wrong'd, and honor
Spurr'd him to what he did, and next the place
Where now he is: your house, which by the laws
Of hospitable duty should protect him;
Have you been twenty years a stranger to it,
To make your entrance now in blood? or think you
Your countrey-man, a true born *Spaniard*, will be
An offering fit, to please the *genius* of it?
No, in this I'll presume to teach my Father,
And this first Act of disobedience shall
Confirm I am most dutiful.

Alv. I am pleas'd
With what I dare not give allowance to;
Unnatural wretch, what wilt thou do?

Cla. Set free
A noble enemy: come not on, by ——
You pass to him, through me: the way is open:
Farewel: when next I meet you, do not look for
A friend, but a vow'd foe; I see you worthy,
And therefore now preserve you, for the honor
Of my sword only:

Vit. Were this man a friend,
How would he win me, that being my vow'd foe
Deserves so well? I thank you for my life;
But how I shall deserve it, give me leave
Hereafter to consider. [*Exit.*

Alv. Quit thy fear,
All danger is blown over: I have Letters
To the Governor, in the Kings name, to secure us,
From such attempts hereafter: yet we need not,

That have such strong Guards of our own, dread others;
And to increase thy comfort, know, this young man
Whom with such fervent earnestness you eye,
Is not what he appears, but such a one
As thou with joy wilt bless, thy Daughter *Clara*.
Eug. A thousand blessings in that word.
Alv. The reason
Why I have bred her up thus, at more leasure
I will impart unto you, wonder not
At what you have seen her do, it being the least
Of many great and valiant undertakings
She hath made good with honor.
Eug. I'll return
The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you my *Alvarez*: you, in a man,
Have given to me a Daughter: in a Woman,
I give to you a Son, this was the pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Different from what he was, as you did *Clara*,
And with the like success; as she appears
Alter'd by custom, more than Woman, he
Transform'd by his soft life, is less than man.
Alv. Fortune, in this gives ample satisfaction
For all our sorrows past.
Luc. My dearest Sister.
Cla. Kind Brother.
Alv. Now our mutual care must be
Imploy'd to help wrong'd nature, to recover
Her right in either of them, lost by custom:
To you I give my *Clara*, and receive
My *Lucio* to my charge: and we'll contend
With loving industry, who soonest can
Turn this man woman, or this woman man. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Pachieco, *and* Lazarillo.

Pac. BOy: [my] Cloak, and Rapier; it fits not a Gentleman of my rank, to walk the streets in *Querpo*.
Laz. Nay, you are a very rank Gent. Signior, I am very

hungry, they tell me in *Sevil* here, I look like an Eel, with a mans head: and your neighbor the Smith here hard by, would have borrowed me th' other day, to have fish'd with me, because he had lost his Angle-rod.

Pac. Oh happy thou *Lazarillo* (being the cause of other mens wits) as in thine own: live lean, and witty still: oppress not thy stomach too much: gross feeders, great sleepers [: great sleepers,] fat bodies; fat bodies, lean brains: No *Lazarillo*, I will make thee immortal, change thy Humanity into Deity, for I will teach thee to live upon nothing.

Laz. Faith Signior, I am immortal then already, or very near it, for I do live upon little or nothing: belike that's the reason the Poets are said to be immortal, for some of them live upon their wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing: But good Master, let me be mortal still, and let's go to supper.

Pac. Be abstinent; shew not the corruption of thy generation: he that feeds, shall die, therefore, he that feeds not shall live.

Laz. I; but how long shall he live? there's the question.

Pac. As long as he can without feeding: did'st thou read of the miraculous Maid in *Flanders*?

Laz. No, nor of any Maid else; for the miracle of Virgi[n]ity now-a-days ceases, e'r the Virgin can read Virginity?

Pac. She that liv'd three years without any other sustenance, than the smell of a Rose.

Laz. I heard of her *Signior*, but they say her guts shrunk all into Lute-strings, and her neather-parts cling'd together like a Serpents Tail, so that though she continued a woman still above the girdle, beneath yet she was monster.

Pac. So are most women, believe it.

Laz. Nay all women *Signior*, that can live only upon the smell of a Rose.

Pac. No part of the History is fabulous.

Laz. I think rather no part of the Fable is Historical: but for all this, Sir, my rebellious stomach will not let me be immortal: I will be as immortal, as mortal hunger will suffer: put me to a certain stint Sir, allow me but a red herring a day.

Pac. *O' de dios*: wouldst thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?

Laz. He that eats nothing but a red herring a day, shall

ne'r be broil'd for the devil's rasher: a Pilchard, *Signior*, a Surdiny, an Olive, that I may be a Philosopher first, and immortal after.

Pac. Patience *Lazarillo*; let contemplation be thy food awhile: I say unto thee, one Pease was a Soldiers Provant a whole day,
At the destruction of *Jerusalem*.

Enter Metaldi, *and* Mendoza.

Laz. I; and it were any where but at the destruction of a place, I'll be hang'd.

Met. *Signior Pachieco Alasto*, my most ingenious Cobler of *Sevil*, the *bonos noxios* to your Signiorie.

Pac. *Signior Metaldi de Forgio*, my most famous Smith, and man of Mettle, I return your courtesie ten fold, and do humble my Bonnet beneath the Shooe-sole of your congie: the like to you *Signior Mendoza Pediculo de Vermim*, my most exquisite Hose-heeler.

Laz. Here's a greeting betwixt a Cobler, a Smith, and a Botcher: they all belong to the foot, which makes them stand so much upon their Gentrie.

Mend. *Signior Lazarillo.*

Laz. Ah Signior see: nay, we are all *Signiors* here in *Spain*, from the Jakes-farmer to the Grandee, or *Adelantado*: this Botcher looks as if he were Dough-bak'd, a little Butter now, and I could eat him like an Oaten-cake: his fathers diet was new Cheese and Onions when he got him: what a scallion-fac'd rascal 'tis!

Met. But why *Signior Pachieco*, do you stand so much on the priority, and antiquity of your quality (as you call it) in comparison of ours?

Mend. I; your reason for that.

Pac. Why thou Iron-pated Smith: and thou Woollen-witted Hose-heeler: hear what I will speak indifferently (and according to antient Writers) of our three professions: and let the upright *Lazarillo* be both judge and moderator.

Laz. Still am I the most immortally hungry; that may be.

Pac. Suppose thou wilt derive thy Pedigree, like some of the old *Heroes*, (as *Hercules*, *Æneas*, *Achilles*) lineally from the

gods, making *Saturn* thy great Grandfather, and *Vulcan* thy Father: *Vulcan* was a god.

Laz. He'll make *Vulcan* your godfather by and by.

Pac. Yet I say, *Saturn* was a crabbed block-head, and *Vulcan* a limping Horn-head, for *Venus* his wife was a strumpet, and *Mars* begot all her Children; therefore however, thy original must of necessity spring from Bastardie: further, what can be a more deject spirit in man, than to lay his hands under every ones horses feet, to do him service, as thou dost? For thee, I will be brief, thou dost botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of enormities, *viz*, Scabs, chilblains, and kib'd heels: much prone thou art to Sects, and Heresies, disturbing State, and Government; for how canst thou be a sound member in the common-wea[l]th, that art so subject to stit[c]hes in the ankles? blush, and be silent then, oh ye Mechanicks, compare no more with the politick Cobler: For Coblers (in old time) have prophesied, what may they do now then, that have every day waxed better, and better? have we not the length of every mans foot? are we not daily menders? yea, and what menders? not horse-menders.

Laz. Nor manners-menders.

Pach. But soul-menders: Oh divine Coblers; do we not, like the wise man, spin out our own threads, (or our wives for us?) do we not by our sowing the Hide, reap the Beef? are not we of the Gentle-craft, whilst both you are but Crafts-men; You will say, you fear neither Iron nor Steel, and what you get is wrought out of the fire; I must answer you again, though, all this is but forgery: You may likewise say, a man's a man, that has but a hose on his head: I must likewise answer, that man is a botcher, that has a heel'd hose on his head: to conclude, there can be no comparison with the Cobler, who is all in all in the Common-wealth, has his politique eye and ends on every mans steps that walks, and whose course shall be lasting to the worlds end.

Met. I give place: the wit of man is wonderful: thou hast hit the nail on the head, and I will give thee six pots for't, though I ne'r clinch shooe again.

Enter Vitelli *and* Alguazier.

Pac. Who's this? oh our *Alguazier*: as arrant a knave

as e'er wore one head under two offices: he is one side *Alguazier*.

Met. The other side Serjeant.

Mend. That's both sides carrion I am sure.

Pac. This is he apprehends whores in the way of justice, and lodges 'em in his own house, in the way of profit: he with him, is the Grand Don *Vitelli*, 'twixt whom and *Fernando Alvarez*, the mortal hatred is; he is indeed my Don's Bawd, and does at this present, lodge a famous Curtizan of his, lately come from *Madrid*.

Vit. Let her want nothing *Signior*, she can aske:
What loss or injury you may sustain
I will repair, and recompence your love:
Only that fellows coming I mislike,
And did fore-warn her of him: bear her this
With my best love, at night I'll visit her.

Alg. I rest your Lordships Servant.

Vit. Good ev'n, Signiors:
Oh *Alvarez*, thou hast brought a Son with thee
Both brightens, and obscures our Nation,
Whose pure strong beams on us, shoot like the Suns
On baser fires: I would to heaven my bloud
Had never stain'd thy bold unfortunate hand,
That with mine honor I might emulate,
Not persecute such virtue: I will see him,
Though with the hazard of my life: no rest
In my contentious spirits, can I find
Till I have gratify'd him in like kind. [*Exit.*

Alg. I know you not: what are ye? hence ye base *Besegnios*.

Pac. *Mary Catzo Signior Alguazier*, d'ye not know us? why, we are your honest neighbors, the Cobler, Smith, and Botcher, that have so often sate snoaring cheek by joll with your Signiorie, in rug at midnight.

Laz. Nay, good Signior, be not angry: you must understand, a Cat, and such an Officer see best in the dark.

Met. By this hand, I could find in my heart to shooe his head.

Pac. Why then know you, *Signior*; thou mongril, begot at midnight, at the Goal gate, by a Beadle, on a Catchpoles wife, are not you he that was whipt out of *Toledo* for perjury.

Men. Next; condemn'd to the Gallies for pilfery, to the Buls pizel.

Met. And after call'd to the Inquisition, for Apostacie.

Pac. Are not you he that rather than you durst goe an industrious voyage being press'd to the Islands, skulk'd till the Fleet was gone, and then earn'd your Royal a day by squiring puncks, and puncklings up and down the City?

Laz. Are not you a *Portuguize* born, descended o' the *Moors*, and came hither into *Sevil* with your Master, an arrant Tailor, in your red Bonnet, and your blue Jacket, lousie, though now your block-head be cover'd with the *Spanish* block, and your lashed Shoulders with a Velvet Pee.

Pac. Are not you he that have been of thirty callings, yet ne'r a one lawful? that being a Chandler first, profess'd sincerity, and would sell no man Mustard to his Beef on the Sabbath, and yet sold Hypocrisie all your life time?

Met. Are not you he, that were since a Surgeon to the Stews, and undertook to cure what the Church it self could not, Strumpets that rise to your office by being a great Don's Bawd?

Laz. That commit men nightly, offenceless, for the gain of a groat a prisoner, which your Beadle seems to put up, when you share three pence?

Mend. Are not you he that is a kisser of men, in drunkenness, and a bgrayer in sobriety?

Alg. *Diabolo*: they'll rail me into the Gallies again.

Pac. Yes Signior, thou art even he we speak of all this while: thou mayst by thy place now, lay us by the heels: 'tis true: but take heed, be wiser, pluck not ruin on thine own head: for never was there such an Anatomie, as we shall make thee then: be wise therefore, [Oh] thou child of the night! be friends, and shake hands, thou art a proper man, if thy beard were redder: remember thy worshipful function, a Constable; though thou turn'st day into night, and night into day, what of that? watch less and pray more: [gird thy beares skin (*viz.* thy Rug-gowne) to thy loyes, take thy staffe in thy hand, and goe forth at midnight:] Let not thy mittens abate the talons of thy authority, but gripe theft and whoredom, wheresoever thou meet'st 'em: bear 'em away like a tempest, and lodge 'em safely in thine own house:

Laz. Would you have whores and thieves lodgd in such a house?

Pac. They ever do so: I have found a thief, or a whore there, when the whole Suburbs could not furnish me.

Laz. But why do they lodge there?

Pac. That they may be safe and forth-coming: for in the morning usually, the thief is sent to the Goal, and the whore prostrates her self to the Justice.

Men. Admirable *Pachiecho.*

Met. Thou Cobler of *Christendom.*

Alg. There is no railing with these rogues: I will close with 'em, till I can cry quittance: why Signiors, and my honest neighbors, will you impute that as a neglect of my friends, which is an imperfection in me? I have been Sand-blind from my infancy: to make you amends you shall sup with me.

Laz. Shall we sup with ye, Sir? O' my conscience, they have wrong'd the Gentleman extreamly.

Alg. And after supper, I have a project to employ you in, shall make you drink and eat merrily this month: I am a little knavish: why, and doe not I know all you to be knaves?

Pac. I grant you, we are all knaves, and will be your knaves: But oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud knave.

Alg. On then pass: I will bear out my staffe, and my staffe shall bear out me.

Laz. Oh *Lazarillo*, thou art going to supper. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lucio, *and* Bobadilla.

Luc. Pray be not angry.

Bob. I am angry, and I will be angry *Diabolo*: what should you do in the Kitchin, cannot the Cooks lick their fingers without your overseeing? nor the maids make pottage, except your dogs-head be in the pot? *Don* Lucio, Don *Quot-Quean*, Don *Spinster*, wear a Petticoat still, and put on your Smock a' Monday: I will have a baby o' clouts made for it, like a great girl: nay, if you will needs be starching of Ruffs, and sowing of Black-work, I will of a mild, and loving Tutor,

become a Tyrant, your Father has committed you to my charge, and I will make a man or a mouse on you.

Luc. What would you have me do? this scurvy sword
So galls my thigh: I would 't were burnt: pish, look,
This Cloak will ne'r keep on: these Boots too hide-bound,
Make me walk stiff, as if my legs were frozen,
And my Spurs gingle like a Morris-dancer:
Lord, how my head akes with this roguish Hat;
This masculine attire is most uneasie,
I am bound up in it: I had rather walk
In *folio*, again, loose like a woman.

Bob. In *Foolio*, had you not?
Thou mock to heav'n, and nature, and thy Parents,
Thou tender Leg of Lamb; oh, how he walks
As if he had bepiss'd himself, and fleers!
Is this a gate for the young Cavalier,
Don *Lucio*, Son and Heir to *Alvarez*?
Has it a corn? or do's it walk on conscience,
It treads so gingerly? Come on your ways,
Suppose me now your Fathers foe, *Vitelli*,
And spying you i' th' street, thus I advance
I twist my Beard, and then I draw my sword.

Luc. Alas.

Bob. And thus accost thee: traiterous brat,
How durst thou thus confront me? impious twig
Of that old stock, dew'd with my kinsmans gore,
Draw, for I'll quarter thee in pieces four.

Luc. Nay, prethee *Bobadilla*, leave thy fooling,
Put up thy sword, I will not meddle with ye;
I, justle me, I care not: I'll not draw,
Pray be a quiet man.

Bob. D' ye hear: answer me, as you would do Don *Vitelli*, or I'll be so bold as to lay the pomel of my sword over the hilts of your head: my name's *Vitelli*, and I'll have the wall.

Luc. Why then I'll have the kennel: what a coil you keep!
Signior, what happen'd 'twixt my Sire and your
Kinsman, was long before I saw the world,
No fault of mine, nor will I justifie
My Fathers crimes: forget Sir, and forgive.
'Tis Christianity: I pray put up your sword,

I'll give you any satisfaction
That may become a Gentleman: however
I hope you are bred to more humanity
Than to revenge my Fathers wrong on me
That crave your love, and peace: law-you-now *Zancho*
Would not this quiet him, were he ten *Vitellies*.

Bob. Oh craven-chicken of a Cock o' th' game: well, what remedy? did thy Father see this, O' my conscience, he would cut off thy Masculine gender, crop thine ears, beat out thine eyes, and set thee in one of the Pear trees for a scare-crow: As I am *Vitelli*, I am satisfied; But as I am *Bobadilla*, *Spindola*, *Zancho*, Steward of the house, and thy Fathers Servant, I could find in my heart to lop off the hinder part of thy face, or to beat all thy teeth into thy mouth: Oh thou whay-blooded milk-sop, I'll wait upon thee no longer, thou shalt ev'n wait upon me:
come your ways Sir, I shall take a little pains with ye else.

Enter Clara.

Cla. Where art thou brother *Lucio*? ran tan tan ta ran tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan tan. Oh, I shall no more see those golden daies, these clothes will never fadge with me: a —— O' this filthy vardingale, this hip-hape: brother, why are womens hanches only limited, confin'd, hoop'd in, as it were with these same scurvy vardingales?

Bob. Because womens hanches only are most subject to display and flie out.

Cla. *Bobadilla*, rogue, ten Duckets, I hit the prepuce of thy Codpiece.

Luc. Hold, if you love my life, Sister: I am not *Zancho Bobadilla*, I am your brother *Lucio*: what a fright you have put me in!

Cla. Brother? and wherefore thus?

Luc. Why, Master Steward here, *Signior Zancho* made me change: he does nothing but mis-use me, and call me Coward, and swears I shall wait upon him.

Bob. Well: I do no more than I have authori[t]y for: would I were away though: for she's as much too manish, as he too womanish: I dare not meddle with her, yet I must set a good face on't (if I had it) I have like charge of [you] Madam,

I am as well to mollifie you, as to quallifie him: what have you to do with Armors, and Pistols, and Javelins, and swords, and such tools? remember Mistriss; nature hath given you a sheath only, to signifie women are to put up mens weapons, not to draw them: look you now, is this a fit trot for a Gentlewoman? You shall see the Court-Ladies move like Goddesses, as if they trode air; they will swim you their measures, like Whiting-mops, as if their feet were finns, and the hinges of their knees oil'd: doe they love to ride great horses, as you do? no, they love to ride great asses sooner: faith, I know not what to say t' ye both: Custom hath turn'd nature topsie-turvie in you.

Cla. Nay, but Master Steward.

Bob. You cannot trot so fast, but he ambles as slowly.

Cla. *Signior Spindle*, will you hear me?

Bob. He that shall come to bestride your Virginity, had better be afoot o'er the Dragon.

Cl[*a*]. Very well.

Bob. Did ever *Spanish* Lady pace so?

Cla. Hold these a little.

Luc. I'll not touch 'em, I.

Cla. First doe I break your Office o're your pate,
You Dog-skin-fac'd rogue, pilcher, you poor *John*,
Which I will beat to Stock-fish.

Luc. Sister.

Bob. Madam.

Cla. You Cittern-head, who have you talk'd to, ha?
You nasty, stinking, and ill-countenanc'd Cur.

Bob. By this hand, I'll bang your brother for this, when I get him alone.

Cla. How? kick him *Lucio*, he shall kick you *Bob*,
Spight o' the nose, that's flat: kick him, I say,
Or I will cut thy head off.

Bob. Softly y' had best.

Cla. Now, thou lean, dry'd, and ominous visag'd knave,
Thou false and peremptory Steward, pray,
For I will hang thee up in thine own chain.

Luc. Good Sister do not choak him.

Bob. Murder, murder. [*Exit.*

Cla. Well: I shall meet with ye: *Lucio*, who bought this?

'Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs one
Spain's Champion ne'er us'd truer: with this Staffe
Old *Alvarez* has led up men so close,
They could almost spit in the Cannons mouth,
Whilst I with that, and this well mounted, scour'd
A Horse-troop through, and through, like swift desire,
And seen poor rogues retire, all gore, and gash'd
Like bleeding Shads.

Luc. Bless us, Sister *Clara*.
How desperately you talk: what d' ye call
This Gun a dag?

Cla. I'll give't thee: a *French* petronel:
You never saw my *Barbary*, the *Infanta*
Bestow'd upon me, as yet *Lucio*?
Walk down, and see it.

Luc. What into the Stable?
Not I, the Jades will kick: the poor Groom there
Was almost spoil'd the other day.

Cla. Fie on thee,
Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy Mother.

Luc. When will you be a woman?

Enter Alvarez *and* Bobadilla.

Cla. Would I were none.
But natures privy Seal assures me one.

Alv. Thou anger'st me: can strong habitual custome
Work with such Magick on the mind and manners,
In spight of sex and nature? find out sirrah,
Some skilful fighter.

Bob. Yes Sir.

Alv. I will rectifie,
And redeem eithers proper inclination,
Or bray 'em in a morter, and new mold 'em. [*Exit.*

Bob. Believe your eyes, Sir, I tell you, we wash an *Ethiop*.

Cla. I strike it for ten Duckets.

Alv. How now *Clara*,
Your Breeches on still? and your petticoat
Not yet off *Lucio*? art thou not guelt?
Or did the cold *Muscovite* beget thee,
That lay here Lieger in the last great frost?

Art not thou *Clara*, turn'd a man indeed
Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou?
I'll have you search'd by —— I strongly doubt;
We must have these things mended: come goe in. [*Exit.*

Enter Vitelli *and* Bobadilla.

Bob. With *Lucio* say you? there is for you.
Vit. And there is for thee.
Bob. I thank you: you have now bought a little advice
Of me; if you chance to have conference with that
Lady there, be very civil, or look to your head: she has
Ten nails, and you have but two eies: If any foolish
Hot motions should chance to rise in the Horizon
Under your equinoctial there, qualifie it as well as
You can, for I fear the elevation of your pole will
Not agree with the *Horoscope* of her constitution:
She is *Bell the Dragon* I assure you. [*Exit.*
Vit. Are you the *Lucio*, Sir, that sav'd *Vitelli*?
Luc. Not I indeed, Sir, I did never brable;
There walks that *Lucio* Metamorphosed. [*Exit.*
Vit. Do ye mock me?
Cla. No, he does not: I am that
Supposed *Lucio* that was, but *Clara*,
That is, and daughter unto *Alvarez*.
Vit. Amazement daunts me; would my life were riddles,
So you were still my fair Expositor:
Protected by a Lady from my death.
Oh, I shall wear an everlasting blush
Upon my cheek from this discovery:
Oh, you the fairest Soldier, I e'er saw;
Each of whose eyes, like a bright beamy Shield,
Conquers without blows, the contentious.
Cla. Sir, guard your self, you are in your enemies house,
And may be injur'd.
Vit. 'Tis impossible:
Foe, nor oppressing odds dares prove *Vitelli*,
If *Clara* side him, and will call him friend;
I would the difference of our bloods were such
As might with any shift be wip'd away:
Or would to heaven your self were all your name;

That having lost blood by you, I might hope
To raise blood from you. But my black-wing'd fate
Hovers aversely over that fond hope:
And he, whose tongue thus gratifies the daughter,
And Sister of his enemy, wears a sword
To rip the Father and the Brother up.
Thus you that sav'd this wretched life of mine,
Have sav'd it to the ruin of your friends.
That my affections should promiscuously
Dart love and hate at once, both worthily?
Pray let me kiss your hand.
Cla. You are treacherous,
And come to do me mischief.
Vit. Speak on still:
Your words are falser (fair) than my intents,
And each sweet accent far more treacherous; for
Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well,
I doe desire to hear you.
Cla. Pray be gone:
Or kill me if you please.
Vit. Oh, neither can I,
For to be gone, were to destroy my life;
And to kill you, were to destroy my soul:
I am in love, yet must not be in love:
I'll get away apace: yet valiant Lady,
Such gratitude to honor I do owe,
And such obedience to your memory,
That if you will bestow something, that I
May wear about me, it shall bind all wrath,
My most inveterate wrath, from all attempts,
Till you and I meet next.
Cla. A favour, Sir?
Why, I will give ye good counsel.
Vit. That already,
You have bestowed; a Ribbon, or a Glove.
Cla. Nay, those are tokens for a waiting-maid
To trim the Butler with.
Vit. Your feather.
Cla. Fie; the wenches give them to their serving-men.
Vit. That little Ring.

Cla. 'Twill hold you but by th' finger;
And I would [have] you faster.
Vit. Any thing
That I may wear, and but remember you.
Cla. This smi[l]e: my good opinion, or my self.
But that it seems you like not.
Vit. Yes, so well:
When any smiles, I will remember yours;
Your good opinion shall in weight poize me
Against a thousand ill: Lastly, your self,
My curious eye now figures in my heart,
Where I will wear you, till the Table break.
So, whitest Angels guard you.
Cla. Stay Sir, I
Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
May not disdain to wear.
Vit. What's that?
Cla. This Sword.
I never heard a man speak till this hour.
His words are golden chains, and now I fear
The Lyonesse hath met a tamer here:
Fie, how his tongue chimes: what was I saying?
Oh: this favour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a Love-knot, fast, ne'er to hurt my friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your foes
(For I have neither friend, nor foe, but yours)
As e'er it was to me: I've kept it long,
And value it, next my Virginity:
But good, return it, for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchas'd it, should have me too.
Vit. Would that were possible: but alas it is not;
Yet this assure your self, most honour'd *Clara*,
I'll not infringe a particle of breath
My vow hath offered to ye: nor from this part
Whilst it hath edge, or point, or I a heart. [*Exit.*
Cla. Oh, leave me living: what new exercise
Is crept into my breast, that blauncheth clean
My former nature? I begin to find
I am a woman, and must learn to fight
A softer sweeter battel, than with swords.

I am sick methinks, but the disease I feel
Pleaseth, and punisheth: I warrant love
Is very like this, that folks talke of so;
I skill not what it is, yet sure even here,
Even in my heart, I sensibly perceive
It glows, and riseth like a glimmering flame,
But know not yet the Essence on't, nor name. [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Malroda *and* Alguazier.

Mal. HE must not? nor he shall not, who shall lett him?
You politique *Diego*, with your face of wisdom;
Don-blirt, the —— on your Aphorismes,
Your grave, and Sage-Ale Physiognomy:
Do not I know thee for the *Alguazier*,
Whose dunghil all the Parish Scavengers
Could never rid? thou Comedy to men,
Whose serious folly is a Butt for all
To shoot their wits at; whilst thou hast not wit,
Nor heart, to answer, or be angry.

Alg. Lady.

Mal. Peace, peace, you rotten Rogue, supported by
A staffe of rottener office: dare you check
Any accesses that I will allow?
Piorato is my friend, and visits me
In lawful sort to espouse me as his wife;
And who will cross, or shall our enter-views?
You know me sirrah, for no Chambermaid,
That cast her belly, and her wastecoat lately;
Thou think'st thy Constableship is much: not so,
I am ten offices to thee: I, thy house,
Thy house, and office is maintain'd by me.

Alg. My house-of-office is maintain'd i' th' garden:
Go too, I know you, and I have contriv'd;
Y'are a delinquent, but I have contriv'd
A poison, though not in the third degree:
I can say, black's your eye, though it be grey;
I have conniv'd at this, your friend, and you:

But what is got by this connivency?
I like his feather well: a proper man,
Of good discourse, fine conversation,
Valiant, and a great carrier of the business,
Sweet breasted, as the Nightingale, or Thrush:
Yet I must tell you; you forget your self,
My Lord *Vitellies* love, and maintenance
Deserves no other Jack i' th' box, but he:
What though he gather'd first the golden fruit,
And blew your pig's-coat up into a blister,
When you did wait at Court upon his mother;
Has he not well provided for the barn?
Beside, what profit reap I by the other?
If you will have me serve your pleasure, Lady,
Your pleasure must accommodate my service;
As good be virtuous and poor, as not
Thrive by my knavery, all the world would be
Good, prosper'd goodness like to villany.
I am the Kings Vice-gerent by my place;
His right Lieutenant in mine own precinct.

Mal. Thou art a right rascal in all mens precincts;
Yet now my pair of twins, of fool, and knave,
Look we are friends; there's Gold for thee, admit
Whom I will have, and keep it from my *Don*;
And I will make thee richer than thou'rt wise:
Thou shalt be my Bawd, and my Officer:
Thy children shall eat still, my good night Owl,
And thy old wife sell Andirons to the Court,
Be countenanced by the *Dons*, and wear a hood,
Nay, keep my Garden-house; I'll call her Mother,
Thee Father, my good poysonous Red-hair'd Dill,
And Gold shall daily be thy Sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertile Island of mine own,
Which I will offer, like an *Indian* Queen.

Alg. And I will be thy devil, thou my flesh,
With which I'll catch the world.

Mal. Fill some *Tobacco*,
And bring it in: if *Piorato* come
Before my *Don*, admit him; if my *Don*
Before my Love, conduct him, my dear Devil. [*Exit.*

Alg. I will my dear Flesh: first come, first serv'd. Well said.
Oh equal Heaven, how wisely thou disposest
Thy several gifts! one's born a great rich fool,
For the subordinate knave to work upon:
Anothers poor, with wits addition,
Which well or ill-us'd, builds a living up;
And that too from the Sire oft descends:
Only fair virtue, by traduction
Never succeeds, and seldom meets success,
What have I then to do with't? My free will
Left me by heaven, makes me or good, or ill:
Now since vice gets more in this vicious world
Than Piety, and my Stars confluence
Enforce my disposition to affect
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practise
War, and grow that way great: religious,
And that way good: my chief felicity
Is wealth the nurse of sensuality:
And he that mainly labours to be rich,
Must scratch great scabs, and claw a Strumpets itch. [*Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Piorato, *and* B[o]badilla, *with Letters.*

Pio. To s[a]y, Sir, I will wait upon your Lord,
Were not to understand my self.
Bob. To say Sir,
You will do any thing but wait upon him,
Were not to understand my Lord.
Pio. I'll meet him
Some half hour hence, and doubt not but to render
His Son a man again: the cure is easie,
I have done divers.
Bob. Women do ye mean, Sir?
Pio. Cures I do mean, Sir: be there but one spark
Of fire remaining in him unextinct,
With my discourse I'll blow it to a flame;
And with my practice into action:
I have had one so full of childish fear,

And womanish-hearted sent to my advice,
He durst not draw a knife to cut his meat.
Bob. And how Sir, did you help him?
Pio. Sir, I kept him
Seven daies in a dark room by a Candle-light,
A plenteous Table spread with all good meats,
Before his eyes, a Case of keen broad Knives,
Upon the board, and he so watch'd he might not
Touch the least modicum, unless he cut it:
And thus I brought him first to draw a knife.
Bob. Good.
Pio. Then for ten daies did I diet him
Only with burnt Pork, Sir, and gammons of Bacon;
A pill of Caveary now and then,
Which breeds choler adust you know.
Bob. 'Tis true.
Pio. And to purge phlegmatick humor, and cold crudities;
In all that time he drank me *Aqua-fortis*,
And nothing else but—
Bo[*b*]. *Aqua-vitæ* Signior,
For *Aqua-fortis* poisons.
Pio. *Aqua-fortis*
I say again: what's one man's poison, Signior,
Is anothers meat or drink.
Bob. Your patience, Sir;
By your good patience, h' had a huge cold stomach.
Pio. I fir'd it: and gave him then three sweats
In the Artillery-yard three drilling daies:
And now he'll shoot a Gun, and draw a Sword,
And fight with any man in *Christendom*.
Bob. A receipt for a coward: I'll be bold, Sir,
To write your good prescription.
Pio. Sir, hereafter
You shall, and underneath it put *probatum*:
Is your chain right?
Bob. 'Tis both right and just Sir;
For though I am a Steward, I did get it
With no mans wrong.
Pio. You are witty.
Bob. So, so.

Could you not cure one Sir, of being too rash
And over-daring? there now's my disease:
Fool-hardy as they say, for that in sooth,
I am.
Pio. Most easily.
Bob. How?
Pio. To make you drunk, Sir,
With small Beer once a day, and beat you twice,
Till you be bruis'd all over: if that help not,
Knock out your brains.
Bob. This is strong Physick Signior,
And never will agree with my weak body:
I find the medicine worse than the malady,
And therefore will remain fool-hardy still:
You'll come, Sir?
Pio. As I am a Gentleman.
Bob. A man o' th' Sword should never break his word.
Pio. I'll overtake you: I have only, Sir
A complimental visitation
To offer to a Mistriss lodg'd here by.
Bob. A Gentlewoman?
Pio. Yes Sir.
Bob. Fair, and comely?
Pio. Oh Sir, the Paragon, the Non-paril
Of *Sevil*, the most wealthy Mine of *Spain*,
For beauty, and perfection.
Bob. Say you so?
Might not a man entreat a c[u]rtesie,
To walk along with you Signior, to peruse
This dainty Mine, though not to dig in't Signior?
Hauh—I hope you'll not denie me, being a stranger;
Though I am a Steward, I am flesh and blood,
And frail as other men.
Pio. Sir, blow your nose:
I dare not for the world: no, she is kept
By a great Don, *Vitelli*.
Bob. How?
Pio. 'Tis true.
Bob. See, things will veer about: this Don *Vitelli*
Am I to seek now, to deliver Letters

From my young Mistriss *Clara*: and I tell you,
Under the Rose, because you are a stranger,
And my special friend, I doubt there is
A little foolish love betwixt the parties,
Unknown unto my Lord.
Pio. Happy discovery:
My fruit begins to ripen: hark you Sir,
I would not wish you now, to give those Letters:
But home, and ope this to *Madona Clara*,
Which when I come I'll justifie, and relate
More amply, and particularly.
Bob. I approve
Your counsel, and will practise it: *bazilos manos*:
Here's two chewres chewr'd: when wisdom is imploy'd
'Tis ever thus: your more acquaintance, Signior:
I say not better, least you think, I thought not
Yours good enough. [*Exit.*

Enter Alguazier.

Pio. Your servant excellent Steward.
Would all the Dons in *Spain* had no more brains,
Here comes the *Alguazier*: *dieu vous guard Monsieur.*
Is my Cuz stirring yet?
Alg. Your Cuz (good cosin?)
A whore is like a fool, a kin to all
The gallants in the Town: Your [C]uz, good Signior,
Is gone abroad; Sir, with her other Cosin,
My Lord *Vitelli*: since when there hath been
Some dozen Cosins here to enquire for her.
Pio. She's greatly ally'd Sir.
Alg. Marry is she, Sir,
Come of a lusty kindred: the truth is,
I must connive no more: no more admittance
Must I consent to; my good Lord has threatned me,
And you must pardon.
Pio. Out upon thee man,
Turn honest in thine age? one foot i'th' grave?
Thou shalt not wrong thy self so, for a million:
Look, thou three-headed *Cerberus* (for wit

I mean) here is one sop, and two, and three,
For every chop a bit.
Alg. I marry Sir:
Well, the poor heart loves you but too well.
We have been talking on you 'faith this hour:
Where, what I said, goe too: she loves your valour;
Oh, and your Musick most abominably:
She is within Sir, and alone: what mean you?
Pio. That is your Sergeants side, I take it Sir;
Now I endure your Constables much better;
There is less danger in't: for one you know
Is a tame harmless monster in the light,
The Sergeant salvage both by day, and night.
Alg. I'll call her to you for that.
Pio. No, I will charm her.

Enter Malroda.

Alg. She's come.
Pio. My Spirit.
Mal. Oh my Sweet,
Leap hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet.

SONG.

Pio. *Turn, turn thy beauteous face away,*
How pale and sickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams!
Oh envious light, fli, flie, begone,
Come night, and piece two breasts as one;
When what love does, we will repeat in dreams.
Yet (thy eyes open) who can day hence fright,
Let but their Lids fall, and it will be night.

Alg. Well, I will leave you to your fortitude;
And you to temperance: ah, ye pretty pair,
'Twere sin to sunder you. Lovers being alone
Make one of two, and day and [n]ight all one.
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the peace;
You know my place else. [*Exit.*
Mal. No, you will not marry:
You are a Courtier, and can sing (my Love)

And want no Mistrisses: but yet I care not,
I'll love you still; and when I am dead for you,
Then you'll believe my truth.
Pio. You kill me (fair)
It is my lesson that you speak: have I
In any circumstance deserv'd this doubt?
I am not like your false and perjur'd Don
That here maintains you, and has vow'd his faith,
And yet attempts in way of marriage
A Lady not far off.
Mal. How's that?
Pio. 'Tis so:
And therefore Mistriss, now the time is come
You may demand his promise; and I swear
To marry you with speed.
Mal. And with that Gold
Which Don *Vitelli* gives, you'll walk some voyage
And leave me to my Trade; and laugh, and brag,
How you o'er-reach'd a whore, and gull'd a Lord.
Pio. You anger me extreamly: fare you well.
What should I say to be believ'd? expose me
To any hazard; or like jealous *Juno*
(Th' incensed step-mother of *Hercules*)
Design me labours most impossible,
I'll doe 'em, or die in 'em; so at last
You will believe me.
Mal. Come, we are friends: I do,
I am thine, walk in: my Lord has sent me outsides,
But thou shalt have 'em, the colours are too sad:
Pio. 'Faith Mistriss, I want clothes indeed.
Mal. I have
Some Gold too, for my servant.
Pio. And I have
A better mettal for my Mistriss. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Vitelli *and* Alguazier, *at several doors.*

Alg. Undone—wit now or never help me: my Master

He will cut my throat, I am a dead Constable;
And he'll not be hang'd neither, there's the grief:
The party, Sir, is here.
Vit. What?
Alg. He was here;
I cry your Lordship mercy: but I ratled him;
I told him here was no companions
For such debauch'd, and poor condition'd fellows;
I bid him venture not so desperately
The cropping of his ears, slitting his nose,
Or being gelt.
Vit. 'Twas well done.
Alg. Please your honor,
I told him there were Stews, and then at last
Swore three or four great oaths she was remov'd,
Which I did think I might, in conscience,
Being for your Lordship.
Vit. What became of him?
Alg. Faith Sir, he went away with a flea in's ear,
Like a poor cur, clapping his trundle tail
Betwixt his legs.—*A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha*—now luck.

Enter Malroda *and* Piorato.

Mal. 'Tis he, do as I told thee: Bless thee Signior.
Oh, my dear Lord.
Vit. *Malroda*, what alone?
Mal. She never is alone, that is accompanied
With noble thoughts, my Lord; and mine are such,
Being only of your Lordship.
Vit. Pretty Lass.
Mal. Oh my good Lord, my Picture's done: but 'faith
It is not like; nay, this way Sir, the light
Strikes best upon it here.
Pio. Excellent wench. [*Exit.*
Alg. I am glad the danger's over. [*Exit.*
Vit. 'Tis wondrous like,
But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature
Could make but once.
Mal. All's clear; another tune

You must hear from me now: *Vitelli*, thou'rt
A most perfidious and a perjur'd man,
As ever did usurp Nobility.
Vit. What meanst thou *Mal*?
Mal. Leave your betraying smiles,
And change the tunes of your inticing tongues
To penitential prayers; for I am great
In labour, even with anger, big with child
Of womans rage, bigger than when my womb
Was pregnant by thee: go seducer, flie
Out of the world, let me the last wretch be
Dishonored by thee: touch me not, I loath
My very heart, because thou lay'st there long;
A woman's well help'd up, that's confident
In e'er a glittering outside on you all:
Would I had honestly been match'd to some
Poor Countrey-swain, e'er known the vanity
Of Court: peace then had been my portion,
Nor had been cozen'd by an hours pomp
To be a whore unto my dying day.
Vit. Oh the uncomfortable waies such women have,
Their different speech and meaning, no assurance
In what they say or do: Dissemblers
Even in their prayers, as if the weeping *Greek*
That flatter'd *Troy* a-fire, had been their Adam;
Lyers, as if their mother had been made
Only of all the falshood of the man,
Dispos'd into that rib: Do I know this,
And more: nay, all that can concern this Sex,
With the true end of my creation?
Can I with rational discourse sometimes
Advance my spirit into Heaven, before
'T has shook hands with my body, and yet blindly
Suffer my filthy flesh to master it,
With sight of such fair frail beguiling objects?
When I am absent, easily I resolve
Ne'er more to entertain those strong desires
That triumph o'er me, even to actual sin;
Yet when I meet again those sorcerers eies,
Their beams my hardest resolutions thaw,

As if that cakes of Ice and *July* met,
And her sighs powerful as the violent North,
Like a light feather twirl me round about
And leave me in mine own low state again.
What ayl'st thou? prethee weep not: Oh, those tears
If they were true, and rightly spent, would raise
A flow'ry spring i'th' midst of *January*:
Celestial Ministers with Chrystal cups
Would stoop to save 'em for immortal drink:
But from this passion; why all this?
Mal. Do ye ask?
You are marrying: having made me unfit
For any man, you leave me fit for all:
Porters must be my burthens now, to live,
And fitting me your self for Carts, and Beadles,
You leave me to 'em: And who of all the world
But the *virago*, your great Arch-foes daughter?
But on: I care not, this poor rush: 'twill breed
An excellent Comedy: ha, ha: 't makes me laugh:
I cannot choose: the best is, some report
It is a match for fear, not love o' your side.
Vit. Why how the devil knows she, that I saw
This Lady? are all whores, piec'd with some witch?
I will be merry, 'faith 'tis true, sweet heart,
I am to marry?
Mal. Are you? you base Lord,
By —— I'll pistol thee.
Vit. A roaring whore?
Take heed, there's a Correction-house hard by:
You ha' learn'd this o' your swordman, that I warn'd you of,
Your Fencers, and your drunkards: but whereas
You upbraid me with oaths, why I must tell you
I ne'er promis'd you marriage, nor have vow'd,
But said I lov'd you, long as you remain'd
The woman I expected, or you swore,
And how you have fail'd of that (sweet-heart) you know.
You fain would shew your power, but fare you well,
I'll keep no more faith with an infidel.
Mal. Nor I my bosome for a *Turk*: d' ye hear?
Goe, and the devil take me, if ever

I see you more: I was too true.
Vit. Come, pish:
That devil take the falsest of us two.
Mal. Amen.
Vit. You are an ill Clark; and curse your self:
Madness transports you: I confess, I drew you
Unto my Will: but you must know that must not
Make me doat on the habit of my sin.
I will, to settle you to your content,
Be master of my word: and yet he ly'd
That told you I was marrying, but in thought:
But will you slave me to your tyranny
So cruelly I shall not dare to look
Or speak to other women? make me not
Your smock's Monopolie: come, let's be friends:
Look, here's a Jewel for thee: I will come
At night, and—
Mal. What 'yfaith: you shall not, Sir.
Vit. 'Faith, and troth, and verily, but I will.
Mal. Half drunk, to make a noise, and rail?
Vit. No, no,
Sober, and dieted for the nonce: I am thine,
I have won the day.
Mal. The night (though) shall be mine. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Clara, *and* Bobadilla *with Letters.*

Cla. What said he, sirrah?
Bob. Little, or nothing: faith I saw him not,
Nor will not: he doth love a strumpet, Mistriss,
Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the Constables nose,
It shall be justified by the Gentleman
Your brothers Master that is now within
A practising: there are your Letters: come
You shall not cast your self away, while I live,
Nor will I venture my Right worshipful place
In such a business—here's your Mother, down:
And he that loves you: another 'gates fellow, I wish,
If you had any grace.

Enter Eugenia *and* Sayavedra.

Cla. Well rogue.
Bob. I'll in, to see Don *Lucio* manage, he'll make
A pretty piece of flesh, I promise you,
He does already handle his weapon finely. [*Exit.*
Eug. She knows your love, Sir, and the full allowance
Her Father and my self approve it with,
And I must tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought some impression by her alteration;
She sighs, and saies, forsooth, and cries heigh-ho,
She'll take ill words o' th' Steward, and the Servants,
Yet answer affably, and modestly:
Things Sir, not usual with her: there she is,
Change some few words.
Say. Madam, I am bound t'ye;
How now, fair Mistriss, working?
Cla. Yes forsooth,
Learning to live another day.
Say. That needs not.
Cla. No forsooth: by my truly but it does,
We kn[o]w not what we may come to.
Eug. 'Tis strange.
Say. Come, I ha begg'd leave for you to play.
Cla. Forsooth
'Tis ill for a fair Lady to be idle.
Say. She had better be well-busied, I know that.
Turtle: me thinks you mourn, shall I sit by you?
Cla. If you be weary, Sir, you had best be gone
(I work not a true stitch) now you're my mate.
Say. If I be so, I must do more than side you.
Cla. Ev'n what you will, but tread me.
Say. Shall we bill?
Cla. Oh no, forsooth.
Say. Being so fair, my *Clara*,
Why d'ye delight in Black-work?
Cla. Oh White Sir,
The fairest Ladies like the blackest men:
I ever lov'd the colour: all black things
Are least subject to change.

Say. Why, I do love
A black thing too: and the most beauteous faces
Have oftnest of them: as the blackest eyes,
Jet-arched brows, such hair: I'll kiss your hand.
Cla. 'Twill hinder me my work Sir: and my Mother
Will chide me, if I do not do my taske.
Say. Your Mother, nor your Father shall chide: you
Might have a prettier taske, would you be rul'd,
And look with open eyes.
Cla. I stare upon you:
And broadly see you, a wondrous proper man,
Yet 'twere a greater taske for me to love you
Than I shall ever work Sir, in seven year,
—O' this stitching, I had rather feel
Two, than sow one:—this rogue h' as given me a stitch
Clean cross my heart: [good faith sir: I shall prick you.
Say. In gooder faith, I would prick you againe.
Cla.] Now you grow troublesome: pish, the man is foolish.
Say. Pray wear these trifles.
Cla. Neither you, nor trifles,
You are a trifle, wear your self, Sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.
Say. Come; you're deceiv'd in me, I will not wake,
Nor fast, nor dye for you.
Cla. Goose, be not you deceiv'd,
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,
Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.
Eug. Her old fit.
Say. Sure this is not the way, nay, I will break
Your melancholly.
Cla. I shall break your pate then,
Away, you sanguine scabbard.
Eug. Out upon thee
Thou'lt break my heart, I am sure.

Enter Alvarez, Piorato, Lucio, *and* Bobadilla.

Say. She's not yet tame.
Alv. On Sir; put home: or I shall goad you here
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:
Oh, the brave age is gone; in my young daies

A *Chevalier* would stock a needle[s] point
Three times together: strait i' th' hams?
Or shall I give ye new Garters?
Bob. Faith old Master.
There's little hope: the linnen sure was danck
He was begot in, he's so faint, and cold: [2 *Torches ready.*]
Ev'n send him to *Toledo*, there to study,
For he will never fadge with these *Toledos*;
Bear ye up your point there; pick his teeth: Oh base.
Pio. Fie: you are the most untoward Scholar: bear
Your body gracefully: what a posture's there?
You lie too open-breasted.
Luc. Oh!
Pio. You'ld never
Make a good States-man:
Luc. Pray no more.
I hope to breathe in peace, and therefore need not
The practise of these dangerous qualities,
I do not mean to live by't; for I trust
You'll leave me better able.
Alv. Not a Button:
Let's goe get us a new heir.
Eug. I by my troth: your daughter's as untoward.
Alv. I will break thee bone by bone, and bake thee,
E'r I'll ha' such a wooden Son to inherit:
Take him a good knock; see how that will work.
Pio. Now, for your life Signior:
Luc. Oh: alas, I am kill'd
My eye is out: look Father: *Zancho*:
I'll play the fool no more thus, that I will not.
Cla. 'Heart: ne'r a rogue in *Spain* shall wrong my brother
Whilst I can hold a sword.
Pio. Hold Madam, Madam.
Alv. *Clara.*
Eug. Daughter.
Bo[*b*]. Mistress.
Pio. *Bradamante.*
Hold, hold I pray.
Alv. The devil's in her, o'the other side sure,
There's Gold for you: they have chang'd what ye calt's:

Will no cure help? well I have one experiment,
And if that fail, I'll hang him, then here's an end on't.
Come you along with me: and you Sir: [*Exeunt.*

Bob. Now are you going to drowning. *Alv. Eug. Luc.*

Say. I'll ev'n along with ye: she's too great a Lady *Bob.*
For me, and would prove more then my match. [*Exit.*

Cla. You'r he spoke of *Vitelli* to the Stewerd:

Pio. Yes, and I thank you, you have beat me for't.

Cla. But are you sure you do not wrong him?

Pio. Sure?
So sure, that if you please venture your self
I'll shew you him, and his Cokatrice together,
And you shall hear 'em talk.

Cla. Will you? by —— Sir
You shall endear me ever: and I ask
You mercy.

Pio. You were somewhat boystrous. (pains,

Cla. There's Gold to make you amends: and for this
I'll gratifie you farther: I'll but masque me
And walk along with ye: faith let's make a night on't. [*Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza, Metaldi, Lazarillo.

Alg. Come on my brave water-Spaniels, you that hunt Ducks in the night: and hide more knavery under your gownes than your betters: observe my precepts, and edifie by my doctrine: at yond corner will I set you; if drunkards molest the street, and fall to brabling, knock you down the malefactors, and take you up their cloaks and hats, and bring them to me: they are lawful prisoners, and must be ransom'd ere they receive liberty: what else you are to execute upon occasion, you sufficiently know, and therefore I abbreviate my Lecture.

Met. We are wise enough, and warm enough.

Men. Vice this night shall be apprehended.

Pach. The terror of rug-gownes shall be known: and Discharge us of after recknings. (our bil[s]

Laz. I will do any thing, so I may eat.

Pach. *Lazarillo*, We will spend no more; now we are grown worse, we will live better: let us follow our calling faithfully. (and who

Alg. Away, then the Common-wealth is our Mistress: Would serve a common Mistress, but to gain by her? [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Vitelli, Lamorall, Genevora, Anastro, *and two Pages with lights.*

Lam. I pray you see the Masque, my Lord.

Ana. 'Tis early night yet.

Gen. O if it be so late, take me along:
I would not give advantage to ill tongues
To tax my being here, without your presence
To be my warrant.

Vit. You might spare this, Sister,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is
By your allowance, and his choice, your Servant,
And may my councel and perswasion work it,
Your husband speedily: For your entertainment
My thanks; I will not rob you of the means
To do your Mistriss some acceptable service
In waiting on her to my house.

Gen. My Lord.

Vit. As you respect me, without farther trouble
Retire, and tast those pleasures prepar'd for you,
And leave me to my own ways.

Lam. When you please Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Malroda, *and* Alguazier.

Mal. You'll leave my Chamber?

Alg. Let us but bill once,
My Dove, my Sparrow, and I, with my office
Will be thy slaves for ever.

Mal. Are you so hot?

Alg. But tast the difference of a man in place,
You'l find that when authority pricks him forward,

Your *Don*, nor yet your *Diego* comes not near him
To do a Lady right: no men pay dearer
For their stoln sweets, than we: three minutes trading
Affords to any [si]nner a protection
For three years after: think on that, I burn;
But one drop of your bounty.
Mal. Hence you Rogue,
Am I fit for you? is't not grace sufficient
To have your staff, a bolt to bar the door
Where a *Don* enters, but that you'l presume
To be his taster?
Alg. Is no more respect
Due to [t]his rod of justice?
Mal. Do you dispute?
Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,
—If you do, my Lord *Vitelli* knows it.
Alg. Why I am big enough to answer him,
Or any man.
Mal. 'Tis well. [Vitelli *within.*
Vit. Malroda.
Alg. How?
Mal. You know the voice, and now crowch like a Cur,
Tane worrying sheep: I now could have you guelded
For a Bawd rampant: but on this submission
For once I spare you.
Alg. I will be reveng'd—
My honorable Lord.

Enter Vitel.

Vit. There's for thy care.
Alg. I am mad, stark mad: proud Pagan scorn her host?
I would I were but valiant enough to kick her,

Enter Piorato, *and* Clara *above.*

I'l[d] wish no manhood else.
Mal. What's that?
Alg. I am gone. [*Exit.*
Pio. You see I have kept my word.
Cla. But in this object
Hardly deserv'd my thanks.

Pio. Is there ought else
You will command me?
Cla. Only your sword
Which I must have: nay willingly I yet know
To force it, and to use it.
Pio. 'Tis yours Lady.
Cla. I ask no other guard.
Pio. If so I leave you:
And now, if that the Constable keep his word,
A poorer man may chance to gull a Lord. [*Exit.*
Mal. By this good —— you shall not.
Vit. By this ——
I must, and will, *Malroda*; What do you make
A stranger of me?
Mal. I'll be so to you,
And you shall find it.
Vit. These are your old arts
T'endear the game you know I come to hunt for,
Which I have born too coldly.
Mal. Do so still,
For if I heat you, hang me.
Vit. If you do not
I know who'll starve for't: why, thou shame of women,
Whose folly, or whose impudence is greater
Is doubtful to determine; this to me
That know thee for a whore.
Mal. And made me one,
Remember that.
Vit. Why should I but grow wise
And tye that bounty up, which nor discretion
Nor honor can give way to; thou wouldst be
A Bawd e're twenty, and within a Month
A barefoot, lowzie, and diseased whore,
And shift thy lodgings oftner than a rogue
That's whipt from post to post.
Mal. Pish: all our Colledge
Know you can rail well in this kind.
Cla. For me
He never spake so well.
Vit. I have maintain'd thee

The envy of great fortunes, made thee shine
As if thy name were glorious : stuck thee full
Of jewels, as the firmament of Stars,
And in it made thee so remarkable
That it grew questionable, whether virtue poor,
Or vice so set forth as it is in thee,
Were even by modesties self to be preferr'd,
And am I thus repaid ?

Mal. You are still my debtor ;
Can this (though true) be weigh'd with my lost honor,
Much less my faith ? I have liv'd private to you,
And but for you, had ne'r known what lust was,
Nor what the sorrow for't.

Vit. 'Tis false.

Mal. 'Tis true,
But how return'd by you, thy whole life being
But one continued act of lust, and Shipwrack
Of womens chastities.

Vit. But that I know
That she that dares be damn'd, dares any thing,
I should admire thy tempting me : but presume not
On the power you think you hold o're my affections,
It will deceive you : yield, and presently
Or by the inflamed blood, which thou must quench
I'll make a forcible entry.

Mal. Touch me not :
You know I have a throat, —— if you do
I will cry out a rape, or sheath this here,
Ere I'll be kept, and us'd for Julip-water
T'allay the heat which lushious meats and wine
And not desire hath rais'd.

Vit. A desperate devil,
My blood commands my reason ; I must take
Some milder way.

Mal. I hope (dear *Don*) I fit you.
The night is mine, although the day was yours
You are not fasting now : this speeding trick
Which I would as a principle leave to all,
That make their maintenance out of their own *Indies*,
As I do now ; my good old mother taught me,

Daughter, quoth she, contest not with your lover
His stomach being empty ; let wine heat him,
And then you may command him : 'tis a sure one:
His looks shew he is coming.
Vit. Come this needs not,
Especially to me : you know how dear
I ever have esteemed you.
Cla. Lost again.
Vit. That any sight of yours, hath power to change
My strongest resolution, and one tear
Sufficient to command a pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all mankind
Should kneel in vain for.
Mal. Pray you pardon those
That need your favor, or desire it.
Vit. Prethee.
Be better temper'd : I'll pay as a forfeit
For my rash anger, this purse fil'd with Gold.
Thou shalt have servants, gowns, attires, what not ?
Only continue mine.
Mal. 'Twas this I fish'd for.
Vit. Look on me, and receive it.
Mal. Well, you know
My gentle nature, and take pride t'abuse it:
You see a trifle pleases me, we are friends ;
This kiss, and this confirms it.
Cla. With my ruine.
Mal. I'll have this diamond, and this pearl.
Vit. They are yours.
Mal. But will you not, when you have what you came for,
Take them from me to morrow ? 'tis a fashion
Your Lords of late have us'd.
Vit. But I'll not follow.
Cla. That any man at such a rate as this
Should pay for his repentance.
Vit. Shall we to bed now ?
Mal. Instantly, Sweet ; yet now I think on't better
There's something first that in a word or two
I must acquaint you with.
Cla. Can I cry ay me,

To this against my self? I'll break this match,
Or make it stronger with my blood. [*Descends.*

Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pacchieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, *&c.*

Alg. I am yours.
A *Don*'s not priviledg'd here more than your self,
Win her, and wear her.
Pio. Have you a Priest ready?
Alg. I have him for thee, Lad; and when I have
Married this scornful whore to this poor gallant,
She will make suit to me; there is a trick
To bring a high-pris'd wench upon her knees:
For you my fine neat *Harpyes* stretch your tallons
And prove your selves true night-Birds.
Pach. Take my word
For me and all the rest.
Laz. If there be meat
Or any banquet stirring, you shall see
How I'll bestow my self.
Alg. When they are drawn,
Rush in upon 'em: all's fair prize you light on:
I must away: your officer may give way
To the Knavery of his watch, but must not see it.
You all know where to find me. [*Exit.*
Met. There look for us.
Vit. Who's that?
Mal. My *Piorato*, welcome, welcome:
Faith had you not come when you did my Lord
Had done I know not what to me.
Vit. I am gul'd,
First cheated of my Jewels, and then laug[h]'d at:
Sirha, what makes you here?
Pio. A business brings me,
More lawful than your own.
Vit. How's that, you slave?
Mal. He's such, that would continue her a whore
Whom he would make a wife of.
Vit. I'll tread upon
The face you doat on, strumpet.

Enter Clara.

Pach. Keep the peace there.
Vit. A plot upon my life too?
Met. Down with him.
Cla. Show your old valor, and learn from a woman;
One Eagle has a world of odds against
A flight of Dawes, as these are.
Pio. Get you off,
I'll follow instantly.
Pach. Run for more help there. [*Exeunt all but Vit. and*
Vit. Loss of my gold, and jewels, and the wench too (*Clara.*
Afflicts me not so much, as th'having *Clara*
The witness of my weakness.
Cla. He turns from me,
And yet I may urge merit, since his life
Is made my second gift.
Vit. May I ne'r prosper
If I know how to thank her.
Cla. Sir, your pardon
For pressing thus beyond a Virgins bounds
Upon your privacies: and let my being
Like to a man, as you are, be th'excuse
Of my solliciting that from you, which shall not
Be granted on my part, although desir'd
By any other: Sir, you understand me,
And 'twould shew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a farther boldness, which I must
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Though with my loss of blushes and good name.
Vit. Madam, I know your will, and would be thankful
If it were possible I could affect
The daughter of an enemy.
Cla. That fair false one
Whom with fond dotage you have long pursu'd
Had such a father: she to whom you pay
Dearer for your dishonor, than all titles
Ambitious men hunt for, are worth.
Vit. 'Tis truth.

Cla. Yet, with her, as a friend you still exchange
Health for diseases, and, to your disgrace,
Nourish the rivals to your present pleasures,
At your own charge, us'd as a property
To give a safe protection to her lust,
Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.

Vit. Grant all this so, to take you for a wife
Were greater hazard; for should I offend you
(As 'tis not easy still to please a woman)
You are of so great a spirit, that I must learn
To wear your petticoat, for you will have
My breeches from me.

Cla. Rather from this hour
I here abjure all actions of a man,
And will esteem it happiness from you
To suffer like a woman: love, true love
Hath made a search within me, and expell'd
All but my natural softness, and made perfect
That which my parents care could not begin.
I will show strength in nothing, but my duty,
And glad desire to please you, and in that
Grow every day more able.

Vit. Could this be,
What a brave race might I beget? I find
A kind of yielding; and no reason why
I should hold longer out: she's young, and fair,
And chast; for sure, but with her leave, the Devil
Durst not attempt her: Madam, though you have
A Soldiers arm, your lips appear as if
They were a Ladies.

Cla. They dare Sir, from you
Endure the tryal.

Vit. Ha: once more I pray you:
The best I ever tasted; and 'tis said
I have prov'd many, 'tis not safe I fear
To ask the rest now: well, I will leave whoring
And luck herein send me with her: worthiest Lady,
I'll wait upon you home, and by the way
(If ere I marry, as I'll not forswear it)
Tell you, you are my wife.

Cla. Which if you do,
From me all man-kind women, learn to woe. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo.

Alg. A cloak? good purchase, and rich hangers? well,
We'll share ten Pistolets a man.
Laz. Yet still
I am monstrous hungry: could you not deduct
So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase
Eight loynes of Veal, and some two dozen of Capons?
Pach. O strange proportion for five.
Laz. For five? I have
A legion in my stomach that have kept
Perpetual fast these ten years: for the Capons,
They are to me but as so many black Birds:
May I but eat once, and be satisfied,
Let the fates call me, when my ship is fraught,
And I shall hang in peace.
Alg. Steal well to night,
And thou shalt feed to morrow; so now you are
Your selves again, I'll raise another watch
To free you from suspition: set on any
You meet with boldly: I'll not be far off,
T'assist you, and protect you. [*Exit.*
Met. O brave officer.

Enter Alvarez, Lucio, Bobadilla.

Pach. Would every ward had one but so well given,
And we would watch, for rug, in gowns of velvet.
Mend. Stand close, a prize.
Met. Satten, and gold Lace, Lads.
Alv. Why do'st thou hang upon me?
Luc. 'Tis so dark
I dare not see my way: for heaven sake father
Let us go home.
Bob. No, ev'n here we'll leave you:
Let's run away from him, my Lord.
Luc. Oh 'las.

Alv. Thou hast made me mad: and I will beat thee dead,
Then bray thee in a morter, and new mold thee,
But I will alter thee.
Bob. 'Twil never be:
He has been three days practising to drink,
Yet still he sips like to a waiting woman,
And looks as he were murdering of a fart
Among wild Irish swaggerers.
Luc. I have still
Your good word, *Zancho*, father.
Alv. Milk-sop, coward;
No house of mine receives thee: I disclaim thee,
Thy mother on her knees shall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee.
Luc. Pray you speak for me.
Bo[*b*]. I would; but now I cannot with mine honor.
Alv. There's only one course left, that may redeem thee,
Which is, to strike the next man that you meet,
And if we chance to light upon a woman,
Take her away, and use her like a man,
Or I will cut thy hamstrings.
Pach. This makes for us.
Alv. What do'st thou do now?
Luc. Sir, I am saying my prayers;
For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

Enter Lamorall, Genevora, Anastro, *and Pages with Lights.*

Lam. Madam, I fear
You'll wish you had us'd your coach: your brothers house
Is yet far off.
Gen. The better sir: this walk
Will help digestion after your great supper,
Of which I have fed largely.
Alv. To your task,
Or else you know what follows:
Luc. I am dying:
Now Lord have mercy on me: by your favor,
Sir I must strike you.

Lam. For what cause?
Luc. I know not:
And I must likewise talk with that young Lady,
An hour in private.
Lam. What you must, is doubtful,
But I am certain Sir, I must beat you.
Luc. Help, help.
Alv. Not strike again?
Lam. How, *Alvarez*?
An. This for my Lord *Vitellis* love.
Pach. Break out,
And like true theeves, make prey on either side,
But seem to help the stranger.
Bob. Oh my Lord,
They have beat him on his knees.
Luc. Though I want courage:
I yet have a sons duty in me, and
Compassion of a fathers danger; that,
That wholly now possesses me.
Alv. Lucio.
This is beyond my hope.
Met. So *Lazarillo*,
Take up all boy: well done.
Pach. And now steal off
Closely and cunningly.
An. How? have I found you?
Why Gentlemen, are you mad, to make your selves
A prey to Rogues?
Lam. Would we were off.
Bob. Theeves, theeves.
Lam. Defer our own contention: and down with them.
Luc. I'll make you sure.
Bob. Now he plays the Devil.
Gen. This place is not for me. [*Exit.*
Luc. I'll follow her
Half of my pennance is past oe'r. [*Exit.*

Enter Alguazier, Assistant, *and other Watches.*

Alg. What noyse?
What tumult's there? keep the Kings peace I charge you.

Pach. I am glad he's come yet.
Alv. O, you keep good Guard
Upon the City, when men of our ranck
Are set upon in the streets.
Lam. The assistants
Shall hear on't be assur'd.
An. And if he be
That careful Governor he is reported,
You will smart for it.
Alg. Patience, good Signiors:
Let me survey the Rascals: O, I know them,
And thank you for them: they are pilf'ring rogues
Of *Andaluza* that have perus'd
All Prisons in *Castile*: I dare not trust
The dungeon with them: no, I'll have them home
To my own house.
Pach. We had rather go to prison.
Alg. Had you so dog-bolts? yes, I know you had:
You there would use your cunning fingers on
The simple locks; you would: but I'll prevent you.
Lam. My Mistriss lost, good night. [*Exit.*
Bob. Your Son's gone too,
What should become of him?
Alv. Come of him, what will:
Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to bed,
Look to your prisoners *Alguazier.* [*Exit with Boba.*
Alg. All's clear'd:
Droop not for one disaster: let us hug,
And triumph in our knaveries.
Assist. This confirms
What was reported of him.
Met. 'Twas done bravely.
Alg. I must a little glory in the means
We Officers have, to play the Knaves, and safely:
How we break through the toyles, pitch'd by the Law,
Yet hang up them that are far less delinquents:
A simple shopkeeper's carted for a bawd
For lodging (though unwittingly) a smock-Gamster:
Where, with rewards, and credit I have kept
Malroda in my house, as in a cloyster,

Without taint, or suspition.
Pach. But suppose
The Governor should know't?
Alg. He? good Gentleman,
Let him perplex himself with prying into
The measures in the market, and th'abuses
The day stands guilty of: the pillage of the night
Is only mine, mine own fee simple;
Which you shall hold from me, tenants at will,
And pay no rent for't.
Pach. Admirable Landlord.
Alg. Now we'll go search the Taverns, commit such
As we find drinking: and be drunk our selves
With what we take from them: these silly wretches
Whom I for form sake only have brought hither
Shall watch without, and guard us.
Assist. And we will
See you safe lodg'd, most worthy *Alguazier*,
With all of you his comrads.
Met. 'Tis the Governor.
Alg. We are betray'd?
Assist. My guard there; bind them fast:
How men in high place and authority
Are in their lives and estimations wrong'd
By their subordinate Ministers! yet such
They cannot but imploy: wrong'd justice finding
Scarce one true servant in ten officers.
'T'expostulate with you, were but to delay
Your crimes due punishment, which shall fall upon you
So speedily, and severely, that it shall
Fright others by th'example: and confirm
How ever corrupt Officers may disgrace
Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their place
Bring them away.
Alg. We'll suffer nobly yet,
And like to *Spanish* Gallants.
Pach. And we'll hang so.
Laz. I have no stomach to it: but I'll endeavor.
[*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Lucio, *and* Genevora.

Gen. Nay you are rude; pray you forbear, you offer now
More than the breeding of a Gentleman
Can give you warrant for.
Luc. 'Tis but to kiss you,
And think not I'll receive that for a favour
Which was enjoyn'd me for a pennance, Lady.
Gen. You have met a gentle confessor, and for once
(So then you will rest satisfied) I vouchsafe it.
Luc. Rest satisfied with a kiss? why can a man
Desire more from a woman? is there any
Pleasure beyond it? may I never live
If I know what it is.
Gen. Sweet Innocence.
Luc. What strange new motions do I feel? my veins
Burn with an unknown fire: in every part
I suffer alteration: I am poyson'd,
Yet languish with desire again to tast it,
So sweetly it works on me.
Gen. I ne'r saw
A lovely man, till now.
Luc. How can this be?
She is a woman, as my mother is,
And her I have kiss'd often, and brought off
My lips unscortch'd; yours are more lovely, Lady,
And so should be less hurtful: pray you vouchsafe
Your hand to quench the heat tane from your Lip,
Perhaps that may restore me.
Gen. Willingly.
Luc. The flame increases: if to touch you, burn thus,
What would more strict embraces do? I know not,
And yet methinks to die so, were to ascend
To heaven, through Paradise.
Gen. I am wounded too,
Though modesty forbids that I should speak
What ignorance makes him bold in: why do you fix
Your eyes so strongly on me?

Luc. Pray you stand still,
There is nothing else, that is worth the looking on:
I could adore you, Lady.
Gen. Can you love me?
Luc. To wait on you, in your chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made divine,
Were such a happiness. I am resolved,
I'll sell my liberty to you for this glove,
And write my self your slave.

Enter Lamorall.

Gen. On easier terms,
Receive it as a friend.
Lam. How! giving favor!
I'll have it with his heart.
Gen. What will you do?
Luc. As you are merciful, take my life rather.
Gen. Will you depart with't so?
Lam. Do's that grieve you?
Gen. I know not: but even now you appear valiant.
Luc. 'Twas to preserve my father: in his cause
I could be so again. (enemy?
Gen. Not in your own? Kneel to thy Rival and thine
Away unworthy creature, I begin
To hate my self, for giving entrance to
A good opinion of thee: for thy torment,
If my poor beauty be of any power,
Mayst thou doat on it desperately: but never
Presume to hope for grace, till thou recover
And wear the favor that was ravish'd from thee.
Lam. He wears my head too then.
Gen. Poor fool, farewell. [*Exit.*
Luc. My womanish soul, which hitherto hath govern'd
This coward flesh, I feel departing from me;
And in me by her beauty is inspir'd
A new, and masculine one: instructing me
What's fit to do or suffer; powerful love
That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing thunder
Rous'd sleeping manhood in me, thy new creature,

Perfect thy work so that I may make known
Nature (though long kept back) will have her own. [*Exeunt.*

Actus V. Scæna Prima.

Enter Lamorall *and* Lucio.

Lam. Can it be possible, that in six short hours
The subject still the same, so many habits
Should be remov'd? or this new *Lucio*, he
That yesternight was baffeld and disgrac'd,
And thank'd the man that did it, that then kneeld
And blubber'd like a woman, should now dare
On terms of honor seek reparation
For what he then appear'd not capable of?
Luc. Such miracles, men that dare do injuries
Live to their shames to see, and for punishment
And scourge to their proud follies.
Lam. Prethee leave me:
Had I my Page, or foot-man here to flesh thee,
I durst the better hear thee.
Luc. This scorn needs not:
And offer such no more.
Lam. Why say I should,
You'll not be angry?
Luc. Indeed I think I shall,
Would you vouchsafe to shew your self a Captain,
And lead a little farther, to some place
That's less frequented.
Lam. He looks pale.
Luc. If not,
Make use of this.
Lam. There's anger in his eyes too:
His gesture, voyce, behaviour, all new fashion'd;
Well, if it does endure in act the triall
Of what in show it promises to make good,
Ulysses Cyclops, *Io's* transformation,
Eurydice fetch from Hell, with all the rest
Of *Ovids* Fables, I'll put in your Creed;
And for proof, all incredible things may be,

Write down that *Lucio*, the coward *Lucio*,
The womanish *Lucio* fought.
Luc. And *Lamorall*,
The still imploy'd great duellist *Lamorall*,
Took his life from him.
Lam. 'Twill not come to that sure:
Methinks the only drawing of my Sword
Should fright that confidence.
Luc. It confirms it rather.
To make which good, know you stand now oppos'd
By one that is your Rival, one that wishes
Your name and title greater, to raise his;
The wrong you did, less pardonable than it is,
But your strength to defend it, more than ever
It was when justice friended it. The Lady
For whom we now contend, *Genevora*
Of more desert, (if such incomparable beauty
Could suffer an addition) your love
To Don *Vitelli* multipli'd, and your hate
Against my father and his house increas'd;
And lastly, that the Glove which you there wear,
To my dishonour, (which I must force from you)
Were dearer to you than your life.
Lam. You'l find
It is, and so I'll guard it:
Luc. All these must meet then
With the black infamy, to be foyl'd by one
That's not allowd a man: to help your valor,
That falling by your hand, I may, or dye,
Or win in this one single opposition
My Mistriss, and such honor as I may
Inrich my fathers Arms with.
Lam. 'Tis said Nobly;
My life with them are at the stake.
Luc. At all then. [*Fight.*
Lam. She's yours, this and my life too follow your fortune,
And give not only back that part, the looser
Scorns to accept of—
Luc. What's that?
Lam. My poor life,

Which do not leave me as a farther torment,
Having dispoil'd me of my Sword, mine honor,
Hope of my Ladies grace, fame, and all else
That made it worth the keeping.
Luc. I take back
No more from you, than what you forc'd from me;
And with a worser title: yet think not
That I'll dispute this, as made insolent
By my success, but as one equal with you,
If so you will accept me; that new courage,
Or call it fortune if you please, that is
Conferr'd upon me by the only sight
Of fair *Genevora*, was not bestow'd on me
To bloody purposes: nor did her command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her
But till I did redeem her favor from you;
Which only I rejoyce in, and share with you
In all you suffer else.
Lam. This curtesie
Wounds deeper than your Sword can, or mine own;
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me.
Luc. The barbarous Turk is satisfied with spoil;
And shall I, being possest of what I came for,
Prove the more Infidel?
Lam. You were better be so,
Than publish my disgrace, as 'tis [t]he custom,
And which I must expect.
Luc. Judge better on me:
I have no tongue to trumpet mine own praise
To your dishonor: 'tis a bastard courage
That seeks a name out that way, no true born one;
Pray you be comforted, for by all goodness
But to her virtuous self, the best part of it,
I never will discover on what terms
I came by these: which yet I take not from you,
But leave you in exchange of them, mine own,
With the desire of being a friend; which if
You will not grant me, but on farther trial
Of manhood in me, seek me when you please,
(And though I might refuse it with mine honor)

Win them again, and wear them: so good morrow. [*Exit.*
Lam. I ne'r knew what true valor was till now;
And have gain'd more by this disgrace, than all
The honors I have won: they made me proud,
Presumptuous of my fortune; a mere beast,
Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do:
Yielding no reasons for my wilful actions
But what I stuck on my Swords point, presuming
It was the best Revenew. How unequal
Wrongs well maintain'd makes us to others, which
Ending with shame teach us to know our selves,
I will think more on't.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. Lamorall.
Lam. My Lord?
Vit. I came to seek you.
Lam. And unwillingly;
You ne'r found me t[i]ll now: your pleasure Sir?
Vit. That which will please thee friend: thy vowd love to me
Shall now be put in action: means is offer'd
To use thy good Sword for me; that which still
Thou wearst, as if it were a part of thee.
Where is it?
Lam. 'Tis chang'd for one more fortunate:
Pray you enquire not how.
Vit. Why, I ne'r thought
That there was musick in't, but ascribe
The fortune of it to the arm.
Lam. Which is grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your friendship: I am one new vanquish'd,
Yet shame to tell by whom.
Vit. But I'll tell thee
'Gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeem
Thy honor lost, if there be any such:
The King, by my long suit, at length is pleas'd
That *Alvarez* and my self, with eithers Second,
Shall end the difference between our houses,
Which he accepts of, I make choice of thee;
And where you speak of a disgrace, the means

To blot it out, by such a publick trial
Of thy approved valor, will revive
Thy antient courage. If you imbrace it do;
If not, I'll seek some other.
Lam. As I am
You may command me.
Vit. Spoke like that true friend
That loves not only for his private end. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Genevora, *with a Letter and* Bobadilla.

Gen. This from *Madona Clara*?
Bob. Yes, an't please you.
Gen. *Alvarez* daughter?
Bob. The same, Lady.
Gen. She,
That sav'd my brothers life?
Bob. You are still in the right,
She wil'd me wait your walking forth: and knowing
How necessary a discreet wise man
Was in a business of such weight, she pleas'd
To think on me: it may be in my face
Your Ladyship, not acquainted with my wisdom,
Finds no such matter: what I am, I am;
Thought's free, and think you what you please.
Gen. 'Tis strange.
Bob. That I should be wise, Madam?
Gen. No, thou art so;
There's for thy pains: and prethee tell thy Lady
I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive
Thy thanks and duty in thy present absence:
Farewell, farewell, I say, now thou art wise. [*Exit Bob.*
She writes here, she hath something to impart
That may concern my brothers life; I know not,
But general fame does give her out so worthy,
That I dare not suspect her: yet wish *Lucio*,

Enter Lucio.

Were Master of her mind: but fie upon't;

Why do I think on him? see, I am punish'd for it,
In his unlook'd for presence: Now I must
Endure another tedious piece of Courtship,
Would make one forswear curtesie.
Luc. Gracious Madam,
The sorrow paid for your just anger towards me
Arising from my weakness, I presume
To press into your presence, and despair not
An easie pardon.
Gen. He speaks sence: oh strange.
Luc. And yet believe, that no desire of mine,
Though all are too strong in me, had the power
For their delight, to force me to infringe
What you commanded, it being in your part
To [l]essen your great rigor when you please,
And mine to suffer with an humble patience
What you'l impose upon it.
Gen. Courtly too.
Luc. Yet hath the poor, and contemn'd *Lucio*, Madam,
(Made able only by his hope to serve you)
Recover'd what with violence, not justice,
Was taken from him: and here at your feet
With these, he could have laid the conquer'd head
Of *Lamorall* ('tis all I say of him)
For rudely touching that, which as a relique
I ever would have worship'd, since 'twas yours.
Gen. Valiant, and every thing a Lady could
Wish in her servant.
Luc. All that's good in me,
That h[e]avenly love, the opposite to base lust,
Which would have all men worthy, hath created;
Which being by your beams of beauty form'd,
Cherish as your own creature.
Gen. I am gone
Too far now to dissemble: rise, or sure
I must kneel with you too: let this one kiss
Speak the rest for me: 'tis too much I do,
And yet, if chastity would, I could wish more.
Luc. In overjoying me, you are grown sad;
What is it Madam? by ——

There's nothing that's within my nerves (and yet
Favour'd by you, I should as much as man)
But when you please, now or on all occasions
You can think of hereafter, but you may
Dispose of at your pleasure.
Gen. If you break
That oath again, you loose me. Yet so well
I love you, I shall never put you to't;
And yet forget it not: rest satisfied
With that you have receiv'd now: there are eyes
May be upon us, till the difference
Between our friends are ended: I would not
Be seen so private with you.
Luc. I obey you.
Gen. But let me hear oft from you, and remember
I am *Vitellies* Sister.
Luc. What's that Madam?
Gen. Nay nothing, fare you well: who feels loves fire,
Would ever ask to have means to desire. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Assistente, Sayavedra, Anastro, Herald, Attendants.

Assis. Are they come in?
H[*e*]*r.* Yes.
Assis. Read the Proclamation,
That all the people here assembled may
Have satisfaction, what the Kings dear love,
In care of the Republick, hath ordained;
Attend with silence: read aloud.

Herald Reads.

F*Orasmuch as our high and mighty Master*, Philip, *the potent and most Catholick King of* Spain, *hath not only in his own Royal person, been long, and often sollicited, and grieved, with the deadly and* [*uncurable*] *hatred, sprung up betwixt the two antient and most* [*honorable*] *descended Houses of these his two dearly and equally beloved Subjects*, Don Ferdinando de Alvarez, *and* Don

Pedro de Vitelli: *(all which in vain his Majesty hath often endeavored to reconcile and qualifie:) But that also through the debates, quarrels, and outrages daily arising, falling, and flowing from these great heads, his publick civil Government is seditiously and barbarously molested and wounded, and many of his chief Gentry (no less tender to his Royal Majesty then the very branches of his own sacred blood) spoyld, lost, and submerged, in the impious inundation and torrent of their still-growing malice: It hath therefore pleased His sacred Majesty, out of his infinite affection to preserve his Common-wealth, and general peace, from farther violation, (as a sweet and heartily loving father of his people) and on the earnest petitions of these arch-enemies, to Order, and ordain, that they b*[*e*]* ready, each with his well-chosen and beloved friend, armed at all points like Gentlemen, in the Castle of* St. Jago, *on this present Monday morning betwixt eight and nine of the clock, where (before the combattants be allowed to commence this granted Duel) This to be read aloud for the publick satisfaction of his Majesties well bel*[*o*]*ved Subjects.*

'Save the King. [*Drums within.*

Say. Hark their Drums speak their insatiate thirst
Of blood, and stop their ears 'gainst pious peace,
Who gently whispering, implores their friendship!

Assis. Kings nor authority can master fate;
Admit 'em then, and blood extinguish hate.

Enter severally, Alvarez, and Lucio, Vitelli *and* Lamora[l].

Say. Stay, yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring
Wherein men now adaies exceed even beasts,
And think themselves not men else, so transport you
Beyond the bounds of *Christianity*:
Lord *Alvarez*, *Vitelli*, Gentlemen,
No Town in *Spain*, from our *Metropolis*
Unto the rudest hovel, but is great
With your assured valors daily proofs:
Oh will you then, for a superfluous fame,
A sound of honor, which in these times, all
Like hereticks profess (with obstinacy)
But most erroneously venture your souls,
'Tis a hard task, through a Sea of blood

To sail, and land at Heaven?
Vit. I hope not
If justice be my Pilot: but my Lord,
You know, if argument, or time, or love,
Could reconcile, long since we had shook hands;
I dare protest, your breath cools not a vein
In any one of us, but blows the fire
Which nought but blood reciprocal can quench.
Alv. *Vitelli*, thou sayst bravely, and sayst right,
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee so.
Vit. Ha, ha, old man: upon thy death I'll build
A story (with this arm) for thy old wife
To tell thy daughter *Clara* seven years hence
As she sits weeping by a winters fire,
How such a time *Vitelli* slew her husband
With the same Sword his daughter favor'd him,
And lives, and wears it yet: Come *Lamorall*,
Redeem thy self.
Lam. *Lucio*, *Genevora*
Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding heart,
For my presented hat, laid at her feet.
Luc. Thou talk'st well *Lamorall*, but 'tis thy head
That I will carry to her to thy hat:
Fie Father, I do cool too much.
Alv. Oh boy:
Thy fathers true Son:
Beat Drums,—and so good morrow to your Lordship.

Enter above Eugenia, Clara, Genevora.

Say. Brave resolutions.
Anast. Brave, and Spanish right.
Gen. *Lucio.*
Cla. *Vitelli.*
Eug. *Alvarez.*
Alv. How the devil
Got these Cats into th'gutter? my pusse too?
Eug. Hear us.
Gen. We must be heard.
Cla. We will be heard
Vitelli, look, see *Clara* on her knees

Imploring thy compassion: Heaven, how sternly
They dart their emulous eyes, as if each scorn'd
To be behind the other in a look!
Mother, death needs no Sword here: oh my Sister
(Fate fain would have it so) persuade, entreat,
A Ladies tears are silent Orators
(Or should be so at least) to move beyond
The honest tongu'd-Rhetorician:
Why will you fight? why do's an uncles death
Twenty year old, exceed your love to me
But twenty days? whose forc'd cause, and fair manner
You could not understand, only have heard.
Custom, that wrought so cunningly on nature
In me, that I forgot my sex, and knew not
Whether my body female were, or male,
You did unweave, and had the power to charm
A new creation in me, made me fear
To think on those deeds I did perpetrate,
How little power though you allow to me
That cannot with my sighs, my tears, my prayers
Move you from your own loss, if you should gain.
Vit. I must forget you *Clara*, 'till I have
Redeem'd my unkles blood, that brands my face
Like a pestiferous Carbuncle: I am blind
To what you do: deaf to your cries: and Marble
To all impulsive exorations.
When [o]n this point, I have perch'd thy fathers soul,
I'll tender thee this bloody reeking hand
Drawn forth the bowels of that murtherer:
If thou canst love me then, I'll marry thee,
And for thy father lost, get thee a Son;
On no condition else.
Assist. Most barbarous.
Say. Savage.
Anast. Irreligious.
Gen. Oh *Lucio*!
Be thou merciful: thou bear'st fewer years,
Art lately wean'd from soft eff[e]minacy,
A maidens manners, and a maidens heart
Are neighbors still to thee: be then more mild,

Proceed not to this combat; be'st thou desperate
Of thine own life? yet (dearest) pitty mine
Thy valour's not thine own, I gave it thee,
These eyes begot it, this tongue bred it up,
This breast would lodge it: do not use my gifts
To mine own ruine: I have made thee rich,
Be not so thankless, to undo me for't
Luc. Mistriss, you know I do not wear a vein.
I would not rip for you, to do you service:
Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dream,
Compar'd to essential, and eternal honor.
Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your b[r]other: if I first cast down my sword
May all my body here, be made one wound,
And yet my soul not find heaven thorough it.
Alv. You would be catter-walling too, but peace,
Go, get you home, and provide dinner for
Your Son, and me: wee'll be exceeding merry:
Oh *Lucio*, I will have thee cock of all
The proud *Vitellies* that do live in *Spain*:
Fie, we shall take cold: hunch: —— I am hoarse
Already.
Lam. How your Sister whets my spleen!
I could eat *Lucio* now:
Gen. *Vitelli*, Brother,
Ev'n for your Fathers soul, your uncles blood,
As you do love my life: 'but last, and most
As you respect your own Honor, and Fame,
Throw down your sword; he is most valiant
That herein yields first.
Vit. Peace, you fool.
Cla. Why *Lucio*,
Do thou begin; 'tis no disparagement:
He's elder, and thy better, and thy valor
Is in his infancy.
Gen. Or pay it me,
To whom thou ow'st it: Oh, that constant time
Would but go back a week, then *Lucio*
Thou would'st not dare to fight.
Eug. *Lucio*, thy Mother,

Thy Mother begs it: throw thy sword down first.
Alv. I'll throw his head down after then.
Gen. Lamorall.
You have often swore you'ld be commanded by me.
Lam. Never to this: your spight, and scorn *Genevora*,
Has lost all power in me:
Gen. Your hearing for six words.
Ass. Say. An. Strange obstinacy!
Al. Vit. Lu. Lam. We'll stay no longer.
Cla. Then by thy oath *Vitelli*,
Thy dreadfu[l] oath, thou wouldst return that Sword
When I should ask it, give it to me, now,
This instant I require it.
Gen. By thy vow,
As dreadful *Lucio*, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to strike a stroak: now he
Of our two brothers that loves perjury
Best, and dares first be damn'd, infringe his vow.
Say. Excellent Ladies.
Vit. Pish, you tyrannize.
Luc. We did equivocate.
Alv. On.
Cla. Then *Lucio*,
So well I love my husband, for he is so,
(Wanting but ceremony) that I pray
His vengeful sword may fall upon thy head
Succesfully for false-hood to his Sister.
Gen. I likewise pray (*Vitelli*) *Lucio*'s sword
(Who equally is my husband as thou hers)
May find thy false heart, that durst gage thy faith,
And durst not keep it.
Assist. Are you men, or stone.
Alv. Men, and we'll prove it with our swords:
Eug. Your hearing for six words, and we have done,
Zancho come forth—we'll fight our challenge too:
Now speak your resolutions. [*Enter* Bob[a]dilla *with two*
Gen. These they are, *swords and a Pistol.*
The first blow given betwixt you, sheathes these swords
In one anothers bosomes.

Eug. And rogue, look
You at that instant do discharge that Pistol
Into my breast: if you start back, or quake,
I'll stick you like a Pig.
Alv. —Hold, you are mad.
Gen. This we said: and by our hope of bliss
This we will do: speak your intents.
Cla. Gen. Strike.
Eug. Shoot.
A[*l*]. *Vit. L*[*u*]. *La.* Hold, hold: all friends.
Assist. Come down.
Alv. These devilish women
Can make men friends and enemies when they list.
Say. A gallant undertaking and a happy;
Why this is noble in you: and will be
A welcomer present to our Master *Philip*
Than the return from his *Indies.*

Enter Clara, Genevora, Eugenia, *and* Bobadilla.

Cla. Father, your blessing.
Alv. Take her: if ye bring not
Betwixt you, boys that will find out new worlds,
And win 'em too, I'm a false Prophet.
Vit. Brother.
There is a Sister, long divided streams
Mix now at length, by fate.
Bob. I am not regarded: I was the careful Steward that provided these Instruments of peace, I put the longest weapon in your Sisters hand, (my Lord) because she was the shortest Lady: For likely the shortest Ladies love the longest—men: And for mine own part, I could have discharged it: my Pistol is no ordinary Pistol, it has two ramming bullets; but thought I, why should I shoot my two bullets into my old Lady? if they had gone, I would not have staid long after: I would ev'n have died too, bravely y'faith, like a *Roman* Steward: hung my self in mine own chain, and there had been a story of *Bobadilla*, *Spindola*, *Zancho*, for after ages to lament: hum: I perceive, I am not only not regarded, but also not rewarded.
Alv. Prethee peace: 'shalt have a new chain, next Saint *Jaques* day, or this new gilt:

Bob. I am satisfied: let virtue have her due: And yet I am melancholy upon this atonement: pray heaven the State rue it not: I would my Lord *Vitellie's* Steward, and I could meet: they should find it should cost 'em a little more to make us friends: well, I will forswear wine, and women for a year: and then I will be drunk to morrow, and run a whoring like a dog with a broken bottle at's tail; then will I repent next day, and forswear 'em again more vehemently: be forsworn next day again, and repent my repentance: for thus a melancholy Gentleman doth, and ought to live.

Assist. Nay, you s[h]all dine with me: and afterward
I'll with ye to the King: But first, I will
Dispatch the Castles business, that this day
May be compleat. Bring forth the malefactors.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazaril, Piorato, Malroda, *and Guard.*

You *Alguazier*, the Ringleader of these
Poor fellows, are degraded from your office,
You must return all stolen goods you receiv'd,
And watch a twelve month without any pay:
This, if you fail of, (all your goods confiscate)
You are to be whipt, and sent into the Gallies.

Alg. I like all, but restoring that Catholique Doctrine.
I do dislike: Learn all ye officers
By this to live uprightly (if you can.) [*Exit.*

Assist. You Cobler, to t[r]anslate your manners new,
Are doom'd to th' Cloisters of the Mendicants,
With this your brother, botcher, there for nothing
To cobble, and heel hose for the poor Friers,
Till they allow you pennance for sufficient,
And your amendment; then you shall be freed,
And may set up again.

Pach. *Mendoza*, come,
Our souls have trode awry in all mens sight,
We'll underlay 'em, till they go upright.
[*Exe.* Pach. *and* Mend.

Assist. *Smith*, in those shackles you for your hard heart
Must lie by th' heels a year.

Met. I have shod your horse, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Assist. Away: for you, my hungry white-loaf'd face,
You must to th' Gallies, where you shall be sure
To have no more bits, than you shall have blows.
Laz. Well, though herrings want, I shall have rowes.
Assist. Signior, you have prevented us, and punish'd
Your selfe severelier than we would have done.
You have married a whore: may she prove honest.
Pio. 'Tis better, my Lord, than to marry an honest woman,
That may prove a whore.
Vit. 'Tis a hansome wench: and thou canst keep her tame
I'll send you what I promis'd.
Pio. Joy to your Lordships.
Alv. He[re] may all Ladies learn, to make of foes
The perfect'st friends: and not the perfect'st foes
Of dearest friends, as some do now a daies.
Vit. Behold the power of love, to nature lost
By custome irrecoverably, past the hope
Of friends restoring, Love hath here retriv'd
To her own habit, made her blush to see
Her so long monstrous Metamorphoses,
May strange affairs never have worse success. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

OUr Author fears there are some Rebel hearts,
Whose dulness doth oppose loves piercing darts;
Such will be apt to say there wanted wit,
The language low, very few Scænes are writ
With spirit and life; such odd things as these
He cares not for, nor ever means to please;
For if your selves a Mistriss or loves friends,
Are lik'd with this smooth Play he hath his ends.

FINIS.

WOMEN PLEAS'D

A

TRAGY-COMEDY.

The Persons Represented in the Play.

Duke of *Siena*, *Suitor to* Belvidere.
Silvio, *A Gentleman of quality*, *servant to* Belvidere.
Claudio, Silvio's *friend*, *brother to* Isabella.
Bartello, *Captain of the Citadel*, *Uncle to* Silvio.
Lopez, *A sordid Usurer*, *the jealous Husband of* Isabella.
Lords *of* Florence.
Lords *of* Siena.
Councellors.
Courtiers.
Penurio, *A hungry servant to* Lopez.
Soto, *A merry servant to* Claudio.
A Farmer, *Father to* Soto.
Captain.
Soldiers *of the Guard.*
A Clarke.
Bomby, *An enemy to Watches and May-poles.*
Morrice-dancers.
Masquers.

WOMEN.

Dutchess *of* Florence.
Belvidere, *A virtuous Princess*, *daughter to the Dutchess in love with* Silvio.
Rodope, *wife to* Bartello.
Isabella, *Wife to* Lopez, *and Sister to* Claudio.
Jaquenett, *servant to* Isabella.
Two Gentlewomen.

The Scene Florence.

The principal Actors were

Joseph Taylor,
John Underwood,
Rob. Benfield,
Rich. Sharpe,
John Lowin,
Will. Eglestone,
Nicholas Toolie,
Thomas Holcombe.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Bartello *and* Silvio.

Sil. 'Tis true she is a right good Princess, and a just one,
And *Florence* when she sets, has lost a Planet.
Bar. My Mistriss? I tell thee gentle Nephew,
There is not such another friend to goodness,
To down-right dealing, to faith and true heart
Within the Christian confines: Before she blest us,
Justice was a Cheese-monger, a meer Cheese-monger,
Weigh'd nothing to the world but Mites and Maggots,
And a main stink: Law like a Horse-courser,
Her rules, and precepts hung with gawdes and ribbonds
And pamper'd up to cousen him that bought her,
When she her self was hackney, lame, and founder'd.
Sil. But the sweet Lady,
Belvidere the bright one—
Bar. I, there's a face indeed: Oh my dear Nephew,
Could a young fellow of thy fiery mettle
Freeze, and that Lady in his Arms?
Sil. I think not.
Bar. Thou hast a parlous judgement; but let that pass,
She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
As her great Mother's good: and that's not ordinary.
Sil. But why (so many Princes, and so great ones
Being Suitors) should the Dutchess deny to match her?
Bar. She is a Jewel man, hangs in her bosom,
Her only Child: with her eies she sees all things,
Discourses with her tongue, and pluck her from her
(So dotingly the old one loves her young one)
You pluck her heart out too: Besides, of late daies,
The Duke of *Milan*, who could never win her
By Love, nor Treaty, laid a close train for her
In her own private Walks: some forty Horse-men,
So to surprize her; which we found, and dealt with,
And sent 'em running home to the Duke their Master,
Like Dogs with bottles at their tails.
Sil. Since that, I heard Sir,
She has sent her to your Cittadel to secure her,

My cosin *Rodope*, your wife attending her.
Bar. You hear a truth, and all convenient pleasures
Are there proportion'd for her.
Sil. I would fain, Sir,
Like one that owes a dutious service to her
Sometimes so please you—
Bar. Gentle Cosin pardon me,
I must not, nor you must not dare to offer,
The last Edict lies on his life pursues it;
Your friend, Sir, to command, abroad to love you
To lend ye any thing I have, to wait upon ye,
But in the Cittadel where I stand charg'd,
Not a bit upon a march: no service, Sir,
No, good Sir by no means: I kiss your hands, Sir. [*Exit.*
Sil. To your keeping only? none else to look upon her?
None but *Bartello* worthy her attendance?
No faith but his to serve her? Oh *Belvidere*,
Thou Saint to whom my youth is sacrific'd,
Thou point to which my life turns, and my fortune,
Art thou lock'd from me now? from all my comforts,
Art thou snatch'd violently? thou hear'st me not,
Nor canst thou see (fair soul) thy servants mournings,
Yet let thy gentle heart feel what his absence,
The great divorse of minds so truly loving,
So long, and nurs'd in one affection
Even from our infant eyes, suck'd in and nourish'd:
Oh let it feel but that, and there stand constant
And I am blest. My dear Aunt *Rodope*,
That is her Governess, did love me dearly,
There's one hope yet to see her: when he is absent
It may be ventur'd, and she may work it closely:
I know the Ladies will goe equal with me,
And so the danger of the Edict avoided;
Let me think more, for I must try all hazards.

Enter Claudio *and* Soto.

Soto. Will ye go yonder, Sir?
Cla. Yes marry will I Sir.
Soto. And by this Ladder?
Cla. By that Ladder, coxcombe.

Soto. Have ye any more necks at home when this is broken,
For this will crack with the best friend he has Sir?
Or can you pitch of all four, like an Ape now?
Let me see you tumble.
Cla. You are very pleasant Sir.
Soto. No truly Sir, I should be loath to see ye
Come fluttering down like a young Rook, cry squab,
And take ye up with your brains beaten into your buttocks.
Cla. Hold your peace Asse: who's this stands musing here?
Sylvio?
Sil. Who calls me?
Cla. One most glad to see you Sir.
Sil. My dearest *Claudio*? what make you thus private,
And with a preparation of this nature? (nests.
Soto. We have leave to play, and are going to climb Birds
Sil. Prethee what is it friend? why start ye from me?
Is your old Mistriss grown so coy and cruel,
She must be scal'd? it seems you are loath to tell me,
Since twenty years continuance of our friendship
May not be worth the weight of such a secret,
'Twill be but rude to aske again: save ye.
Cla. Nay stay, dear *Silvio*, if you love me take it:
For till you know it, never woman labour'd
As I do now.
Sil. I'll doe my best to ease it.
Cla. You have heard the Lady *Belvidere*—
Sil. What heard Sir?
Cla. Heard to the Cittadel, upon some fears
She is confin'd.
Sil. Why dreams he on this beauty?
'Tis true, I have heard it.
Cla. And that no access,
No blessing from those eyes, but with much hazard,
Even hazard of a life.
Sil. He dares not love her;
I have heard that too: but whither points your purpose?
Cla. Oh *Silvio*, let me speak that none may hear me,
None but thy truth: I have lov'd this Lady long,
Long given away my life to her devotion,
Long dwelt upon that beauty to my ruine.

Sil. Do's she know this?
Cla. No, there begins my misery,
Ixion-like, I have only yet clasp'd clouds,
And fed upon poor empty dreams that starve me.
Sil. And what do you mean to do now?
Cla. Though I dye for't.
Though all the tortures in the world hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I stand prepar'd now,
With this to reach her Chamber: there to see her,
And tell her boldly with what truth I love her.
Sil. 'Twill not be easily done Sir.
Cla. Oh my *Silvio*,
The hardest things are sweetest in possession.
Sil. Nor will shew much discretion.
Cla. Love is blind man,
And he that looks for reason there far blinder.
Sil. Have ye consider'd ripely?
Cla. All that may fall,
And arm'd against that all.
Sil. Her honor too?
What she may suffer in this rash adventure
The beauty of her name?
Cla. I'll doe it closely,
And only at her window, with that caution—
Sil. Are there no Guards?
Cla. Corruption chokes their service.
Sil. Or do you hold her bred so light a woman
To hold commerce with strange tongues?
Cla. Why this service,
This only hazard of my life must tell her,
Though she were *Vestas* self, I must deserve her.
Sil. I would not have ye go: pray let it sink here,
And think a nobler way to raise your service,
A safer and a wiser.
Cla. 'Tis too late, Sir.
Sil. Then I must say, You shall not goe.
Cla. I shall not?
Sil. You shall not go: that part bred with ye, friendship
Bids me say boldly so, and you observe me.
Cla. You stretch that tye too far.

Sil. I'll stretch it farther:
The honor that I bear that spotless virtue
You fouly seek to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command ye stay: if not, thus force ye.
Soto. This will be worse than climbing.
Cla. Why do ye draw Sir?
Sil. To kill thee, if thy base will be thy Master.
Cla. I ever was your friend.
Sil. Whilst thou wert honest,
And not a Night-thief of anothers honor;
I never call'd a fool my friend, a mad man,
That durst expose his fame to all opinions,
His life to unhonest dangers: I never lov'd him,
Durst know his name, that sought a Virgins ruine,
Nor ever took I pleasure in acquaintance
With men, that give as loose rains to their fancies
As the wild Ocean to his raging fluxes:
A noble soul I twin with, and my love
Followes his life, dares master his affections.
Will ye give off, or fight?
Cla. I will not fight with ye:
The sacred name of friend ties up that anger,
Rather I'll study.
Sil. Do, to be a friend still.
Cla. If this way, I shall never hold.
Sil. I'll watch ye:
And if I catch ye false: by heaven ye dye for't,
All love forgot.
Cla. When I fear that, I am fit for't. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lopez *at a Table with Jewels and Money upon it, an Egg roasting by a Candle.*

Lop. Whilst prodigal young gaudy fools are banqueting,
And launching out their states to catch the giddy,
Thus do I study to preserve my fortune,
And hatch with care at home the wealth that Saints me.
Here's Rubies of *Bengala*, rich, rich, glorious;
These Diamonds of *Ormus* bought for little,

Here vented at the price of Princes Ransomes;
How bright they shine like constellations,
The South Seas treasure here, Pearl, fair and orient
Able to equal *Cleopatra*'s Banquet:
Here chains of lesser stones for Ladies lusters,
Ingotts of Gold, Rings, Brooches, bars of Silver,
These are my studies to set off in sale well,
And not in sensual surfeits to consume 'em;
How rosts mine egg; he heats apace, I'll turn him:
Penurio, where you knave do you wait? *Penurio*,
You lazie knave.

Pen. Did you call Sir?

Lop. Where's your Mistriss?
What vanity holds her from her attendance?

Pen. The very sight of this egg has made him cockish,
What would a dozen butter'd do? She is within Sir.

Lop. Within Sir, at what thrif[t] ye knave? what getting?

Pen. Getting a good stomach Sir, and she knew where to (get meat to it,
She is praying heartily upon her knees Sir,
That Heaven would send her a good bearing dinner.

Lop. Nothing but gluttony and surfeit thought on,
Health flung behind: had she not yesternight sirrah
Two Sprats to supper, and the oil allowable?
Was she not sick with eating? Hadst not thou,
(Thou most ungrateful knave, that nothing satisfies)
The water that I boil'd my other egg in
To make thee hearty broth?

Pen. 'Tis true, I had Sir;
But I might as soon make the Philosophers Stone on't,
You gave it me in water, and but for manners sake,
I could give it you again, in wind, it was so hearty
I shall turn pissing-Conduit shortly: my Mistriss comes, Sir.

Enter Isabella.

Lop. Welcome my Dove.

Isab. Pray ye keep your welcome to ye,
Unless it carries more than words to please me,
Is this the joy to be a Wife? to bring with me,
Besides the nobleness of blood I spring from,
A full and able portion to maintain me?

Is this the happiness of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a Mistriss,
To live a Slave subject to wants and hungers,
To jealousies for every eye that wanders?
Unmanly jealousie.

Lop. Good *Isabella.*

Isab. Too good for you: do you think to famish me,
Or keep me like an Alms-woman in such rayment,
Such poor unhandsome weeds? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus: and if your misery
Will suffer wilful blindness to abuse me,
My patience shall be no Bawd to mine own ruine.

Pen. Tickle him Mistris: to him.

Isab. Had ye love in ye,
Or any part of man—

Pen. Follow that Mistriss.

Isab. Or had humanity but ever known ye,
You would shame to use a woman of my way thus,
So poor, and basely; you are strangely jealous of me
If I should give ye cause.

Lop. How *Isabella*?

Isab. As do not venture this way to provoke me.

Pen. Excellent well Mistriss.

Lop. How's this *Isabella*?

Isab. 'Twill stir a Saint, and I am but a woman,
And by that tenure may—

Lop. By no means chicken,
You know I love ye: fie, take no example
By those young gadding Dames: (you are noted virtuous)
That stick their Husbands wealth in trifles on 'em
And point 'em but the way to their own miseries:
I am not jealous, kiss me, —— I am not:
And for your Diet, 'tis to keep you healthful,
Surfeits destroy more than the sword: that I am careful
Your meat should be both neat, and cleanly handled
See, Sweet, I am Cook my self, and mine own Cater.

Pen. A —— of that Cook cannot lick his fingers.

Lop. I'll add another dish: you shall have Milk to it,
'Tis nourishing and good.

Pen. With Butter in't Sir?

Lop. This knave would breed a famine in a Kingdom:
And cloths that shall content ye: you must be wise then,
And live sequestred to your self and me,
Not wandring after every toy comes cross ye, (*Penurio.*
Nor struck with every spleen: what's the knave doing?
Pen. Hunting Sir, for a second course of Flies here,
They are rare new Sallads.
Lop. For certain *Isabella*
This ravening fellow has a Wolf in's [belly]:
Untemperate knave, will nothing quench thy appetite?
I saw him eat two Apples, which is monstrous.
Pen. If you had given me those 't had been more monstrous.
Lop. 'Tis a main miracle to feed this villain,
Come *Isabella*, let us in to supper,
And think the *Roman* dainties at our Table,
'Tis all but thought. [*Exeunt.*
Pen. Would all my thoughts would do it:
The Devil should think of purchasing that Egg-shell,
To victual out a Witch for the *Burmoothes*:
'Tis Treason to any good stomach living now
To hear a tedious Grace said, and no meat to't,
I have a Radish yet, but that's but transitory. [*Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Soto.

Soto. Can any living man, unless a Rascal
That neither knows himself, nor a fashion'd Gentleman
Take me for a worse man than my Master now?
I am naturally proud in these clothes: but if pride now
Should catch a fall in what I am attempting,
'Tis but a Proverb sound, and a neck broken,
That's the worst can come on't, a Gentleman's gone then,
A Gentleman o'th' first house, there's the end on't:
My Master lies most pittifully complaining,
Wringing and kicking up to th' ears in love yonder,
And such a lamentable noise he keeps, it kills me:
I have got his cloaths, and if I can get to her
By hook or crook here, such a song I'll sing her—
I think I shall be hang'd, but that's no matter,

What's a hanging among friends: I am valiant now as an
I have consider'd what to say too: let me see now, (Elephant,
This is the place, 'tis plaguy high: stay at that lower window
Let me aim finely now, like a good Gunner,
It may prove but a whipping.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. I saw some body
Pass by me now, and though it were dark, me-thought yet
I knew the clothes: ha, let me not be cozen'd,
The Ladder too, ready to fling it? monstrous,
'Tis he, 'tis *Claudio*: most voluptuous villain,
Scandal to womans credit: Love, I forget thee. (there?
Soto. What will he do i'th' name of Heaven, what's that
Sil. And all the friendship that I bore thee, bury here.
Soto. What has he in's hand? I hope but a Cudgel.
Sil. Thy faul'ts forgive O Heaven: farewel thou traitor.
Soto. I am slain: I am slain.
Sil. He's down, and dead: dead certain,
'Twas too rash, too full of spleen, stark dead:
This is no place now to repent in, only
Would I had given this hand that shot the Pistol
I had miss'd thee, and thou wer't once more *Claudio.* [*Exit.*

Enter Claudio.

Cla. Why should I love thus foolishly? thus desperately?
And give away my heart where no hope's left me?
Why should not the true counsel of a friend restrain me?
The Devils mouth I run into affright me,
The honor of the Lady, charm my wildness;
I have no power, no Being of my self,
No reason strong enough now left within me
To bind my Will: Oh Love, thou god, or devil,
Or what thou art, that playes the tyrant in me.
Soto. Oh.
Cla. What's that cry?
Soto. A Surgeon, a Surgeon,
Twenty good Surgeons.
Cla. 'Tis not far from me,
Some murther o' my life.

Soto. Will you let me dye here?
No drink come, nor no Surgeon?
Cla. 'Tis my man sure,
His voice, and here he lies: how is it with thee?
Soto. I am slain, Sir, I am slain.
Cla. Slain? Who has slain thee?
Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd.
Cla. Where's thy hurt?
Soto. I know not,
But I am sure I am kill'd.
Cla. Canst thou sit up,
That I may find the hurt out?
Soto. I can sit up,
But ne'er the less I am slain.
Cla. 'Tis not o' this side?
Soto. No Sir, I think it be not.
Cla. Nor o' this side,
Was it done with a sword?
Soto. A Gun, a Gun, sweet Master.
Cla. The devil a bullet has been here: thou art well man.
Soto. No sure I am kill'd.
Cla. Let me see thy thighs, and belly,
As whole as a fish for any thing I see yet:
Thou bleed'st no where.
Soto. I think I do not bleed, Sir,
But yet I am afraid I am slain.
Cla. Stand up fool,
Thou hast as much hurt as my nail; who shot thee,
A Pottle, or a Pint?
Soto. Signior *Silvio* shot me
In these clothes; taking me for you, and seeing
The Ladder in my hand here, which I stole from ye, (for ye.
Thinking to have gone to the Lady my self, and have spoke
Cla. If he had hit ye home, he had serv'd ye right sirrah,
You saucy rogue, how poor my intent shews to me,
How naked now, and foolish!
Soto. Are ye sure he has not hit me,
It gave a monstrous bounce?
Cla. You rose o' your right side,
And said your prayers too, you had been payed else:

But what need'st thou a Bullet, when thy fear kills thee?
Sirrah, keep your own counsel for all this, you'll be hang'd else,
If it be known.

Soto. If it be by my means, let me;
I am glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladder
My Gentleman-like humor's out: I feel 'tis dangerous,
And to be a gentleman, is to be kill'd twice a week.

Cla. Keep your self close i'th' Countrey for a while sirrah.
There's Money, walk to your friends.

Soto. They have no Pistols,
Nor are no Gentlemen, that's my comfort. [*Exit.*

Cla. I will retire too, and live private; for this *Silvio*,
Inflam'd with nobleness, will be my death else;
And if I can forget this love that loads me,
At least the danger: and now I think on't better,
I have some conclusions else invites me to it. [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Rodope, *and* Silvio *at several doors.*

Rod. NEphew.

Sil. My dear Aunt.

Rod. Would you go by thus slily,
And never see me, not once send in to me
Your loving Aunt? she that above all those
I call my kindred, honour'd you, and placed you
Nearest my heart?

Sil. I thank you worthy Aunt
But such at this time are my occasions—

Rod. You shall not goe yet, by my faith you shall not,
I will not be deny'd: why look ye sad Nephew?

Sil. I am seldom other: Oh, this blood sits heavy:
As I walk'd this way late last night,
In meditation of some things concern'd me—

Rod. What Nephew?

Sil. Why methought I heard a Piece, Lady,
A Piece shot off, much about this place too,
But could not judge the cause, nor what it boaded,
Under the Castle-wall.

Rod. We heard it too,

And the Watch pursu'd it presently, but found nothing,
Not any tract.
Sil. I am right glad to hear it:
The Ruffians surely that command the night
Have found him, stript him: and into the River
Convey'd the body.
Rod. You look still sadder, Nephew,
Is any thing within these walls to comfort ye?
Speak, and be Master of it.
Sil. Ye are a right Courtier,
A great Professor, but a poor performer.
Rod. Do you doubt my faith: you never found me that way.
I dare well speak it boldly, but a true friend.
Sil. Continue then.
Rod. Try me, and see who falters.
Sil. I will, and presently: 'tis in your power
To make me the most bound man to your courtesie.
Rod. Let me know how, and if I fail—
Sil. 'Tis thus then,
Get me access to the Lady *Belvidere*,
But for a minute, but to see her: your Husband now
Is safe at Court, I left him full employ'd there.
Rod. You have ask'd the thing without my power to grant ye,
The Law lies on the danger: if I lov'd ye not
I would bid ye goe, and there be found, and dye for't.
Sil. I knew your love, and where there shew'd a danger
How far you durst step for me: give me a true friend;
That where occasion is to do a benefit
Aims at the end, and not the rubs before it;
I was a fool to ask ye this, a more fool
To think a woman had so much noble nature
To entertain a secret of this burthen;
Ye had best to tell the Dutchess I perswaded ye,
That's a fine course, and one will win ye credit;
Forget the name of Cosin, blot my blood out,
And so you raise your self, let me grow shorter.
A woman friend? he that believes that weakness
Steers in a stormy night without a Compass.
Rod. What is't I durst not do might not impeach ye?
Sil. Why this ye dare not do, ye dare not think of.

Rod. 'Tis a main hazard.
Sil. If it were not so
I would not come to you to seek a favour.
Rod. You will lose your self.
Sil. The loss ends with my self then.
Rod. You will but see her?
Sil. Only look upon her.
Rod. Not stay?
Sil. Prescribe your time.
Rod. Not traffique with her
In any close dishonourable action?
Sil. Stand you your self by.
Rod. I will venture for ye,
Because ye shall be sure I am a touch'd friend,
I'll bring her to ye: come walk, you know the Garden,
And take this key to open the little Postern,
There stand no guards.
Sil. I shall soon find it Aunt. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 *Sol.* Is the Captain come home?
2 *Sol.* No, who commands the Guard to night?
1 *Sold.* I think *Petruchio.*
2 *Sold.* What's the Word?
1 *Sold.* None knows yet.
2 *Sol.* I would this Lady were married out o'th' way once,
Or out of our custodies; I wish they would take in more
For I am sure we feel her in our duties shrewdly. (companies,
1 *Sol.* 'Tis not her fault I warrant ye, she is ready for't,
And that's the plague, when they grow ripe for marriage
They must be slipt like Hawkes.
2 *Sol.* Give me a mean wench,
No State doubt lies on her, she is alwayes ready.
1 *Sol.* Come to the Guard, 'tis late, and sure the Captain
Can not be long away.
2 *Sol.* I have watch'd these three nights,
To morrow they may keep me tame for nothing. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Silvio, Belvidere, *and* Rodope *with a Light.*

Sil. This is the place I think; what Light is that there?
The Lady and my Cosin?
Bel. Is this the Garden?
Rod. Yes Madam.
Sil. Oh my blessed Mistriss,
Saint of my soul.
Bel. Speak softly: take me to ye,
Oh *Silvio*, I am thine, thine ever *Silvio.*
Rod. Is this your promise, Sir? Lady your honor?
I am undone if this be seen, disgrac'd,
Fallen under all discredit.
Bell. Do you love still?
Dear, do you keep your old faith?
Sil. Ever Lady;
And when that fails me, all that's good forsake me.
Rod. Do not you shame? Madam, I must not suffer this,
I will not suffer it; men call you virtuous,
What do you mean to lose your self thus; *Silvio*?
I charge thee get away, I charge you retire ye,
I'll call the Watch else.
Sil. Call all the world to see us,
We live in one anothers happiness,
And so will die.
Bel. Here will I hang for ever.
Rod. As ye respect me, as hereafter Madam
You would enjoy his love—nothing prevail with ye?
I'll try my strength then; get thee gone thou villain,
Thou Promise-breaker.
Sil. I am tide, I cannot.
Rod. I'll ring the Bell then.
Sil. Ring it to death, I am fixt here.

Enter Bartello, *two Soldiers with lights.*

Bart. I saw a Light over the Garden walk,
Hard by the Ladies Chamber, here's some knavery
As I live, I saw it twice.
Rod. The Guard, the Guard there;

I must not suffer this, it is too mischievous.
Bart. Light up the Torch, I fear'd this, ha? young *Silvio*?
How got he in?
1 *Sold.* The Devil brought him in sure
He came not by us.
Bart. My wife between 'em busling?
Guard, pull him off.
Rod. Now, now, ye feel the misery.
Bart. You, Madam, at an hour so far undecent?
Death, O my soul! this is a foul fault in ye,
Your mothers care abus'd too, Light's to her Chamber,
I am sorry to see this.
Bell. Farewel my *Silvio*,
And let no danger sink thee.
Sil. Nor death Lady. [*Exeunt* Bell. Rod.
B[*a*]*rt.* Are ye so hot? I shall prepare ye Physick
Will purge ye finely, neatly: you are too fiery,
Think of your prayers, Sir, an you have not forgot 'em;
Can ye flie i' th' air, or creep ye in at key-holes?
I have a Gin will catch ye though you conjur'd:
Take him to Guard to night, to strong and sure Guard;
I'll back to th' Dutchess presently: no less sport serve ye,
Than the Heir to a Dukedom? play at push-pin there Sir?
It was well aim'd, but plague upon't, you shot short,
And that will lose your game.
Sil. I know the loss then. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Claudio *like a Merchant.*

Clau. Now, in this habit may I safely see
How my incensed friend carries my murther,
Who little I imagin'd had been wrought
To such a height of rage, and much I grieve now
Mine own blind passion had so master'd me,
I could not see his love, for sure he loves her,
And on a nobler ground than I pretended.

Enter Penurio.

It must be so, it is so; what *Penurio*,

My shotten friend, what wind blew you?
Pen. Faith 'tis true,
Any strong wind will blow me like a Feather,
I am all Air, nothing of earth within me,
Nor have not had this month, but that good Dinner
Your Worship gave me yesterday, that staies by me,
And gives me ballast, else the Sun would draw me.
Cla. But does my Mistriss speak still of me?
Pen. Yes, Sir,
And in her sleep, that makes my Master mad too,
And turn and fart for anger.
Cla. Art sure she saw me?
Pen. She saw ye at a window.
Cla. 'Tis most true,
In such a place I saw a Gentlewoman,
A young, sweet, handsome woman.
Pen. That's she, that's she Sir.
Cla. And well she view'd me, I view'd her.
Pen. Still she Sir.
Cla. At last she blush'd, and then look'd off.
Pen. That blush, Sir,
If you can read it truly—
Cla. But didst thou tell her,
Or didst thou fool me, thou knew'st such a one?
Pen. I told her, and I told her such a sweet tale—
Cla. But did she hear thee?
Pen. With a thousand ears, Sir,
And swallow'd what I said as greedily,
As great-belly'd women do Cherries, stones and all Sir.
Cla. Methinks she should not love thy Master?
Pen. Hang him Pilcher,
There's nothing loves him: his own Cat cannot endure him,
She had better lye with a Bear, for he is so hairy,
That a tame Warren of Fleas frisk round about him.
Cla. And wilt thou work still?
Pen. Like a Miner for ye.
Cla. And get access.
Pen. Or conjure you together,
'Tis her desire to meet: she is poyson'd with him,
And till she take a sweet fresh air, that's you Sir.

Cla. There's money for thee: thou art a precious Varlet
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy Master backward.
Pen. Blow you my Mistriss, Sir, as flat as a Flounder,
Then blow her up again, as Butchers blow their Veals;
If she dye upon the same
Bury her, bury her in Gods name.
Cla. Thou art a merry knave: by this hand I'll feed thee,
Till thou crack'st at both ends, if thou dar'st do this
Thou shalt eat no fantastical Porridge,
Nor lick the dish where oil was yesterday,
Dust, and dead Flies to day; Capons, fat Capons—
Pen. Oh hearty sound.
Cla. Cramb'd full of itching Oysters.
Pen. Will ye have the Dutchess?
Cla. And Lobsters big as Gauntlets,
Thou shalt despise base Beef.
Pen. I do despise it,
And now methinks I feel a Tart come sliding.
Cla. Leaping into thy mouth: but first deal faithfully.
Pen. When will ye come?
Cla. To morrow.
Pen. I'll attend ye,
For then my Master will be out in business.
Cla. What news abroad?
Pen. 'Mas, as I was coming to you,
I heard that Signior *Silvio*, a good Gentleman,
Many a good meal I have eaten wit[h] him—
Cla. What of him?
Pen. Was this day to be arraigned before the Dutchess,
But why, I could not hear.
Cla. *Silvio* arraign'd?
Go, get ye gone, and think of me.
Pen. I flie Sir. [*Exit* Pen.
Cla. Arraign'd? for what? for my supposed death? no,
That cannot be sure, there's no rumor of it,
Be it what it will, I will be there and see it,
And if my help will bring him off, he has it. [*Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Dutchess, Lords, Silvio *prisoner,* Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, *Clark, Counsellors, Attendants.*

Du. Read the Edict last made,
Keep silence there.

Clerk. *If any man of what condition soever, and a subject, after the publishing of this Edict, shall without special Licence from the great Dutchess, attempt or buy, offer, or make an attempt, to solicite the love of the Princess* Belvidere, *the person so offending, shall forfeit his life.*

Couns. The reason why my Royal Mistriss here
In her last Treaty with *Sien*[*n*]*as* Duke,
Promis'd her beauteous daughter there in marriage,
The Duke of *Milan*, rival in this fortune,
Un-nobly sought by practice to betray her;
Which found, and cross'd, the Cittadel receiv'd her
There to secure her Mothers word; the last cause
So many Gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this most beauteous Princess, and not brooking
One more than other, to deserve a favour,
Bloud has been spilt, many brave spirits lost,
And more, unless she had been kept, close from their violence,
Had like to have followed: therefore for due prevention
Of all such hazards and unnoble actions,
This last Edict was publish'd, which thou *Silvio*
Like a false man, a bad man, and a Traitor
Hast rent a-peeces, and contemn'd, for which cause
Thou standest a guilty man here now.

Enter Claudio.

Clark. Speak *Silvio*,
What canst thou say to avoid the hand of Justice?
Sil. Nothing, but I confess, submit and lay my head to it.
Bel. Have ye no eyes my Lords, no understandings?
The Gentleman will cast himsel[f] away,
Cast himself wilfully: are you, or you guilty?
No more is he, no more taint sticks upon him:
I drew him thither; 'twas my way betrai'd him,

I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forced him to me,
Poor gentle soul, he's in no part transgressing,
I wrote unto him.
Sil. Do not wrong that honor,
Cast not upon that pureness these aspersions,
[By Heaven it] was my love, my violence,
My life must answer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the Law, solicited unjustly.
Bel. As there is truth in Heaven, I was the first cause:
How could this man have come to me, left naked
Without my counsel and provision?
What hour could he find out to pass the Watches,
But I must make it sure first? Reverend Judges,
Be not abus'd, nor let an innocent life lie
Upon your shaking Conscience; I did it,
My love the main wheel that set him a going:
His motion but compell'd.
Sil. Can ye believe this?
And know with what a modesty and whiteness
Her life was ever ranck'd? Can you believe this
And see me here before ye, young and wilful?
Apt to what danger Love dares thrust me on,
And where Law stops my way, apt to contemn it?
If I were bashful, old, or dull, and sleepy
In Loves allarms, a woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to happiness:
But I, like fire, kindled with that bright beauty,
Catch hold of all occasions, and run through 'em.
Bel. I charge ye, as your honest souls will answer it.
Sil. I charge ye, as you are the friends to virtue,
That has no pattern living but this Lady.
Bel. Let not his blood—
Sil. Let not her wilfulness—
For then you act a Scene Hell will rejoyce at.
Bel. He is clear.
Sil. She is as white in this as Infants.
Cla. The god of Love protect your cause, and help ye,
Two nobler pieces of affection
These eyes ne'er look'd on, if such goodness perish,

Let never true hearts meet again, but break. [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* A strange exemple of strong love, a rare one.
2 *Lord.* Madam, we know not what to say, to think on.
Duch. I must confess it strikes me tender too,
Searches my Mothers heart: you found 'em there?
Bar. Yes certain Madam.
Dutch. And so linked together?
Bar. As they had been one piece of Alablaster.
Dutch. Nothing dishonourable?
Sil. So let my soul have happiness,
As that thought yet durst never seek this bosom.
Dutch. What shall I do? 'has broke my Law, abus'd me,
Fain would I know the truth, either confess it,
And let me understand the main offender,
Or both shall feel the torture.
Sil. Are ye a Mother;
The Mother of so sweet a Rose as this is?
So pure a Flower? and dare ye lose that nature?
Dare ye take to your self so great a wickedness,
(Oh holy Heaven) of thinking what may ruine
This goodly building? this Temple where the gods dwell?
Give me a thousand tortures, I deserve 'em,
And shew me death in all the shapes imagin'd.
Bel. No death but I will answer it, meet it, seek it;
No torture but I'll laugh upon't, and kiss it.
1 *Lord.* This is no way.
2 *Lord.* They say no more for certain
Than their strong hearts will suffer.
Dutch. I have bethought me;
No Lords, although I have a Child offending,
Nature dares not forget she is a Child still;
Till now, I never look'd on love imperious:
I have bethought me of a way to break ye,
To separate, though not your loves, your bodies:
Silvio attend, I'll be your Judge my self now,
The sentence of your death (because my Daughter
Will bear an equal part in your afflictions)
I take away and pardon: this remains then
An easie and a gentle punishment,
And this shall be fulfill'd: because unnobly

You have sought the love, and marriage of a Princess,
The absolute and sole Heir of this Dukedom,
By that means, as we must imagine strongly,
To plant your self into this rule hereafter,
We here pronounce ye a man banish'd from us.
Sil. For ever banish'd Lady?
Dutch. Yet more mercy,
But for a year: and then again in this place
To make your full appearance: yet more pitty,
If in that time you can absolve a question,
Writ down within this scrowl, absolve it rightly,
This Lady is your wife, and shall live with ye;
If not, you loose your head.
Sil. I take this honor,
And humbly kiss those Royal hands. (Princess,
Dutch. Receive it: *Bartello*, to your old guard take the
And so the Court break up.
Sil. Farewel to all,
And to that spotless heart my endless service. [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* What will this prove?
2 *Lord.* I'll tell you a year hence, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Penurio, Isabella, Claudio.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? have not I wrought this wonder
Non eben fatto Signieur.
Cla. Rarely *Penurio.*
Pen. Close, close then, and work wax.
Cla. I am studying for thee
A dinner, that shall victual thee for ten year.
Pen. Do you hear Mistriss?
You know what a dundir whelp my Master is,
I need not preach to ye, how unfit and wanting
To give a woman satisfaction:
How he stinks, and snores, a Bull's a better bed-fellow;
And for his love, never let that deceive ye.
Isab. Nay sure he loves me not.
Pen. If he could coyn ye,
Or turn ye into mettal, much might be then;

He loves not any thing but what is traffique:
I have heard him swear he would sell ye to the *Grand Signior.*
Isab. The *Turk*?
Pen. The very *Turke*, and how they would use ye.
Isab. I'll fit him for't: the *Turk*?
Pen. I know the price too:
Now ye have time to pay him, pay him home Mistriss;
Pay him o' th' pate, clout him for all his courtesies;
Here's one that dances in your eyes, young delicate
To work this vengeance; if ye let it slip now,
There is no pittying of ye, od's precious, Mistriss,
Were I his wife, I would so mall his Mazard,
'Tis charity, meer charity, pure charity,
Are you the first? has it not been from *Eves* time,
Women would have their safe revenges this way?
And good and gracious women, excellent women;
Is't not a handsome Gentleman? a sweet Gentleman;
View him from head to foot, a compleat Gentleman;
When can ye hope the like again? I leave ye,
And my revenge too, with ye; I know my office,
I'll not be far off, be not long a fumbling,
When danger shall appear, I'll give the 'larme. [*Exit.*
Isab. You are welcome, Sir, and would it were my fortune
To afford a Gentleman of your fair seeming,
A freer entertainment than this house has,
You partly know, Sir.—
Cla. Know, and pity Lady,
Such sweetness in the bud, should be so blasted;
Dare you make me your Servant?
Isab. Dare you make Sir,
That service worthy of a womans favour
By constancy and goodness?
Cla. Here I swear to ye,
By the unvalued love I bear this beauty,
(And kiss the Book too) never to be recreant,
To honour ye, to truly love, and serve ye,
My youth to wait upon ye, what my wealth has.
Isab. Oh make me not so poor to sell affection,
Those bought loves Sir, wear faster than the moneys;
A handsome Gentleman.

Cla. A most delicate sweet one,
Let my truth purchase then.
Isab. I should first try it,
But you may happily.—
Cla. You shall not doubt me,
I hope she loves me; when I prove false, shame take me;
Vill ye believe a little?
Isab. I fear, too much, Sir.
Cla. And will ye love a little?
Isab. That should be your part:
Cla. Thus I begin then, thus and thus.
Isab. A good beginning,
We have a proverb saies, makes a good ending.
Cla. Say ye so? 'tis well inferr'd.
Isab. Good Sir, your patience:
Methinks I have ventur'd now, like a weak Bark
Upon a broken billow, that will swallow me,
Upon a rough Sea of suspitions,
Stuck round with jealous rocks.
Pen. within. A hem, a hem there.
Isab. This is my man; my fears too soon have found me,

Enter Penurio.

Now what's the news?
Pen. A pox of yonder old Rigel,
The Captain, the old Captain.
Isab. What old Captain?
Pen. Captain courageous yonder of the Castle,
Captain, Don *Diego*, old *Bartello.*
Isab. Where is he?
Pen. He's coming in:
'Twould vex the Devil, that such an old Potgun as this,
That can make no sport, should hinder them that can do it.
Isab. I would not have him see the Gentleman,
For all the world, my credit were undone then.
Pen. Shall I fling a piss-pot on's head as he comes in,
And take him into th' kitchin, there to drie him.
Isab. That will not do; and he is so humorous too
He will come in.
Cla. What is he?

Isab. One much troubles me.
Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.
Isab. Your sight now,
Out of a driveling dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my husband, and undo me.
Cla. What would ye have me do?
Isab. But for a while Sir,
Step here behind this hanging, presently
I'll answer him, and then—
Cla. I will obey ye.

Enter Bartello.

Bar. Where's my rich Jeweller? I have stones to sett.
Pen. He is abroad, and sure Sir.
Bart. There's for your service:
Where's the fair Lady? all alone sweet beauty?
Isab. She's never much alone Sir, that's acquainted
With such companio[n]s as good honest thoughts are.
Bar. I'll sit down by thee, and I'll kiss thy hand too,
And in thine ear swear by my life I love thee.
Isab. Ye are a merry Captain.
Bar. And a mad one, Lady;
By th' mas thou hast goodly eies, excellent eies, wench,
Ye twinkling rogues, look what thy Captain brings thee,
Thou must needs love me, love me heartily,
Hug me, and love me, hug me close.
Isab. Fie Captain.
Bar. Nay, I have strength, and I can strain ye sirrah,
And vault into my seat as nimbly, little one.
As any of you[r] smooth-chinn'd boys in *Florence*,
I must needs commit a little folly with ye,
I'll not be long, a brideling cast, and away wench;
The hob-nail thy husband's as fitly out o'th' way now?
Isab. Do you think he keeps a bawdy-house?
Bar. That's all one.
Isab. Or did you ever see that lightness in my carriage,
That you might promise to your self—.
Bar. Away fool,
A good turn's a good turn; I am an honest fellow:
Isab. You have a handsome wife, a virtuous Gentlewoman.

Bar. They are not for this time o'th' year.
Isab. A Lady,
That ever bore that great respect to you,
That noble constancy.
Bar. That's more than I know.

Enter Maid, and Penurio.

Maid. Oh Mistriss, ye are undone, my Master's coming.
Pen. Coming hard by here.
Bar. Plague consume the Rascal,
Shall I make petty-patties of him?
Isab. Now what love Sir?
Fear of your coming made him jealous first;
Your finding here, will make him mad and desperate,
And what in that wild mood he will execute—
Bar. I can think of nothing, I have no wit left me,
Certain my head's a Mustard-pot.
Isab. I have thought Sir,
And if you'll please to put in execution
What I conceive—
Bar. I'll do it, tell it quickly.
Isab. Draw your sword quickly, and go down inrag'd,
As if you had persu'd some foe up hither,
And grumble to your self extreamly, terribly,
But not a word to him, and so pass by him.
Bar. I'll do it perfectly.

Enter Lopez.

Isa[*b*]. Stand you still good Sir.
Bar. Rascal, slave, villain, take a house so poorly,
After thou hast wrong'd a Gentleman, a Soldier,
Base Poultroon boy, you will forsake your neast sirrah.
Lop. The matter, good sweet Captain?
Bart. Run-away rogue,
And take a house to cover thy base cowardize,
I'll whip ye, I'll so scourge ye. [*Exit.*
Lop. Mercy upon me,
What's all this matter wife?
Isab. Did you meet the mad man?
Lop. I never saw the Captain so provok'd yet.

Isab. Oh he's a Devil sure, a most bloody devil,
He follow'd a young Gentleman, his sword drawn,
With such a fury, how I shake to think on't,
And foyn'd, and slash'd at him, and swore he'd kill him,
Drove him up hither, follow'd him still bloodily,
And if I had not hid him, sure had slain him;
A merciless old man.
[*C*]*la.* Most virtuous Lady,
Even as the giver of my life, I thank ye.
Lop. This fellow must not stay here, he is too handsome;
He is gone Sir, and you may pass now with all security,
I'll be your guide my self, and such a way
I'll lead ye, none shall cross, nor none shall know ye.
The door's left open Sirrah, I'll starve you for this trick,
I'll make thee fast o' Sundaies; and for you Lady,
I'll have your Lodgings farther off, and closer,
I'll have no street-lights to you; will you go Sir?
Cla. I thank ye Sir: the devil take this fortune;
And once more all my service to your goodness. [*Exit.*
Pen. Now could I eat my very arms for madness,
Cross'd in the nick o' th' matter! vengeance take it,
And that old Cavalier that spoil'd our Cock-fight;
I'll lay the next plot surer.
Isab. I am glad and sorry;
Glad, that I got so fairly off suspition;
Sorry, I lost my new lov'd friend.
Pen. Not lost Mistriss;
I'll conjure once again to raise that spirit;
In, and look soberly upon the matter,
We'll ring him one peal more, and if that fall,
The devil tak the Clappers, Bells, and all. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Dutchess, Lords, and Rhodope.

Dutch. NOw *Rodope*, How do you find my daughter?
Rho. Madam, I find her now what you would have her,
What the State wishes her; I urg'd her fault to her,
Open'd her eyes, and made her see the mischief
She was running with a headlong will into,

Made her start at her folly, shake and tremble,
At the meer memory of such an ignorance,
She now contemns his love, hates his remembrance,
Cannot endure to hear the name of *Silvio*;
His person spits at.

Dutch. I am glad to hear this.

Rho. And humbly now to your Will, your care, Madam,
Bends her affections, bows her [best] obedience;
Syenna's Duke, with new eyes now she looks on,
And with a Princely love, fit for his person.
Returns that happiness and joy he look'd for;
The general good of both the neighbor Dukedoms,
Not any private end, or rash affection
She aims at now: hearing the Duke arriv'd too,
(To whom she owes all honor, and all service,)
She charg'd me kneel thus at your Graces feet,
And not to rise without a general pardon.

Dutch. She has it, and my love again, my old love,
And with more tenderness I meet this penitence,
Than if she ne'er had started from her honor;
I thank ye *Rhodope*, am bound to thank ye,
And daily to remember this great service,
This honest faithful service; go in peace,
And by this Ring, delivered to *Bartello*,
Let her enjoy our favour, and her liberty,
And presently to this place, with all honor,
See her conducted.

Rho. Your Grace has made me happy. [*Exit.*

Enter 1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* *Syenna's* noble Duke, craves his admitta[nc]e.

Enter Duke of Syenna *with Attendants.*

Dutch. Go; wait upon his Grace; fair Sir, you are welcome,
Welcome to her ever admir'd your virtues:
And now methinks, my Court looks truly noble;
You have taken too much pains Sir.

Syen. Royal Lady,
To wait upon your Grace is but my service.

Dutch. Keep that Sir, for the Saint ye have vow'd it to.

Syen. I keep a life for her: since your Grace pleases

To jump so happily into the matter,
I come indeed to claim your Royal promise,
The beauteous *Belvidere* in marriage,
I come to tender her my youth, my fortune,
My everlasting love.

Enter Belvidere, Bartello, Rhodope, *Attendants.*

Dutch. You are like to win, Sir:
All is forgot, forgiven too; no sadness
My good Child, you have the same heart still here,
The Duke of *Syenna*, Child, pray use him nobly.
Sy. An Angel beauty.
Bel. Your Grace is fairly welcome,
And what in modesty a blushing maid may
Wish to a Gentleman of your great goodness;
But wishes are too poor a pay for Princes.
Sy. You have made me richer than all States and Titles,
One kiss of this white hand's above all honors,
My faith dear Lady, and my fruitful service,
My duteous zeal—
Bel. Your Grace is a great Master,
And speaks too powerfully to be resisted:
Once more you are welcome, Sir, to me you are welcome,
To her that honors ye; I could say more Sir,
But in anothers tongue 'twere better spoken,
Sy. As wise as fair, you have made your servant happy;
I never saw so rich a Mine of sweetness.
Dutch. Will your Grace please, after your painful journey
To take some rest? Are the Dukes Lodgings ready?
Lord. All Madam.
Dutch. Then wait upon his Grace, all, and to morrow, Sir,
We'll shew ye in what high esteem we hold ye,
Till then a fair repose.
Sy. My fairest service. [*Exit Duke*, &c.
Dutch. You have so honour'd me, my dearest daughter,
So truly pleas'd me in this entertainment,
I mean your loving carriage to *Syenna*,
That both for ever I forget all trespasses,
And to secure you next of my full favour,
Ask what you will within my power to grant ye,

Ask freely: and if I forget my promise—
Ask confidently.
Bel. You are too Royal to me;
To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you,
So like a Girl, so far forgot my virtue,
Which now appears as base and ugly to me,
As did his Dream, that thought he was in Paradise,
Awak'd and saw the Devil; how was I wander'd?
With what eies could I look upon that poor, that cours thing,
That wretched thing call'd *Sylvio*? that (now) despis'd thing,
And lose an object of that graceful sweetness,
That god-like presence as *Syenna* is?
Darkness, a[n]d cheerful day, had not such difference:
But I must ever bless your care, your wisdom,
That led me from this labyrinth of folly,
How had I sunk else? what example given?
Dutch. Prethee no more, and as thou art my best one,
Ask something that may equal such a goodness.
Bel. Why did ye let him go so slightly from ye,
More like a man in triumph, than condemn'd:
Why did ye make his pennance but a question,
A Riddle, every idle wit unlocks.
Dutch. 'Tis not so,
Nor do not fear it so: he will not find it,
I have given that (unless my self discover it)
Will cost his head.
Bel. 'Tis subject to construction?
Dutch. That it is too.
Bel. It may be then absolv'd,
And then are we both scorn'd and laugh'd at, Madam;
Beside the promise you have ty'd upon it,
Which you must never keep.
Dutch. I never meant it.
Bel. For heaven sake let me know it, 'tis my Suit to ye,
The Boon you would have me ask; let me but see it,
That if there be a way to make't so strong,
No wit nor powerful reason can run through it,
For my disgrace, I may beg of heaven to grant it.
Dutch. Fear not, it has been put to sharper judgements
Than e'er he shall arrive at: my dear Father,

That was as fiery in his understanding,
And ready in his wit as any living,
Had it two years, and studied it, yet lost it:
This night ye are my Bed-fellow, there Daughter
Into your bosom I'll commit this secret,
And there we'll both take counsel.
Bel. I shall find
Some trick I hope too strong yet for his mind. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Methinks I am batten'd well of late, grown lusty,
Fat, high, and kicking, thanks to the bounteous *Rugio*;
And now, methinks I scorn these poor repasts,
Cheese-parings, and the stinking tongues of Pilchers;
But why should I remember these? they are odious,
They are odious in mine eyes; the full fat dish now,
The bearing dish is that I reverence,
The dish an able Serving-man sweats under,
And bends i' th' hams, as if the house hung on him,
That dish is the dish: hang your bladder Bankets,
Or halfe a dozen of Turnops and two Mushrumps,
These when they breed their best, hatch but two belches;
The state of a fat Turkey, the decorum
He marches in with, all the train and circumstance;
'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter,
And then his sauce with Oranges and Onions,
And he displaid in all parts, for such a dish now,
And at my need I would betray my Father,
And for a rosted Conger, all my Countrey.

Enter Bartello.

Bar. What my friend *Lean-gut*, how does thy beauteous Mis-
And where's your Master Sirrah? where's that horn-pipe? (triss?
Pen. My Mistriss, Sir, does as a poor wrong'd Gentlewoman,
Too much, heaven knows, opprest with injuries;
May do and live.
Bar. Is the old fool still jealous?
Pen. As old fools are, and will be still the same, Sir.

Bar. He must have cause: he must have cause.
Pen. 'Tis true, Sir,
And would he had with all my heart.
Bar. He shall have.
Pen. For then he had Salt to his Saffron porridge.
Bar. Why do not [I] see thee sometime? why thou starv'd
Why do not ye come to me, you precious bow-case? (rascal?
I keep good meat at home, good store.
Pen. Yes Sir, I will not fail ye all next week.
Bar. Thou art welcome,
I have a secret I would fain impart to thee,
But thou art so thin, the wind will blow it from thee,
Or men will read it through thee.
Pen. Wrap't up in beef Sir,
In good gross beef, let all the world look on me,
The English have that trick to keep intelligence.
Bar. A wi[tt]y knave, first there's to tie your tongue up.
Pen. Dumb as a Dog, Sir.
Bar. Next, hark in your ear, Sirrah.
Pen. Well, very well, excellent well: 'tis done, Sir,
Say no more to me.
Bar. Say and hold.
Pen. 'Tis done, Sir.
Bar. As thou lov'st butter'd eggs, swear.
Pen. Let me kiss the Book first,
But here's my hand, brave Captain.
Bar. Look ye hold, sirrah. [*Exit.*
Pen. Oh the most precious vanity of this world;
When such dry'd Neats-tongues must be soak'd and larded
With young fat supple wenches! Oh the Devil.
What can he do, he cannot suck an egg off
But his back's loose i'th' hilts: go thy wayes Captain,
Well may thy warlike name work Miracles,
But if e'er thy founder'd courser win [match] more,
Or stand right but one train—

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gen.* Now Signior *Shadow*,
What art thou thinking of, how to rob thy Master?
Pen. Of his good deeds? The Thief that undertakes that

Must have a hook will poze all Hell to hammer:
Have ye dined Gentlemen, or do you purpose?
2 *Gent.* Dined, two long hours ago.
Pen. Pray ye take me with ye.
3 *Gent.* To supper dost thou mean?
Pe[*n*]. To any thing
That has the smell of meat in't: tell me true, Gentlemen,
Are not you three going to be sinful?
To iropard a joynt, or so? I have found your faces,
And see whore written in your eyes.
1 *Gent.* A parlous rascal,
Thou art much upon the matter.
Pen. Have a care Gentlemen,
'Tis a sore age, very sore age, lewd age,
And women now are like old Knights adventures,
Full of inchanted flames, and dangerous.
2 *Gent.* Where the most danger is, there's the most honor.
Pen. I grant ye, honor most consists in sufferance,
And by that rule you three should be most honorable.
3 *Gent.* A subtle Rogue: but canst thou tell *Penurio*
Where we may light upon—
Pen. A learned Surgeon?
3 *Gent.* Pox take ye fool; I mean good wholsome wenches.
Pen. 'Faith wholsome women will but spoil ye too,
For you are so us'd to snap-haunces: But take my counsel,
Take fat old women, fat, and five and fifty,
The Dog-dayes are come in.
2 *Gent.* Take fat old women?
Pen. The fatter and the older, still the better,
You do not know the pleasure of an old Dame,
A fat old Dame, you do not know the knack on't:
They are like our countrey Grotts, as cool as *Christmas*,
And sure i' th' keels.
1 *Gent.* Hang him starv'd fool: he mocks us.
3 *Gent.* *Penurio*, thou know'st all the handsome wenches?
What shall I give thee for a Merchants wife now?
Pen. I take no money Gentlemen, that's base,
I trade in meat, a Merchants wife will cost ye
A glorious Capon; a great shoulder of Mutton;
And a Tart as big as a Conjurers Circle.

3 *Gent.* That's cheap enough.
1 *Gent.* And what a Haberdashers?
Pen. Worse meat will serve for her, a great Goose-Pie,
But you must send it out o' th' Countrey to me,
It will not do else: with a piece of Bacon,
And if you can, a pot of Butter with it.
2 *Gent.* Now do I aim at horse-flesh: what a Parsons?
Pen. A Tithe-Pig has no fellow, if I fetch her,
If she be Puritane, Plumb-porridge does it,
And a fat loin of Veal, well sauc'd and roasted.
2 *Gent.* We'll meet one night, and thou shalt have all these;
O' that condition we may have the wenches
A dainty rascal.
Pen. When your stomachs serve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) I'll supply ye.
1 *Gent.* Farewel, and there's to fill thy paunch.
Pen. Brave Gentleman.
2 *Gent.* Hold sirrah, there.
Pen. Any young wench i' th' Town, Sir.
3 *Gent.* It shall go round. [*Exit Gent.*
Pen. Most honorable Gentlemen,
All these are Courtiers, but they are meer Coxcombs,
And only for a wench, their purses open,
Nor have they so much judgement left to chuse her;
If e'r they call upon me, I'll so fit 'em,
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd mackrel Ladies,
Stink like a standing ditch, and those dear Damsels;
But I forget my business, I thank ye Monsieurs,
I have a thousand whimseys in my brain now. [*Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter (*to a Banquet*) *Dutchess*, Syenna, *Lords*, *Attendants*.

Dutch. Your Grace shall now perceive how much we honor (ye
And in what dear regard we hold your friendship:
Will you sit Sir, and grace this homely Banquet?
Sy. Madam, to your poor friend, you are too magnificent.
Dutch. To the Dukes health, and all the joyes I wish him,
Let no man miss this cup: have we no Musick?
Sy. Your noble favours still you heap upon me,

But where's my virtuous Mistriss, such a Feast,
And not her sparkling beauty here to bless it?
Methinks it should not be, it shews not fully.
Dutch. Young Ladies Sir; are long, and curious
In putting on their trims, forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good morrow when they are ready:
Go some and call her, and wait upon her hither,
Tell her the Duke and I desire her company:
I warrant ye, a hundred dressings now
She has survey'd, this, and that fashion look'd on,
For Ruffs and Gowns; cast this away, these Jewels
Suited to these and these knots: o' my life Sir,
She fears your curious eye will soon discover else:
Why stand ye still, why gape ye on one another?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my Daughter?
Are ye nailed here? nor stir? nor speak? who am I,
And who are you?
1 *Lord.* Pardon me, gracious Lady,
The fear to tell you that you would not hear of
Makes us all dumb, the Princess is gone, Madam.
Dutch. Gone? whither gone? some wiser fellow answer me.
2 *Lord.* We sought the Court all over, and believe Lady
No news of where she is, nor how convey'd hence.
Dutch. It cannot be, it must not be.
1 *Lord.* 'Tis true, Madam,
No room in all the Court, but we search'd through it,
Her women found her want first, and they cry'd to us.
Dutch. Gone? stol'n away? I am abus'd, dishonour'd,
Sy. 'Tis I that am abus'd, 'tis I dishonour'd.
Is this your welcome, this your favour to me?
To foist a trick upon me, this trick too,
To cheat me of my love? Am I not worthy?
Or since I was your guest, am I grown odious?
Dutch. Your Grace mistakes me, as I have a life, Sir.
Sy. And I another, I will never bear this,
Never endure this dor.
Dutch. But hear me patiently.
Sy. Give me my Love.
Dutch. As soon as care can find her,
And all care shall be used.

Sy. And all my care too,
To be reveng'd; I smell the trick, 'tis too rank,
Fie, how it smells o' th' Mother.
Dutch. You wrong me, Duke.
Sy. For this disgrace ten thousand *Florentines*
Shall pay their dearest bloods, and dying curse ye,
And so I turn away, your mortal enemy. [*Exit.*
Duc. Since ye are so high and hot Sir, ye have half arm'd us,
Be careful of the Town, of all the Castles,
And see supplies of Soldiers every where,
And Musters for the Field when he invites us,
For he shall know 'tis not high words can fright us.
My Daughter gone? has she so finely cozen'd me?
This is for *Silvio*'s sake sure, Oh cunning false one;
Publish a Proclamation thorough the Dukedom.
That whosoe'er can bring to th' Court young *Silvio*,
Alive or dead, beside our thanks and favour,
Shall have two thousand Duckets for his labour;
See it dispatch'd, and sent in haste: Oh base one. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Isabella, *and* Penurio *with a Light.*

Isab. Was't thou with *Rugio*?
Pen. Yes marry was I closely.
Isab. And does he still remember his poor Mistriss?
Does he desire to see me?
Pen. Yes, and presently:
Puts off all business else, lives in that memory,
And will be here according to directions.
Isab. But where's thy Master?
Pen. Where a coxcomb should be,
Waiting at Court with his Jewels,
Safe for this night I warrant ye.
Isab. I am bound to thee.
Pen. I would ye were, as close as I could tye ye.
Isab. Thou art my best, my truest friend.
Pen. I labour
I moil and toil for ye: I am your hackney.
Isab. If ever I be able—

Pen. Steal the great Cheese Mistriss,
Was sent him out o'th' Countrey.
Isab. Any thing.
Pen. That's meat, 'tis lawful Mistriss: where's the Castle
He got at Court? (Custard
Isab. He has lock'd it in's study.
Pen. Get a warrant to search for counterfeit Gold.
Isab. Give me thy Candle,
I'll find a time to be thy careful Cater.
Pen. And many a time I'll find to be his Cook,
And dress his Calves head to the sweetest sauce Mistriss.
Isab. To bed *Penurio*, go, the rest is my charge,
I'll keep the Watch out.
Pen. Now if you spare him— [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace fool,
I hope my *Rugio* will not fail, 'twould vex me:
Now to my string; so, sure he cannot miss now,
And this end to my finger: I'll lie down,
For on a suddain I am wondrous heavy,
'Tis very late too; if he come and find this,
And pull it, though it be with easie motion
I shall soon waken, and as soon be with him.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Thou secret friend, how am I bound to love thee!
And how to hug thee for thy private service!
Thou art the Star all my suspitions sail by,
The fixed point my wronged honor turns to,
By thee I shall know all, find all the subtilties
Of devilish women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my Conjurer, my Spell, my Spirit,
All's hush'd and still, no sound of any stirring,
No tread of living thing: the Light is in still,
And there's my Wife, how prettily the fool lies,
How sweet, and handsomely, and in her clothes too,
Waiting for me upon my life; her fondness
Would not admit her rest till I came to her:
O careful fool, why am I angry with thee?
Why do I think thou hat'st thy loving Husband?
[I] am an Ass, an over-doting Coxcomb,

And this sweet soul, the mirror of perfection:
How admirable fair and delicate,
And how it stirs me, I'll sing thy sweets a Requiem,
But will not waken thee.

SONG.

OH fair sweet face, oh eyes celestial bright,
Twin Stars in Heaven, that now adorn the night;
Oh fruitful Lips, where Cherries ever grow,
And Damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow;
Oh thou from head to foot divinely fair,
Cupid's *most cunning Nets made of that hair,*
And as he weaves himself for curious eyes;
Oh me, Oh me, I am caught my self, he cries:
Sweet rest about thee sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those Angel-eyes.

Now will I steal a kiss, a dear kiss from her,
And suck the Rosie breath of this bright beauty;
What a Devil is this? ty'd to her finger too?
A string, a damned string to give intelligence
Oh my lov'd key, how truly hast thou serv'd me;
I'll follow this: soft, soft, to th' door it goes,
And through to th' other side; a damned string 'tis,
I am abus'd, topt, cuckolded, fool'd, jaded,
Ridden to death, to madness; stay, this helps not:
Stay, stay, and now invention help me,
I'll sit down by her, take this from her easily,
And thus upon mine own: Dog, I shall catch ye,
With all your cunning, Sir: I shall light on ye,
I felt it pull sure: yes, but wondrous softly,
'Tis there again, and harder now, have at ye,
Now and thou scap'st, the Devil's thy ghostly father. [*Exit.*

Isab. Sure 'twas my husband's voice, the string is gone too,
He has found th[e] trick on't: I am undone, betray'd,
And if he meet my friend he perishes,
What fortune follows me, what spightful fortune?
Hoa *Jaquenet.*

Enter Jaquenet.

Jaq. Here Mistriss, do you call me?
Isab. Didst thou hear no noise?
Jaq. I hear my Master mad yonder,
And swears, and chafes—
Isab. Dar'st thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine honor, all is lost else?
Jaq. Name what you will.
Isab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompence so largely—
Jaq. Name it.
Isab. Sit here, as if thou wert asleep.
Jaq. Is that all?
Isab. When he comes in, whate'er he do unto thee
(The worst will be but beating) speak not a word,
Not one word as thou lovest me.
Jaq. I'll run through it.
Isab. I'll carry away the Candle. [*Exit.*
Jaq. And I the blows Mistriss.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Have you put your light out? I shall stumble to ye,
You whore, you cunning whore, I shall catch your rogue too,
H'as light legs else, I had so Ferret-claw'd him:
Oh have I found ye? do ye play at dog-sleep still whore?
Do you think that can protect ye? yes, I will kill thee,
But first I'll bring thy friends to view thy villanies,
Thy whorish villanies: and first I'll beat thee,
Beat thee to pin-dust, thou salt whore, thou varlet,
Scratch out thine eyes; I'll spoil your tempting visage;
Are ye so patient? I'll put my nails in deeper,
Is it good whoring? whoring ye base rascal?
Is it good tempting men with strings to ride ye?
So, I'll fetch your kindred, and your friends, whore,
And such a Justice I will act upon thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What is he gone?
Jaq. The Devil go with him Mistriss,

Has harrowed me, plough'd Land was ne'r so harrow'd:
I had the most adoe to save mine eyes.
Isab. Has paid thee,
But I'll heal all again with good Gold. *Jaquenet*;
H'as damned nails.
Jaq. They are ten-penny nails I think Mistriss:
I'll undertake he shall strike 'em through an inch board.
Isab. Go up, and wash thy self: take my *Pomatum*,
And now let me alone to end the Tragedy.
Jaq. You had best beware.
Isab. I shall deal stoutly with him,
Reach me my Book, a[n]d see the door made fast wench,
And so good night: now to the matter politick.
Lopez *knocks within.*
Lop. Within. You shall see what she is, what a sweet jewel.
Isab. Who's there, what mad-man knocks? is this an hour
And in mine Husband's absence?
Lop. Within. Will ye open?
You know my voice ye whore, I am that Husband:
Do you mark her subtilty? but I have paid her,
I have so ferk'd her face: here's the blood Gentlemen,
Ecce signum: I have spoil'd her Goatish beauty,
Observe her how she looks now, how she is painted,
Oh 'tis the most wicked'st whore, and the most treacherous—

Enter Lopez, Bartello, *Gent. and two Gentlewomen.*

Gent. Here walks my cosin full of meditation,
Arm'd with religious thoughts.
Bar. Is this the monster?
1 *Gentlew.* Is this the subject of that rage you talk'd of,
That naughty woman you had pull'd a-pieces?
Bar. Here's no such thing.
1 *Gentlew.* How have ye wrong'd this beauty?
Are not you mad my friend? what time o' th' moon is 't?
Have not you Maggots in your brains?
Lop. 'Tis she sure.
Gent. Where's the scratch'd face ye spoke of, the torn gar-
And all the hair pluck'd off her head? (ments,
Bar. Believe me,
'Twere better far you had lost your pair of pibbles,

Than she the least adornment of that sweetness.
Lop. Is not this blood?
1 *Gentlew.* This is a monstrous folly,
A base abuse.
Isab. Thus he does ever use me,
And sticks me up a wonder, not a woman,
Nothing I doe, but's subject to suspition;
Nothing I can do, able to content him.
Bar. *Lopez*, you must not use this.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Twere not amiss, Sir,
To give ye sauce to your meat, and suddainly.
1 *Gentlew.* You that dare wrong a woman of her goodness,
Thou have a Wife, thou have a Bear ty'd to thee,
To scratch thy jealous itch, were all o' my mind,
I mean all women, we would [soone] disburthen ye
Of that that breeds these fits, these dog-flaws in ye,
A Sow-guelder should trim ye.
Bar. A rare cure Lady,
And one as fit for him as a Thief for a halter,
You see this youth: will you not cry him quittance,
Body 'me, I would pine, but I would pepper him,
I'll come anon, he, hang him, poor pompillion:
How like a wench bepist he looks, I'll come Lady;
Lopez, The Law must teach ye what a wife is,
A good, a virtuous wife.
Isab. I'll ne'r live with him,
I crave your loves all to make known my cause,
That so a fair Divorce may pass between us,
I am weary of my life: in danger hourly.
Bar. You see how rude you are, I will not miss ye,
Unsufferable rude: I'll pay him soundly,
You should be whipt in Bedlam: I'll reward him.
2 *Gentlew.* Whipping's too good.
Lop. I think I am alive still,
And in my wits.
Bar. I'll put a trick upon him,
And get his goods confiscate: you shall have 'em;
I will not fail at nine.
Lop. I think I am here too,
And once I would have sworn I had taken her napping,

I think my name is *Lopez*.
Gent. Fie for shame, Sir,
You see you have abus'd her, fouly wrong'd her,
Hung scandalous and course opinions on her,
Which now you find but children of suspition:
Ask her forgiveness, shew a penitence,
She is my kinswoman, and what she suffers
Under so base and beastly jealousies,
I will redress else, I'll seek satisfaction.
Bar. Why, every boy i' th' Town will piss upon thee.
Lop. I am sorry for't.
1 *Gentlew.* Down o' your marrow-bones.
Lop. Even sorry from my heart: forgive me sweet wife,
Here I confess most freely I have wrong'd ye,
As freely here I beg a pardon of ye,
From this hour no debate, no cross suspition—
Isab. To shew ye Sir I understand a wives part,
Thus I assure my love, and seal your pardon.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Tis well done, now to bed, and there confirm it.
Gent. And so good night.
Bar. Aware relapses, *Lopez*. [*Exeunt.*
Lop. Now *Isabella* tell me truth, and suddainly,
And do not juggle with me, nor dissemble,
For as I have a life ye dye then: I am not mad,
Nor does the Devil work upon my weakness,
Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.
Isab. Will then that satisfie ye?
Lop. If ye deal ingeniously.
Isab. I'll tell ye all; and tell ye true and freely.
Bartello was the end of all this jealousie,
His often visitations brought by you, first
Bred all these fits, and these suspitions:
I knew your false key, and accordingly
I fram'd my plot, to have you take him finely,
Too poor a pennance for the wrong his wife bears,
His worthy virtuous wife: I felt it sensibly
When ye took off the string, and was much pleas'd in't,
Because I wish'd his importunate dotage paid well,
And had you staid two minutes more, ye had had him.
Lop. This sounds like truth.

Isab. Because this shall be certain,
Next time he comes, as long he cannot tarry,
Your self shall see, and hear, his lewd temptatio[n]s.
Lop. Till then I am satisfied, and if this prove true,
Hence-forward Mistriss of your self I give ye,
And I to serve ye: For my lusty Captain,
I'll make him dance, and make him think the Devil
Claws at his breech, and yet I will not hurt him:
Come now to bed, and prove but constant this way,
I'll prove the man you ever wished.
Isab. You have blest me. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Silvio.

Silv. What labour and what travel have I run through
And through what Cities to absolve this Riddle
Diviners, Dreamers, School-men, deep Magicians,
All have I try'd, and all give several meaning,
And from all hope of any future happiness,
To this place am I come at length, the Countrey,
The people simple, plain, and harmless witty,
Whose honest labours Heaven rewards with plenty
Of Corn, Wine, Oyl, which they again as thankful,
To their new Crops, new pastimes celebrate,
And crown their joyful harvests with new voices;
By a rich Farmer here I am entertain'd,
And rank'd among the number of his servants,
Not guessing what I am, but what he would have me,
Here may be so much wit (though much I fear it)
To undo this knotty question; and would to Heaven.

Enter Soto *with a Proclamation.*

My fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as innocent,
And never known a pitch above their plainness.
Soto. That it is, that it is, what's this word now? this
Is a plaguy word, that it is *r. e. a.* that it is, reason,
By your leave, Mr. *Soto*, by your leave, you are too quick,
There's a strange parlous *T.* before the reason, (Sir,
A very tall *T.* which makes the word *High Treason.*

Sil. What Treason's that? does this fellow understand
Himself?
Soto. Pitch will infect, I'll meddle no more with this geer;
What a devil ails this fellow? this foolish fellow?
Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the masters of the sports proceeding,
Thus to appear before me too, unmorris'd?
Do you know me friend?
Sil. You are my Masters Son, Sir.
Soto. And do you know what sports are now in season?
Sil. I hear there are some a-foot.
Soto. Where are your Bells then?
Your Rings, your Ribons, friend? & your clean Napkins?
Your Nosegay in your hat, pinn'd up, am not I here?
My fathers eldest Son, and at this time, Sir,
I would have ye know it, though ye be ten times his servant
A better man than my father far, Lord of this Harvest, Sir,
And shall a man of my place want attendance?
Sil. 'Twas want of knowledge, Sir, not duty, bred this,
I would have made Suit else for your Lordships service.
Soto. In some sort I am satisfied now, mend your manners,
But thou art a melancholy fellow, vengeance melancholy,
And that may breed an insurrection amongst us;
Go too, I'll lay the best part of two pots now
Thou art in love, and I can guess with whom too,
I saw the wench that twir'd and twinkled at thee,
The other day; the wench that's new come hither,
The young smug wench.
Sil. You know more than I feel Sir. (for thee,
Soto. Go too, I'll be thy friend, I'll speak a good word
And thou shalt have my Lordships countenance to her;
May be I have had a snap my self, may be I, may be no,
We Lords are allow'd a little more.
Sil. 'Tis fit, Sir;
I humbly thank ye, you are too too tender of me,
But what Sir, I beseech ye, was that paper,
Your Lordship was so studiously imployed in,
When ye came out a-doors?
Soto. Thou meanest this paper.
Sil. That Sir, I think.

Soto. Why, 'tis a Proclamation,
A notable piece of villany, as ever thou heard'st in thy life,
By mine honor it is.
Sil. How Sir? or what concerns it?
Soto. It comes ye from the Dutchess, a plaguy wise woman,
To apprehend the body of one *Silvio*,
As arrant a Rascal as ever pist against a post,
And this same *Silvio*, or this foresaid rascal,
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good service
The man that brings him, has two thousand Duckets;
Is not this notable matter now?
Sil. 'Tis so indeed,
This Proclamation bears my bane about it;
Can no rest find me? no private place secure me?
But still my miseries like blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? the Countrey's laid round for thee;
Oh *Claudio*, now I feel thy blood upon me,
Now it speaks loudly here, I am sure against me,
Time now has found it out, and truth proclaim'd it,
And Justice now cries out, I must die for it.
Soto. Hast thou read it?
Sil. Yes.
Soto. And dost thou know that *Silvio.*
Sil. I never saw him, Sir.
Soto. I have, and know him too,
I know him as well as I know thee, and better,
And if I light upon him, for a trick he plaid me once,
A certain kind of dog-trick, I'll so fiddle him,
Two thousand Duckets, I'll so pepper him,
And with that money I'll turn Gentleman,
Worth a brown Baker's dozen of such *Silvios.*
Sil. There is no staying here, this rogue will know me,
And for the money sake betray me too;
I must bethink me suddenly and safely.

Enter Morris-dancers.

Soto. Mine own dear Lady, have-at-thy honey-comb,
Now, for the honor of our Town, Boyes, trace sweetly,
[*Cry within of, Arm, Arm.*

Wh[at] a vengeance ails this whobub: pox refuse 'em,
Cannot they let us dance in our own defence here?

Enter Farmer and Captain.

Capt. Arm, honest friends, arm suddenly and bravely,
And with your antient resolutions follow me;
Look how the Beacons show like Comets, your poor neighbors
Run maddingly affrighted through the Villages;
Syenna's Duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his sword, makes thousand mothers childless.

Soto. What's this to our Morris-dancers?

Sil. This may serve my turn. (game.

Soto. There's ne'r a Duke in *Christendom* but loves a May-

Capt. At a horse you were always ceaz'd, put your Son on
And arm him well i' th' States name, I command ye; (him,
And they that dare go voluntary, shall receive reward.

Soto. I dare go no way, Sir, this is strange, Master Captain,
You cannot be content to spoil our sport here,
Which I do not think your Worship's able to answer,
But you must set us together by the ears with I know not
We are for the bodily part o' th' dance. (who too?

Cap. Arm him suddainly,
This is no time to fool, I shall return ye else,
A rebel to the General, State, and Duchess,
And how you'll answer then—

Far. I have no more Sons, Sir,
This is my only boy; I beseech ye Master Captain.

Soto. I am a rank coward too, to say the truth, Sir,
I never had good luck at buffets neither.

Far. Here's vorty shillings, spare the child.

Cap. I cannot.

Soto. Are ye a man? will ye cast away a *May*-Lord?
Shall all the wenches in the Countrey curse ye?

Sil. An't please you Captain, I'll supply his person,
'Tis pity their old custom should be frighted,
Let me have Horse, and good Arms, I'll serve willingly,
And if I shrink a foot of ground, Hell take me.

Cap. A promising Aspect, face full of courage,
I'll take this man, and thank ye too.

Far. There's for thee,

'Tis in a clout, but good old Gold.
Sil. I thank ye Sir.
Far. Goe saddle my fore-horse, put his feather on too,
He'll praunce it bravely, friend, he fears no Colours,
And take the Armor down, and see him dizin'd, (matter,
Soto. Farewel, and if thou cary'st thy self well in this
I say no more, but this, there must be more *May*-Lords,
And I know who are fit.
Sil. Dance you, I'll fight, Sir.
Cap. Away, away.
Sil. Farewel, I am for the Captain. [*Exit.*
Far. Now to this matter again my honest fellows,
For if this goe not forward, I foresee friends,
This war will fright our neighbors out o' th' villages;
Cheer up your hearts, we shall hear better news, boys.
Hob. Surely I will dance no more, 'tis most ridiculous,
I find my wives instructions now mere verities,
My learned wives, she often hath pronounc'd to me
My safety *Bomby*, defie these sports, thou art damn'd else,
This Beast of *Babylon*, I will never back again,
His pace is sure prophane, and his lewd Wi-hees,
The Sons of *Hymyn* and *Gymyn*, in the wilderness.
Far. Fie neighbor *Bomby*, in your fits again,
Your zeal sweats, this is not careful, neighbor,
The Hobby-horse, is a seemly Hobby-horse.
Soto. And as pretty a beast on's inches, though I say it.
Hob. The Beast is an unseemly, and a lewd Beast,
And got at *Rome* by the Popes Coach-Horses,
His mother was the Mare of ignorance.
Soto. Cobler thou ly'st, and thou wert a thousand Coblers.
His mother was an honest Mare, and a Mare of good credit,
I know the Mare, and if need be, can bring witness;
And in the way of honesty I tell thee,
Scorn'd any Coach-Horse the Pope had: thou art foolish,
And thy blind zeal makes thee abuse the Beast.
Hob. I do defie thee, and thy foot-cloth too,
And tell thee to thy face, this prophane riding
I feel it in my conscience, and I dare speak it,
This un-edified ambling, hath brought a scourge upon us,
This Hobby-horse sincerity we liv'd in

War, and the sword of slaughter: I renounce it,
And put the beast off; thus, the beast polluted,
And now no more shall hop on high *Bomby*,
Follow the painted pipes of high pleasures,
And with the wicked, dance the devils measures;
Away thou pamper'd jade of vanity,
Stand at the Livery of lewd delights now,
And eat the provinder of prick-ear'd folly,
My dance shall be to the pipe of persecution.
Far. Will you daunce no more neighbor?
Hob. Surely no,
Carry the Beast to his Crib: I have renounc'd him
And all his works.
Soto. Shall the Hobby-horse be forgot then?
The hopeful Hobby-horse, shall he lye founder'd?
If thou do'st this, thou art but a cast-away Cobler:
My anger's up, think wisely, and think quickly,
And look upon the *quondam* beast of pleasure,
If thou dost this (mark me, thou serious Sowter)
Thou Bench-whistler of the old tribe of toe-pieces,
If thou dost this, there shall be no more shooe-mending,
Every man shall have a special care of his own soul:
And in his pocket carry his two Confessors,
His Yugel, and his Nawl: if thou dost this—
Far. He will dance again for certain.
Hob. I cry out on't,
'Twas the fore-running sin brought in those Tilt-staves,
They brandish 'gainst the Church, the devil calls *May*-poles.
Soto. Take up your Horse again, and girth him to ye,
And girth him handsomely, good neighbor *Bomby*.
Hob. I spit at him.
Soto. Spit in the Horse face, Cobler?
Thou out of tune, *Psalm*-singing slave; spit in his visnomy?
Hob. I spit again, and thus I rise against him:
Against this Beast: that signify'd destruction.
Fore-shew'd i'th' falls of Monarchies.
Soto. I'th' face of him?
Spit such another spit by this hand Cobler
I'll make ye set a new piece o' your nose there,
Tak't up I say, and dance without more bidding,

And dance as you were wont: you have been excellent
And art still, but for this new nicity,
And your wives learned Lectures: take up the Hobby-horse
Come, 'tis a thing thou hast lov'd with all thy heart *Bomby*,
And would'st do still but for the round-breech'd brothers:
You were not thus in the morning: tak't up I say,
Do not delay but do it: you know I am officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all these good fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge;
Chuse whether you will dance, or have me execute:
I'll clap your neck i' th' stocks, and th[e]re I'll make ye
Dance a whole day, and dance with these at night too,
You mend old shooes well, mend your old manners better,
And suddenly see you leave off this sincereness.
This new hot Batch, borrowed from some brown Baker,
Some learned brother, or I'll so bait ye for't,
Take it quickly up.
Hob. I take my persecution,
And thus I am forc'd a by-word to my brethren.
Soto. Strike up, strike up: strike merrily.
Far. To it roundly,
Now to the harvest feast: then sport again boyes. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Silvio, *arm'd.*

Sil. What shall I do? live thus unknown, and base still?
Or thrust my self into the head o' th' Battel?
And there like that I am, a Gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of danger,
(So in her angry eyes s[h]e carried honor)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

Song within.

SIlvio *go on, and raise thy noble mind*
To noble ends; fling course base thoughts behind:
Silvio, *thou Son of everliving fame,*
Now aim at virtue, and a Noble Name.
Silvio *consider, Honor is not won,*
Nor virtue reach'd, till some brave thing be done:

Thy Countrey calls thee now; she burns, and bleeds,
Now raise thy self, young man, to noble deeds.
Into the battel Silvio, *there seek forth*
Danger, and blood, by them stands sacred worth.

What heavenly voice is this that follows me?
This is the second time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the battel;
It names me often, steels my heart with courage.

Enter Belvidere *deformed.*

And in a thousand sweet notes comforts me;
What Beldam's this? how old she is, and ugly,
Why does she follow me?

Bel. Be not dismaid Son,
I wait upon thee for thy good, and honor,
'Twas I that now sung to thee, stirr'd thy mind up,
And rais'd thy spirits to the pitch of nobleness.

Sil. Though she be old, and of a crooked carkass,
Her voice is like the harmony of Angels.

Bel. Thou art my darling, all my love dwels on thee
The Son of virtue, therefore I attend thee;
Enquire not what I am, I come to serve thee,
For if thou be'st inquisitive, thou hast lost me:
A thousand long miles hence my dwelling is,
Deep in a Cave, where but mine own, no foot treads,
There by mine Art, I found what danger (*Silvio*)
And deep distress of heart, thou wert grown into,
A thousand Leagues I have cut through empty air,
Far swifter than the sayling rack that gallops
Upon the wings of angry winds, to seek thee.
Sometimes o'er a swelling tide, on a Dolphins back I ride,
Sometimes pass the earth below, and through the unmoved Center go;
Sometimes in a flame of fire, like a Meteor I aspire,
Sometimes in mine own shape, thus, when I help the virtuous,
Men of honourable minds, command my Art in all his kinds;
Pursue the noble thought of War, from thy Guard I'll not be far,
Get thee worship on thy foe, lasting Fame is gotten so.
Single *Syennas* Duke alone, hear thy friends, thy Countrey groan,

And with thy manly arm strike sure, then thou hast wrought thine own free cure.

Sil. Some *Sybel* sure, some soul heaven loves, and favours.
And lends her their free powers, to work their wonders?
How she incites my courage!

Bel. *Sylvio*,
I knew thee many daies ago, (her Heir;
Foresaw thy love to *Belvidere*, the Dutchess daughter, and
Knew she lov'd thee, and know what past; when you were found i' th' Castle fast
In one anothers arms; forsaw the taking of ye and the Law
And so thy innocence I loved, the deepest of my skill I proved;
Be rul'd by me, for to this hour, I have dwelt about thee with my power.

Sil. I will, and in the course of all observe thee,
For thou art sure an Angel [good] sent to me. (thy right;

Bel. Get thee gone then to the fight, longer stay but robs
When thou grow'st weary I'll be near, then think on beauteous *Belvidere*,
For every precious thought of her, I'll lend thine honor a new spurre;
When all is done, meet here at night; Go and be happy in the fight. [*Exit.*

Sil. I certainly believe I shall do nobly,
And that I'll bravely reach at too, or die. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Claudio, *and* Penurio.

Cla. Is she so loving still?

Pen. She is mad with Love,
As mad as ever unworm'd dog was, Signior,
And does so weep, and curse, for your prevention,
Your crosses in your love; it frets me too,
I am fall'n away to nothing, to a spindle,
Grown a meer man of mat, no soul within me,
Pox o' my Master, Sir, will that content ye?

Cla. This rogue but cozens me, and she neglects me,
Upon my life there are some other gamesters,
Nearer the wind than I, and that prevents me,

Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?
Prethee be true, be honest, do not mock me,
Thou knowest her heart, no former interest
She has vow'd a favour too? and cannot handsomely
Go off, but by regaining such a friendship?
There are a thousand handsome men, young, wealthy,
That will not stick at any rate, nor danger,
To gain so sweet a prize; nor can I blame her,
If where she finds a comfort, she deal cunningly,
I am a stranger yet.

Pen. Ye are all she looks for,
And if there be any other, she neglects all,
And all for you: I would you saw how grievously
And with what hourly lamentations.

Cla. I know thou flatter'st me; tell me but truth,
Look here, look well, the best meat in the Dukedom,
The rarest, and the choicest of all Diets,
Th[is] will I give thee, but to satisfie me;
That is, not to dissemble; this rare Lobster,
This Pheasant of the Sea, this dish for Princes,
And all this thou shalt enjoy, eat all thy self,
Have good *Greek* Wine, or any thing belongs to it,
A wench, if it desire one.

Pen. All this, Signior?

Cla. All, and a greater far than this.

Pen. A greater?

Cla. If thou deserve by telling truth.

Pen. A wench too?

Cla. Or any thing, but if you play the knave now,
The cozening knave, besides the loss of this,
In which thou hast parted with a paradise,
I ne'er will give thee meat more, not a morsel,
No smell of meat by my means shall come near thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nourishing,
But to thy old part *Tantalus* again,
Thou shalt return, and there snap at a shadow.

Pen. Upon this point, had I intended Treason,
Or any thing might call my life in question,
Follow'd with all the tortures time could think on,
Give me but time to eat this lovely Lobster,

This Alderman o'th' Sea, and give me Wine to him,
I would reveal all, and if that all were too little,
More than I knew; *Bartello* holds in with her,
The Captain of the Cittadel, but you need not fear him,
His tongue's the stiffest weapon that he carries.
He is old, and out of use; there are some other,
Men, young enough, handsome, and bold enough, (Sir,
Could they come but to make their game once, but they want
They want the *unde quare*, they are laid by then.

Enter Bartello.

You only are the man shall knock the nail in—
Bar. How now *Penurio*?
Pen. Your worship's fairly met, Sir.
You shall hear further from me, steal aside, Sir.
Cla. Remember your Master for those Chains.
Pen. They are ready, Sir. (Merchant;
Bart. What young thing's this? by his habit he's a
I fear he trades my way too, you dryed dog-fish,
What bait was that?
Pen. Who Sir, the thing went hence now?
A notable young whelp.
Bart. To what end sirrah?
Pen. Came to buy Chains and Rings, is to be married,
An Asse, a Coxcomb, h'as nothing in's house Sir;
I warrant you think he came to see my Mistriss?
Bart. I doubt it shrewdly.
Pen. Away, away 'tis foolish;
He has not the face to look upon a Gentlewoman,
A poor skim'd thing, his Mothers maids are fain, Sir
To teach him how to kiss, and against he is married,
To shew him on which side the stirrop stands.
Bart. That's a fine youth. (his power,
Pen. Thou wouldst hang thy self, that thou hadst half
Thou empty Potgun.
Bart. Am I come fit *Penurio*?
Pen. As fit as a fiddle,
My Master's now abroad about his business. (pected
Bart. When thou cam'st to me home to day, I half sus-
My wife was jealous, that she whispered to thee.

Pen. You deserve well the whilst, there's no such matter,
She talk'd about some toyes my Master must bring to her,
You must not know of.
Bart. I'll take no noat *Penurio.*
Pen. No, nor you shall not, till yo[u] have it soundly.
This is the bravest *Capitano Pompo.*

Enter Isabella.

But I shall pump ye anon, Sir.
Isab. Oh my *Bartello.* (Rogue,
Bart. Ye pretty Rogue; you little Rogue, you sweet
Away *Penurio*, go and walk i'th' Horse-Fair.
Isab. You do not love me?
Bart. Thou liest, thou little rascal;
There sirrah, to your Centry.
Pen. How the Colt itches.
I'll help ye to a Curry-comb shall claw ye. [*Exit.*
Isab. And how much dost thou love me?
Bart. Let's go in quickly,
I'll tell thee presently, I'll measure it to thee.
Isab. No busses first? sit o' my knee, my brave boy,
My valiant boy; do not look so fiercely on me,
Thou wilt fright me with thy face; come buss again Chick,
Smile in my face you mad thing.
Bart. I am mad indeed wench,
Precious, I am all o' fire.
Isab. I'll warm thee better.
Bar. I'll warm thee too, or I'll blow out my bellows;
Ha, ye sweet rogue, you loving rogue, a boy now,
A Soldier I will get shall prove a fellow.

Enter Jaquenet *and* Penurio.

Jaq. Mistriss, look to your self, my Master's coming.
Bar. The devil come, and go with him.
Pen. The devil's come indeed, he brings your wife, Sir.
Isab. We are undone, undone then.
Bar. My wife with him?
Why this is a dismal day.
Pen. They are hard by too, Sir.
Bar. I must not, dare not see her.

Isab. Nor my Husband,
For twenty thousand pound.
Bar. That I were a Cat now,
Or any thing could run into a Bench-hole,
Saint *Anthonies* Fire upon the rogue has brought her;
Where shall I be? just i'th' nick o'th' matter!
When I had her at my mercy! think for heaven sake,
My wife, all the wild furies hell has.
Pen. Up the Chimney.
Bar. They'll smoke me out there presently.
Isab. There, there, it must be there,
We are all undone else: it must be up the Chimney.
Bar. Give me a Ladder.
Isab. You must use your Art, Sir,
Alas, we have no Ladders.
Bar. Pox o'thy Husband,
Does he never mend his house?
Pen. No, nor himself neither:
Up nimbly, Sir, up nimbly.
Bar. Thou know'st I am fat,
Thou merciless lean rogue.
Pen. Will ye be kill'd?
For if he take ye—
Bar. Lend me thy shoulder.
Pen. Soft, Sir,
You'll tread my shoulder-bones into my sides else,
Have ye fast hold o'th' barrs?
Bar. A vengeance barr 'em.
Isab. Patience good Captain, Patience: quickly, quickly.
Bar. Do you think I am made of smoke?
Pen. Now he talks of smoke,
What if my Master should call for fire?
Bar. Will ye Martyr me?
Isab. He must needs have it.
Bar. Will ye make me Bacon?
Isab. We'll do the best we can, are all things ready?
Pen. All, all, I have 'em all.
[*Isab.*] Go let 'em in then,
Not a word now on your life.
Bar. I hang like a Meteor.

Enter Lopez *and* Rhodope.

Lop. You are welcome Lady.
Rho. You are too too courteous,
But I shall make amends, fair *Isabella.*
Isab. Welcome my worthy friend, most kindly welcome.
Rho. I hear on't, and I'll fit him for his foolery.
Lop. Some Sweet meats wife: some Sweet meats presently.
Bart. Oh my sowre sauce.
Lop. Away quick *Isabella.* [*Exit* Isab.
Did you hear him?
Rho. Yes, yes, perfectly, proceed, Sir.
Lop. Speak loud enough: Dare ye at length but pity me?
Rho. 'Faith Sir, you have us'd so many reasons to me,
And those so powerfully—
Lop. Keep this kiss for me.
Bar. And do I stand and hear this?
Rho. This for me, Sir,
This is some comfort now: Alas my Husband—
But why do I think of so poor a fellow,
So wretched, so debauch'd?
Bar. That's I, I am bound to hear it.
Rho. I dare not lye with him, he is so rank a Whoremaster.
Lop. And that's a dangerous point.
Rho. Upon my conscience, Sir,
He would stick a thousand base diseases on me.
Bar. And now must I say nothing.
Lop. I am sound Lady.
Rho. That's it that makes me love ye.
Lop. Let's kiss again then.
Rho. Do, do.
Bar. Do, the Devil
And the grand Pox do with ye.
Lop. Do ye hear him? well—

Enter Penurio *and* Isabella.

Now, what's the news with you?
Pen. The sound of War, Sir,
Comes still along: The Duke will charge the City,
We have lost they say.

Lop. What shall become of me then,
And my poor wealth?
Bar. Even hang'd, I hope.
Rho. Remove your Jewels presently,
And what you have of wealth into the Cittadel,
There all's secure.
Lop. I humbly thank ye Lady:
Penurio, get me some can climb the Chimney,
For there my Jewels are, my best, my richest,
I hid 'em, fearing such a blow.
Pen. Most happily:
I have two boys that use to sweep foul Chimneys,
Truly I brought 'em, Sir, to mock your worship,
For the great Fires ye keep, and the full Diet.
Lop. I forgive thee knave, where are they?
Pen. Here Sir, here:
Monsieur *Black*, will your small worship mount?

Enter two Boys.

1 *Boy.* Madam è be com to creep up into your Chimney, and make you [*Boy sings.*
Cleane, as any Lady in de world: Ma litla, litla frera, and è,
Chanta, frere, chanta.
Pen. Come Monsieur, mountè, mountè, mount Monsieur Mustard-pot. [*Boy sings.*
1 *Boy.* Monsieur è have dis for votra barba, ple ta vou Monsieur.
Pen. Mountà Monsieur, mountà dere be some fine tings.
1 *Boy.* [M]e will creep like de Ferret Monsieur.
Pen. Dere in the Chimney. [*The Boy above singing.*
1 *Boy.* He be de sheilde due shauson, Madam.
[*Boy goes in behind the Arras.*
Pen. There's a Bird's nest, I wou'd have ye climb it Monsieur,
Up my fine singing Monsieur: that's a fine Monsieur.
Lop. Watch him, he do not steal.
Pen. I warrant ye Sir.
Lop. These Boys are knavish. [*Boy within, Madam*
Pen. I'll look to him ti[th]ly. *here be de Rat, de Rat,*
Lop. Lord, what comes here, *Madam.*

A walking apparition? [*Boy sings upon* Bartello's *Shoulder.*
Isab. Saint *Christopher.*
Rho. Mercy o' me, what is it?
How like my Husband it looks?
Bar. Get ye down devil,
I'll break your neck else: was ever man thus chimnied?
Lop. Go pay the boys well; see them satisfied.
Pen. Come Monsieur Devils, come my Black-berries
I'll butter ye o' both sides.
[*Boy Exit* [*saying Adieu Madam, adieu Madam*].
Isab. Nay, ev'n look Sir, are you cooled now, Captain?
Bar. I am cuckolled, and fool'd to boot too:
Fool'd fearfully, fool'd shamefully.
Lop. You are welcome Sir,
I am glad I have any thing within these doors Sir
To make ye merry: you love my wife, I thank ye.
You have shew'd your love.
Bar. Wife, am I this? this odd matter,
This monstrous thing?
Rho. You ought, but yet you are not:
I have been bold with you Sir, but yet not basely,
As I have faith I have not.
Lop. Sir, believe it,
'Twas all meant but to make you feel your trespass;
We knew your hour, and all this fashion'd for it.
Bar. Were you o'th' plot too?
Isab. Yes by my troth, sweet Captain.
Bar. You will forgive me wife?
Rho. You will deserve it?
Bar. Put that to th' venture.
Rho. Thus am I friends again then,
And as you ne'er had gone astray, thus kiss ye.
Bar. And I'll kiss you, and you too ask forgiveness,
Kiss my wife *Lopez*, 'tis but in jest remember;
And now all friends together to my Castle,
Where we'll all dine, and there discourse these stories,
And let him be Chimney-swept in's lust that glories. [*Ex.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Silvio *and* Belvidere *severally.*

Sil. Hail reverend Dame, heaven wait upon thy studies.
Bel. You are all well met Son: what is the Battel ended?
Sil. Mother, 'tis done.
Bel. How has thy honour prosper'd?
Sil. The Dutchess has the day, *Syenna*'s prisoner:
Arm'd with thy powerful Art, this arm dismounted him,
Receiv'd him then on foot, and in fair valour.
Forc'd him mine own, this Jewel I took from him,
It hung upon his cask, the Victors triumph:
And to the Dutchess now a Prisoner
I have render'd him: Come off again unknown, Mother.
Bel. 'Tis well done, let me see the Jewel Son;
'Tis a rich one, curious set, fit for a Princess Burgonet:
This rich Token late was sent, by the Dutchess with intent,
The Marriage next day to begin: Dost thou know what's hid within? (*Belvidere*:
Wipe thine eyes, and then come near, see the beauteous
Now behold it.
Sil. Oh my Saint.
Bel. Wear it nobly, do not faint.
Sil. How blest am I in this rich spoil, this Picture,
For ever will I keep it here, here Mother,
For ever honor it: how oft, how chastly
Have I embrac'd the life of this, and kist it!
Bel. The day draws on that thou must home return,
And make thy answer to the Dutchess question
I know it troubles thee, for if thou fail in't.
Sil. Oh, I must dye.
Bel. Fear not, fear not, I'll be nigh,
Cast thy trouble on my back, Art nor cunning shall not lack,
To preserve thee, still to keep, what thy envious foemen seek;
Go boldly home, and let thy mind, no distrustful crosses find:
All shall happen for the best; souls walk through sorrows that are blest.
Sil. Then I go confident.
Bel. But first my Son, a thankful service must be done,

The good old woman for her pain, when every thing stands fair again,
Must ask a poor Boon, and that granting, there's nothing to thy journey wanting.
Sil. Except the trial of my soul to mischief,
And as I am a Knight, and love mine honor,
I grant it whatsoever.
Bel. Thy pure soul
Shall never sink for me, nor howl.
Sil. Then any thing.
Bel. When I shall ask, remember.
Sil. If I forget, heavens goodness forget me.
Bel. On thy journey then awhile, to the next cross way and stile,
I'll conduct thee, keep thee true, to thy Mistriss and thy vow,
And let all their envies fall, I'll be with thee, and quench all. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Dutchess, Syenna, *and Lords.*

Sy. LAdy, the stubborn war's more mild than you are,
That allows Ransom, and the Prisoner taken—
Dutch. We must not be too hasty: Remember Sir,
The wrong and violence you have offer'd us,
Burnt up our frontier Towns, made prey before ye
Both of our Beasts, and Corn; slain our dear subjects,
Open'd the fountain eyes of thousand widows,
That daily fling their curses on your fury;
What ordinary satisfaction can salve this?
What hasty thought-on Ransome give a remedy?
You must excuse us yet, we'll take more counsel:
In the mean time, not as a prisoner,
But as a noble Prince we entertain ye.
Sy. I am at your mercy Lady, 'tis my fortune,
My stubborn fate; the day is yours, you have me,
The valour of one single man has cross'd me,
Crost me and all my hope; for when the Battel's
Were at the hottest game of all their furies,
And conquest ready then to crown me Victor,

One single man broke in, one sword, one vertue,
And by his great example thousands followed,
Oh how I shame to think on't, how it shakes me!
Nor could our strongest head then stop his fury,
But like a tempest [']bore the field before him,
Till he arriv'd at me, with me he buck'lled,
A while I held him play; at length his violence
Beat me from my saddle, then on foot pursu'd me,
There triumph'd once again, then took me prisoner:
When I was gone, a fear possest my people.

Dutch. One single arm, in a just cause, heaven prospers.
Is not this stranger Knight as yet discover'd,
That we may give his virtue a due honor?

Lord. Not yet that we hear Madam, but to that purpose,
Two daies ago we publish'd Proclamations.

Enter Soto *with a* [*T*]*rumpet, and* Silvio.

Soto. Oh dainty Dutchess, here I bring that Knight
Before thy fragrant face, that warlike wight,
He that *Syenna's* Duke, and all his Louts
Beat (as the Proverb seemly saies) to clouts:
He that unhors'd the man o' fame to boot,
And bootless taught his Grace to walk afoot:
He that your writings (pack'd to every pillar)
Promis'd promotion to, and store of siller,
That very man I set before thy Grace,
And once again pronounce, this man it was.

Dutch. A pretty foolish Squire, what must the Knight be?

Sy. Some Jugler or some Mad man,

Sil. I was not so,
When thy faint Troops in flocks I beat before me,
When, through the thickest of thy warlike horse,
I shot my self even to thy Standard Duke,
And there found thee, there singled thee, there shew'[d t]hee
The temper of my Sword. 'Tis true, thou stoodst me,
And like a noble soldier bidst me welcome;
And this I'll say, More honor in that arme,
I found and tryed, than all thy Army carried:
What follows thy imprisonment can tell thee.

Sy. His fair relation carries truth and virtue,

And by those Arms I see, (for such were his,
So old, so rusty) this may be he that forc'd me.
Sil. Do you know this Jewel, from your Cask I rent it,
Even as I clos'd, and forced ye from your saddle;
Do you now remember me?
Sy. This is the valour
Madam, for certain he, it must be he,
That day I wore this Jewel, you remember it.
Dutch. Yes, very well; not long before I sent it.
Sy. That day I lost this Jewel, in fight I lost it,
I felt his strokes, and felt him take it from me,
I wore it in my Cask; take it again Sir,
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of honor.
Soto. My Father and my self are made for ever. (ye,
Dutch. Kneel down brave Sir thus my Knight first I raise
Gird on a Sword; next General of my Army, [*Discovers*
Give him a staff; last, one in Counsel near me. *himself.*
Now, make us happy with your sight: how? *Silvio*?
Have I on thee bestow'd this love, this honor?
The Treasons thou hast wrought set off with favours?
Unarm him presently: Oh thou foul Traitor,
Traitor to me, mine honor, and my Countrey,
Thou kindler of these Wars.
Sil. Mistake not Madam.
Dutch. Away with him to prison,
See him safe kept, the Law shall shortly sirrah,
Find fitter Titles for ye, than I gave ye. (him,
Soto. This is the youth that kill'd me, I'll be quit with
What a blind rogue was I, I could never know him!
And't please your Grace, I claim the benefit
Of the Proclamation that proclaim'd him Traitor,
I brought him in.
Dutch. Thou shalt have thy reward for't.
Soto. Let him he hang'd, or drown'd then.
Dutch. Away with him.
Sil. Madam, I crave your promise first; you are tyed to it,
You have past your Princely word.
Dutch. Prove it, and take it.
Sil. This is the day appointed,
Appointed by your Grace for my appearance,

To answer to the Question.
Dutch. I remember it.
Sil. I claim it then.
Dutch. If you perform it not,
The penalty you claim too.
Sil. I not repent it;
If I absolve the words?
Dutch. Your life is free then,
You have drawn a speedy course above my wishes,
To my revenge, be sure ye hit it right,
Or I'll be sure you shall not scape the danger.
Sil. My rest is up now Madam.
Dutch. Then play it cunningly. (promises,
Sil. Now, where's the Hag? where now are all her
She would be with me, strengthen me, inform me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous:
She was wont still to be near, to feel my miseries,
And with her Art, I see her no where now;
What have I undertaken? now she fails me,
No comfort now I find, how my soul staggers!
Till this hour never fear nor doubt possest me,
She cannot come, she will not come, she has fool'd me;
Sure, she is the Devil, has drawn me on to ruine,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger.
Sy. He stands distracted, and his colour changes.
Dutch. I have given him that will make his blood for-
Shortly his life. (sake him;
Sy. His hands and contemplation
Have motion still, the rest is earth already. (out Sir;
Duc. Come, will ye speak or pray? your time grows
How every where he looks! he's at last cast.

Enter Belvidere, *and secretly gives him a paper, and* Exit.

Sy. His colour comes again fresh.
Duc. 'Tis a flash, Sir,
Before the flame burns out; can ye yet answer?
Sil. Yes Madam, now I can.
Duc. I fear you'll fail in't.
Sil. And do not think my silence a presage,
Or *Omen* to my end, you shall not find it;

I am bred a Soldier not an Orator:
Madam, peruse this scrowl, let that speak for me,
And as you are Royal, wrong not the construction.

Dutch. By heaven you shall have fair play.

Sil. I shall look for't.

Question.

TEll me what is that only thing,
For which all women long;
Yet having what they most desire,
To have it do's them wrong.

Answer.

TIs not to be chaste, nor fair,
Such gifts malice may impair;
Richly trimm'd to walk or ride,
Or to wanton unespy'd;
To preserve an honest name,
And so to give it up to fame;
These are toys. In good or ill
They desire to have their Will;
Yet when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it.

Dutch. You have answer'd right, and gain'd your life, I give it.

Sil. Oh happy Hag! But my most gracious Madam, Your promise ty'd a nobler favour to me.

Duch. 'Tis true, my Daughter too.

Sil. I hope you will keep it. (wander'd,

Dutch. 'Tis not in my power now, she is long since Stol'n from Court, and me; and what I have not I cannot give: no man can tell me of her, Nor no search find her out: and if not *Silvio*, Which strongly I believe—

Sil. Mock me not Lady, For as I am a servant to her virtue, Since my first hour of exile, I ne'er saw her.

Lord. That she is gone, 'tis too too true, and lamentable, Our last hope was in you.

Sil. What do I hear then,

And wherefore have I life bestow'd and honor?
To what end do I walk? for men to wonder at,
And fight, and fool? pray ye take your honors from me,
(My sorrows are not fit companions for 'em)
And when ye please my life: Art thou gone Mistriss,
And wander'st heaven knows where? this vow I make thee,
That till I find thee out, and see those fair eyes;
Those eyes that shed their lights, and life into me,
Never to know a friend, to seek a kindred,
To rest where pleasure dwels, and painted glory,
But through the world; the wide world, thus to wander,
The wretched world alone, no comfort with me,
But the meer meditations of thy goodness:
Honor and greatness, thus adieu.

Enter Belvidere.

Bel. Stay *Silvio*,
And Lady sit again, I come for Justice.
Sil. What would she now?
Bel. To claim thy promise *Silvio*,
The boon thou swor'st to give me.
Sy. What may this be,
A Woman or a Devil?
Duch. 'Tis a Witch sure,
And by her means he came to untwist this Riddle.
Sil. That I am bound to her for my life, mine honor;
And many other thousand ways for comfort
I here confess: confess a promise too,
That what she would aske me to requite these favours,
Within the endeavour of my life to grant,
I would; and here I stand my words full master.
Bel. I wish no more: great Lady, witness with me,
The boon I crave for all my service to thee,
Is now to be thy wife, to grant me marriage.
Sil. How? for to marry thee? ask again woman,
Thou wilful woman, ask again.
Bel. No more Sir.
Sil. Ask Land, and Life.
Bel. I aske thee for a Husband.
Soto. Marry her, and beat her into Gun-powder,

She would make rare Crackers.
Sil. Ask a better fortune,
Thou art too old to marry: I a Soldier,
And always married to my sword.
Bel. Thy word Fool,
Break that, and I'll break all thy fortunes yet.
Dutch. He shall not,
I am witness to his faith: and I'll compel it.
Sy. 'Tis fit ye hold your word, Sir.
Sil. Oh most wretched.
Dutch. This was a fortune now beyond my wishes,
For now my Daughter's free, if e'er I find her.
Sy. But not from me.
Dutch. You are sharer in this happiness,
My self will wait upon this marriage,
And do the old woman all the honor possible. (dalliance,
Sy. I'll lead the Knight, and what there wants in
We'll take it out in drink.
Sil. Oh wretched *Silvio.* [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lopez *and* Isabella.

Lop. Hast thou sent for him?
Isab. Yes.
Lop. A young man, saist thou?
Isab. Yes, very young, and very amorous.
Lop. And handsome?
Isab. As the Town affords.
Lop. And dar'st thou
Be so far good, and Mistriss of thine honor,
To slight these?
Isab. For my Husband's sake to curse 'em,
And since you have made me Mistriss of my fortune,
Never to point at any joy, but Husband,
I could have cozen'd ye, but so much I love ye,
And now so much I weigh the estimation
Of an unspotted wife—
Lop. I dare believe thee,
And never more shall doubt torment my spirit.

Enter Penurio.

Isab. How now *Penurio*?
Pen. The thing is comming, Mistriss.
Lop. I'll take my standing.
Pen. Do, and I'll take mine. [*Exit* Lopez.
Isab. Where didst thou leave him?
Pen. I left him in a Cellar,
Where he has paid me titely, paid me home Mistriss,
We had an hundred and fifty healths to you, sweet Mistriss,
And threescore and ten damnations to my Master;
Mistriss, shall I speak a foolish word to ye?
Isab. What's that *Penurio*?
The fellow's drunk.
Pen. I would fain know your body.
Isab. How's that? how's that prethee?
Pen. I would know it carnally,
I would conglutinate.
Isab. The reason sirrah?
Pen. Lobster, sweet Mistriss, Lobster.
Isab. Thy Master hears.
Pen. Lobster, sweet Master, Lobster.
Isab. Thou art the most pretious rogue.

Enter Claudio.

Pen. Most pretious Lobster.
Isab. Do you see who's here? go sleep ye drunken rascal.
Pen. Remember you refuse me arm'd in Lobster. [*Exit.*
Isab. Oh my lost *Rugio*, welcome, welcome, welcome,
A thousand welcomes here I'll seal.
Cla. Pray ye stay, Lady,
Do you love me ever at this rate? or is the fit now,
By reason of some wrong done by your Husband,
More fervent on ye?
Isab. Can I chuse but love thee?
Thou art my Martyr, thou hast suffered for me,
My sweet, sweet *Rugio*.
Cla. Do you do this seriously?
'Tis true, I would be entertained thus.
Isab. These are nothing,

No kisses, no embraces, no endearments,
To those—
Cla. Do what you will.
Isab. Those that shall follow,
Those I will crown our love withal; why sigh ye?
Why look ye sad my dear one?
Cla. Nay, faith nothing,
But methinks so sweet a beauty, as yours shews to me,
And such an innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer Siege.
Isab. Ha, you speak truth, Sir.
Cla. I would not have it so.
Isab. And now methinks,
Now I consider truly what becomes me,
I have been cozen'd, fearfully abus'd,
My reason blinded.
Cla. Nay, I did but jest with ye.
Isab. I'll take ye at your word, and thank ye for't Sir;
And now I see no sweetness in that person,
Nothing to stir me to abuse a Husband,
To ruine my fair fame.
Cla. Good *Isabella.*
Isab. No handsome man, nor any thing to doat on,
No face, no tongue to catch me, poor at all points,
And I an ass.
Cla. Why do ye wrong me Lady?
If I were thus, and had no youth upon me,
My service of so mean a way to win ye,
(Which you your self are conscious must deserve ye,
If you had thrice the beauty you possess, must reach ye)
If in my tongue your fame lay wrack'd, and ruin'd
With every cup I drink: if in opinion
I were a lost, defam'd man: but this is common
Where we love most, where most we stake our fortunes,
There least and basest we are rewarded: fare ye well,
Know now I hate you too as much, contemn ye,
And weigh my credit at as high a value.
Isab. May be I did but jest.
Cla. Ye are a woman,
And now I see your wants, and mine own follies,

And task my self with indiscretion,
For doating on a face so poor.
Isab. Say ye so Sir,
(I must not lose my end) I did but jest with you,
Only fool'd thus to try your faith: my *Rugio*,
Do you think I could forget?
Cla. Nay, 'tis no matter.
Isab. Is't possible I should forsake a constancy,
So strong, so good, so sweet?
Cla. A subtle woman.
Isab. You shall forgive me, 'twas a trick to try ye,
And were I sure [y]e lov'd me—
Cla. Do you doubt now?
Isab. I do not doubt, but he that would profess this,
And bear that full affection you make shew of,
Should do—
Cla. What should I do?
Isab. I cannot shew ye.
Cla. I'll try thee damnedst Devil: hark ye Lady,
No man shall dare do more, no service top me,
I'll marry ye.
Isab. How Sir?
Cla. Your Husband's sentenc'd,
And he shall dye.
Isab. Dye?
Cla. Dye for ever to ye,
The danger is mine own.
Isab. Dye did ye tell me?
Cla. He shall dye, I have cast the way.
Isab. Oh foul man,
Malicious bloody man.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. When shall he dye, Sir,
By whom, and how?
Cla. Hast thou betraid me, woman? (too
Isab. Base man, thou would'st [h]ave ruin'd me, my name
And like a Toad, poison'd my virtuous memory:
Further than all this, dost thou see this friend here,
This only friend, shame take thy Lust and thee,

And shake thy soul, his life, the life I love thus,
My life in him, my only life thou aim'st at.
Cla. Am I catcht thus?
Lop. The Law shall catch ye better.
Isab. You make a trade of betraying Womens honors,
And think it noble in ye to be lustful,
Report of me hereafter—
Cla. Fool'd thus finely?
Lop. I must intreat ye walk, Sir, to the Justice,
Where if he'll bid ye kill me—
Cla. Pray stay awhile, Sir,
I must use a Players shift, do you know me now Lady?
Lop. Your brother *Claudio* sure.
Isab. Oh me, 'tis he Sir,
Oh my best brother.
Cla. My best sister now too,
I have tryed ye, found ye so, and now I love ye,
Love ye so truly nobly.
Lop. Sir, I thank ye,
You have made me a most happy man.
Cla. Thank her Sir,
And from this hour preserve that happiness,
Be no more fool'd with jealousie.
Lop. I have lost it,
And take me now new born again, new natur'd.
Isab. I do, and to that promise tye this faith,
Never to have a false thought tempt my virtue.
Lop. Enough, enough, I must desire your presence,
My Cosin *Rhodope* has sent in all haste for us,
I am sure you will be welcome.
Cla. I'll wait on ye.
Lop. What the Project is—
Isab. We shall know when we are there, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Dutchess, Syenna, *Lords*, Sylvio.

Dutch. Joy to you *Silvio*, and your young fair Bride,
You have stolen a day upon us; you cannot wooe, Sir.
Sil. The joyes of Hell hang over me, oh mischief,

To what a fortune has the Devil driven me!
Am I reserv'd for this?
Sy. Beshrew me, Sir,
But you have gotten you a right fair bedfellow,
Let you alone to chuse.
Sil. I beseech your Grace,
'Tis misery enough to have met the Devil,
Not mens reproaches too.
Sy. How old is she?
Dutch. A very Girl, her eye delivers it.
Sy. Her teeth are scarce come yet.
Lord. What goodly children
Will they two have now! she is rarely made to breed on,
What a sweet timber'd body!
Dutch. Knotty i' th' back,
But will hold out the stronger; What a nose!
Sy. I marry, such a nose, so rarely mounted,
Upon my conscience, 'twas the part he doted on.
Dutch. And that fine little eye to it, like an Elephant's.
Lord. Yes, if her feet were round, and her ears sachels.
Sy. For any thing we know.
Sil. Have ye no mercy?
No pity in your bloods to use a wretch thus?
You Princes in whose hearts the best compassions,
Nearest to those in Heaven, should find fit places,
Why do you mock at misery? fling scorns and baseness
Upon his broken back, that sinks with sorrows?
Heaven may reward you too, and an hour come,
When all [your] great designes shall shew ridiculous,
And your hearts pinch'd like mine.
Musick in divers places.
Dutch. Fie Sir, so angry
Upon your wedding day? go smug your self,
The Maid will come anon: what Musick's this?
Sy. I warrant you some noble preparation.
Dutch. Let's take our places then.
Sil. More of these Devils dumps?
Must I be ever haunted with these witchcrafts?

Enter a Masquerado of several shapes, and Dances, after which, enter Belvidere *and disperses them; before the Maskers enter two Presenters, among which are* Bartello, Lopez, Claudio, Isabella, Rhodope, Soto, Penurio, Jaquenet.

1 *Pre.* Room, room for merry spirits, room,
Hither on command we come,
From the good old Beldam sent,
Cares and sorrows to prevent.
2. Look up *Silvio*, smile, and sing,
After winter comes a Spring.
1. Fear not faint fool what may follow,
Eyes that now are sunk and hollow,
By her Art may quick return
To their flames again, and burn.
2. Art commands all youth, and blood,
Strength and beauty it makes good.
1. Fear not then, despair not, sing
Round about as we do spring:
Cares and sorrows cast away,
This is the old wives Holy-day.
[*Dance here, then enter* Belvidere.

Dutch. Who is this?
Sy. The shape of *Belvidere.*
Bel. Now *Silvio*,
How dost thou like me now?
Sil. Thus I kneel to thee.
Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer, mark me well too,
For if thou troublest me, I vanish instantly:
Now chuse wisely, or chuse never,
One thou must enjoy for ever.
Dost thou love me thus?
Sil. Most dearly.
Bel. Take heed fool, it concerns thee nearly.
If thou wilt have me young and bright,
Pleasing to thine eye and sight,
Courtly, and admir'd of all,
Take heed lest thy fame do fall,
I shall then be full of scorn,
Wanton, proud, beware the horn,

Hating what I lov'd before,
Flattery apt to fall before,
All consuming, nothing getting,
Thus thy fair name comes to setting.
But if old, and free from these
Thou shalt chuse me, I shall please:
I shall then maintain thee still,
With my virtue and my skill
Still increase and build thy name,
Chuse now *Silvio*, here I am.

Sil. I know not what to say, which way to turn me,
Into thy Soveraign will I put my answer.

Bel. I thank ye Sir, and my Will thus rewards ye,
Take your old Love, your best, your dearest *Silvio*:
No more Spells now, nor further shapes to alter me,
I am thy *Belvidere* indeed. Dear Mother,
There is no altering this; heavens hand is with it:
And now you ought to give me, he has fairly won me.

Sil. But why that Hag?

Bel. In that shape most secure still,
I followed all your fortunes, serv'd, and counsell'd ye,
I met ye at the Farmers first, a Countrey wench,
Where fearing to be known, I took that habit,
And to make ye laughing sport at this mad marriage,
By secret aid of my friend *Rhodope*
We got this Maske.

Sil. And I am sure I have ye.

Bel. For ever now, for ever.

Dutch. You see it must be,
The wheel of destiny hath turn'd it round so.

Sy. It must, it is, and curs'd be he that breaks it.

Dutch. I'll put a choice to you, Sir: ye are my prisoner.

Sy. I am so, and I must be so, till it please you—

Dutch. Chuse one of these, either to pay a Ransom,
At what [rate] I shall set it, which shall be high enough,
And so return a Free-man, and a Batchelor,
Or give me leave to give you a fit wife,
In honor every way [your] Graces equal,
And so your Ransom's paid.

Sy. You say most nobly,

Silvio's example's mine, pray chuse you for me.
Dutch. I thank ye Sir, I have got the mastry too,
And here I give your Grace a Husbands freedom:
Give me your hand, my Husband.
Sy. You much honor me,
And I shall ever serve ye for this favour.
Bart. Come *Lop*[*e*]*z*, let us give our wives the breeches too,
For they will have 'em.
Lop. Whilst they rule with virtue
I'll give 'em, skin and all.
Isa. We'll scra[t]ch it off else.
Sil. I am glad ye live, more glad ye live to honor,
And from this hour a stronger love dwell with us;
Pray you take your man again.
Cla. He knows my house, Sir.
Dutch. 'Tis sin to keep you longer from your loves,
We'll lead the way; and you young men that know not
How to preserve a wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their soveraign Wills, and pleas'd they are.

Here endeth Women pleas'd.

THE NIGHT-WALKER, OR THE LITTLE THIEF.

A Comedy.

The Actors Names.

Tom Lurcher.	*Bell-Ringers.*
Jack Wild-brain.	*Boy.*
Gentlemen.	*A Lady, Mother to* Maria.
Justice Algripe.	*Maria.*
Frank Hartlove.	*Nurse.*
Toby.	*Mistriss* New-love.
Servants.	*Women.*
Sexton.	*Mistriss.*

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Tom Lurcher, *and* Jack Wild-brain.

Lur. } *Ack.*
Wild. What wind brought thee hither?
In what [old] hollow tree, or rotten wall
Hast thou been like a Swallow all this winter,
Where hast thou been man?

Lur. Following the Plow.

Wild. What Plow? Thou hast no Land,
Stealing is thy own purchase.

Lur. The best inheritance.

Wild. Not in my opinion,
Thou hadst five hundred pound a year.
Lur. 'Tis gone,
Prethee no more on't, have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, nature made all men equal,
Her distribution to each child alike;
Till labour came and thrust a new Will in,
Which I allow not: till men won a priviledge
By that they call endeavour, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful Cosenage,
An allowed way to cheat, why should my neigh[bou]r
That hath no more soul than his Horse-keeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a Broom-man,
Have forty thousand pounds, and I four groats;
Why should he keep it?
Wi[*l*]. Thy old opinion still.
Lur. Why should that Scrivener,
That ne'er writ reason in his life, nor anything
That time e'ver gloried in, that never knew
How to keep any courtesie conceal'd,
But *Noverint Universi* must proclaim it,
Purchase perpetually, and I a rascal:
Consider this, why should that mouldy Cobler
Marry his Daughter to a wealthy Merchant,
And give five thousand pounds, is this good justice?
Because he has a tougher constitution;
Can feed upon old Songs, and save his money,
Therefore must I go beg?
Wil. What's this to thee?
Thou canst not mend [it], if thou beest determin'd
To rob all like a Tyrant, yet take heed
A keener justice do not overtake thee,
And catch you in a Nooze.
Lur. I am no Wood-cock,
He that shall sit down frighted with that foolery
Is not worth pity, let me alone to shuffle,
Thou art for wenching.
Wil. For beauty I, a safe course,
No halter hangs in [my] way, I defie it.
Lur. But a worse fate, a wilful poverty,

For where thou gain'st by one that indeed loves thee,
A thousand will draw from thee, 'tis thy destiny;
One is a kind of weeping cross *Jack*,
A gentle Purgatory, do not fling at all,
You'll pay the Box so often, till you perish.
Wil. Take you no care for that sir, 'tis my pleasure,
I will imploy my wits a great deal faster
Than you shall do your fingers, and my loves,
If I mistake not, shall prove riper harvest
And handsomer, and come within less danger.
Where's thy young Sister?
Lur. I know not where she is, she is not worth caring for,
She has no wit.
Oh you'd be nibling with her,
She's far enough I hope, I know not where,
She's not worth caring for, a sullen thing,
She wou'd not take my counsel *Jack*,
And so I parted from her.
Wil. Leave her to her wants?
Lur. I gave her a little money, what I could spare,
She had a mind to th'Countrey, she is turn'd,
By this, some Farriers dairy maid, I may meet her
Riding from Market one day, 'twixt her Dorsers,
If I do, by this hand I wo'not spare
Her butter pence.
Wil. Thou wilt not rob thy Sister.
Lur. She shall account me for her Egs and Cheeses.
Wil. A pretty Girl, did not old *Algripe* love her?
A very pretty Girl she was.
Lur. Some such thing,
But he was too wise to fasten; let her pass.
Wil. Then where's thy Mistriss?
Lur. Where you sha'not find her,
Nor know what stuff she is made on; no indeed Sir,
I choose her not for your use.
Wil. Sure she is handsome.
Lur. Yes indeed is she, she is very handsome, but that's (all one.
Wil. You'll come to th' Marriage?
Lur. Is it to day.
Wil. Now, now, they are come from Church now.

Lur. Any great preparation,
Does Justice *Algripe* shew his power?
Wil. Very glorious, and glorious people there.
Lur. I may meet with him yet e're I dye as cunning as (he is.
Wil. You may do good *Tom*, at the [m]arriage,
We have plate and dainty things.
Lur. Do you no harm Sir;
For yet methinks the Marriage should be mar'd
If thou maist have thy will, farewell, say nothing. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Wil. You are welcome noble friends.
1. I thank you Sir,
Nephew to the old Lady, his name is *Wildbrain*,
And wild his best condition.
2. I have heard of him,
I pray ye tell me Sir, is young *Maria* merry
After her Marriage rites? does she look lively?
How does she like her man?
Wil. Very scurvily,
And as untowardly she prepares her self,
But 'tis mine Aunts will, that this dull mettal
Must be mixt with her to allay her handsomeness.
1. Had *Heartlove* no fast friends?
Wil. His means are little,
And where those littles are, as little comforts
Ever keep company: I know she loves him,
His memory beyond the hopes of ——
Beyond the *Indies* in his mouldy Cabinets,
But 'tis her unhandsome fate.

Enter Heartlove.

1. I am sorry for't,
Here comes poor *Frank*, nay we are friends, start not Sir,
We see you'r willow and are sorry for't,
And though it be a wedding we are half mourners.
Fr. Good Gentlemen remember not my fortunes,
They are not to be help'd by words.
Wil. Look up man,
A proper sensible fellow and shrink for a wench?

Are there no more? or is she all the handsomness?
Fr. Prethee leave fooling.
Wil. Prethee leave thou whining,
Have maids forgot to love?
Fr. You are injurious.
Wil. Let 'em alone a while, they'll follow thee.
1. Come good *Frank.*
Forget now, since there is no remedy,
And shew a merry face, as wise men would do.
2. Be a free guest, and think not of those passages.
Wil. Think how to nick him home, thou knowst she dotes
Graff me a dainty medler on his crabstocke; (on thee
Pay me the dreaming puppy.
Fr. Well, make your mirth, the whilst I bear my misery:
Honest minds would have better thoughts.
Wil. I am her Kinsman,
A[n]d love her well, am tender of her youth,
Yet honest *Frank*, before I would have that stinkard,
That walking rotten tombe, enjoy her maidenhead.
Fr. Prethee leave mocking.
Wil. Prethee *Frank* believe me,
Go to consider, hark, they knock to dinner. [*Knock within.*
Come wo't thou go?
2. I prethee *Frank* go with us,
And laugh and dance as we do.
Fr. You are light Gentlemen,
Nothing to weigh your hearts, pray give me leave,
I'll come and see, and take my leave.
Wil. We'll look for you,
Do not despair, I have a trick yet. [*Exit.*
Fr. [Yes,]
When I am mischievous I will believe your projects:
She is gone, for ever gone, I cannot help it,
My hopes and all my happiness gone with her.
Gone like a pleasing dream: what mirth and j[o]llity
Raigns round about this house! how every office
Sweats with new joyes, can she be merry too?
Is all this pleasure set by her appointment?
Sure she hath a false heart then; still they grow lowder,
The old mans God, his gold, has won upon her,

(Light hearted Cordial Gold) and all my services
That offered naked truth, are clean forgotten:
Yet if she were compell'd, but it cannot be,
If I could but imagine her will mine,
Although he had her body.

Enter Lady and Wildbrain.

La. He shall come in.
Walk without doors o'this day, though an enemy,
It must not be.
Wil. You must compel him Madam.
La. No she shall fetch him in, Nephew it shall be so.
Wil. It will be fittest. [*Exit.*
Fr. Can fair *Maria* look again upon me?
Can there be so much impudence in sweetness?

Enter Maria.

Or has she got a strong heart to defie me?
She comes her self: how rich she is in Jewels!
Methinks they show like frozen Isicles,
Cold winter had hung on her, how the Roses
That kept continual spring within her cheeks
Are withered with [the] old mans dull embraces!
She would speak to me. I can sigh too Lady
But from a sounder heart: yes, and can weep too
But 'tis for you, that ever I believ'd you,
Tears of more pious value than your marriage;
You would encase your self, and I must credit you,
So much my old obedience compels from me;
Go, and forget me, and my poverty,
I need not bid you, you are too perfect that way:
But still remember that I lov'd *Maria*,
Lov'd with a loyal love, nay turn not from me,
I will not ask a tear more, you are bountiful,
Go and rejoyce, and I will wait upon you
That little of my life left.
Mar. Good Sir hear me,
What has been done, was the act of my obedience
And not my will: forc'd from me by my parents,
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomly

And if there can be more society
Without dishonor to my tye of marriage
Or place for noble love, I shall love you still,
You had the first, the last, had my will prosper'd;
You talk of little time of life: dear *Frank*,
Certain I am not married for eternity,
The joy my marriage brings tells me I am mortal.
And shorter liv'd than you, else I were miserable;
Nor can the gold and ease his age hath brought me
Add what I coveted, content; go with me,
They seek a day of joy, prethee let's show it,
Though it be forc'd, and by this kiss believe me
However, I must live at his command now,
I'll dye at yours.

Fr. I have enough, I'll honor ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lurcher.

Lur. Here are my trinkets, and this lusty marriage
I mean to visit, I have shifts of all sorts,
And here are a thousand wheels to set 'em working,
I am very merry, for I know this wedding
Will yield me lusty pillage: if mad *Wildgoose*
That debosh'd rogue keep but his antient revels,
And breed a hubbub in the house I am happy.

Enter Boy.

Now what are you?

Boy. A poor distressed Boy, Sir,
Friendless and comfortless, that would intreat
Some charity and kindness from your worship,
I would fain serve, Sir, and as fain endeavour
With duteous labour to deserve the love
Of that good Gentleman should entertain me.

Lur. A pretty Boy, but of too mild a breeding,
Too tender, and too bashful a behaviour,
What canst thou do?

Boy. I can learn any thing,
That's good and honest, and shall please [Master.]

Lur. He blushes as he speaks, and that I like not,
I love a bold and secure confidence,
An impudence that one may trust, this boy now:

Had I instructed him, had been a Jewel,
A treasure for my use, thou canst not lye?
Boy. I would not willingly.
Lur. Nor thou hast not wit
To dissemble neatly?
Boy. Do you love such boys, Sir?
Lur. Oh mainly, mainly, I would have my Boy impudent,
Out-face all truth, yet do it piously:
Like *Proteus*, cast himself into all forms,
As suddain and as nimble as his thoughts,
Blanch at no danger, though it be the Gallows,
Nor make no conscience of a cosenage,
Though it be i' th' Church. Your soft, demure, still children—
Are good for nothing, but to get long Graces——
And sing Songs to dull tunes; I would keep thee
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active quality,
And be a tender Master to thy knavery,
But thou art not for my use.
Bo[*y*]. Do you speak this seriously?
Lur. Yes indeed do I.
Boy. Would you have your boy Sir
Read in these moral mischiefs?
Lur. Now thou mov'st me.
Boy. And be a well-train'd youth in all activities?
Lur. By any means.
Boy. Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a prone[nesse].
Lur. I speak this to make thee.
Boy. Then take me Sir, and cherish me, and love me,
You have me what you would: believe me, Sir
I can do any thing for your advantage,
I guess at what you mean; I can lie naturally,
As easily, as I can sleep Sir, and securely:
As naturally I can steal too.
Lur. That I am glad on,
Right heartily glad on, hold thee there, thou art excellent.
Boy. Steal any thing from any body living.
Lur. Not from thy Master.
Boy. That's mine own body:
And must not be.

Lur. The boy mends mightily.
Boy. A rich man, that like snow heaps up his moneys,
I have a kind of pious zeal to meet still;
A fool that not deserves 'em, I take pitty on,
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease him.
Lur. Excellent boy, and able to instruct me,
Of mine own nature just.
Boy. I scorn all hazard,
And on the edge of danger I do best, Sir,
I have a thousand faces to deceive,
And to those, twice so many tongues to flatter,
An impudence, no brass was ever tougher,
And for my conscience.
Lur. Peace, I have found a Jewel,
A Jewel all the *Indies* cannot match,
And thou sha't feel—
Boy. This title, and I ha' done, Sir;
I never can confess, I ha' that spell on me;
And such rare modesties before a Magistrate,
Such innocence to catch a Judge, such ignorance.
Lur. I'll learn of thee, thou art mine own, come boy,
I'll give thee action presently.
Boy. Have at you.
Lur. What must I call thee?
Boy. *Snap*, Sir.
Lur. 'Tis most natural,
A name born to thee, sure thou art a Fairy,
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happy.

Enter Lady, Nurse, Mistriss, Newlove, Tobie.

La. Where be these knaves? who strues up all the liveries.
Is the Bride's bed made?
Tob. Yes Madam and a Bell
Hung under it artificially.
La. Out knave, out,
Must we have 'larms now?
Tob. A little warning
That we may know [when] to begin our healths Madam;
The Justice is a kind of old Jade, Madam,
That will go merriest with a Bell.

La. All the house drunk.
Tob. This is a [day] of Jubile.
La. Are the best hangings up? and the Plate set out?
Who makes the Posset, Nurse?
Nur. The dayrie mayd,
And she'll put that in, will make him caper:
Well Madam, well, you might ha'chose another,
A handsomer for your years.
La. Peace, he is rich Nurse,
He is rich, and that's beauty.
Nur. I am sure he is rotten,
Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her. *Termagant*!
La. What an angry Quean is this, where,
Who looks to him?
Tob. He is very merry Madam,
M. Wildbrain, has him in hand, ith'bottom o'th'Sellar
He sighs and tipples.
Nur. Alass good Gentleman,
My heart's sore for thee.
La. Sorrow must have his course, sirra,
Give him some Sack to dry up his remembrance,
How does the Bridegroom, I was afraid of him.
Nur. He is a trim youth to be tender of, hemp take him.
Must my sweet new blown Rose find such a winter
Before her spring be near.
La. Peace, peace, thou art foolish.
Nur. And dances like a Town-top: and reels, and hobbles.
La. Alass, good Gentleman, give him not much wine.
Tob. He shall ha'none by my consent.
La. Are the women comforting my daughter?
New. Yes, yes, Madam,
And reading to her a pattern of true patience,
They read and pray for her too.
Nur. They had need,
Ye had better marry her to her grave a great deal:
There will be peace and rest, alass poor Gentlewoman,
Must she become a Nurse now in her tenderness?
Well Madam, well my heart bleeds.
La. Thou art a fool still.
Nur. Pray heaven I be.

La. And an old fool to be vext thus.
'Tis late she must to bed, go knave be merry,
Drink for a boy, away to all your charges. [*Exit.*

Enter Wildbrain, *and* Franck Heartlove.

Wil. Do as thou wo't, but if thou dost refuse it
Thou art the stupid'st ass, there's no long arguing,
Time is too precious *Franke.*
Fr. I am hot with wine.
And apt now to believe, but if thou dost this
Out of a villany, to make me wrong her,
As thou art prone enough.
Wil. Does she not love thee?
Did she not cry down-right e'n now to part with thee?
Had she not swounded if I had not caught her?
Canst thou have more?
Fr. I must confess all this.
Wil. Do not stand prating, and misdoubting, casting,
If she go from thee now, she's lost for ever;
Now, now she's going, she that loves thee going,
She whom thou lov'st.
Fr. Pray let me think a little. (her
Wil. There is no leisure; think when thou hast imbrac'd
Can she imagine thou di[d]st ever honor her?
Ever believe thy oaths, that tamely suffer'st
An old dry ham of horse-flesh to enjoy her?
Enjoy her maiden-head; take but that from her
That we may tell posterity a man had it,
A handsome man, a Gentleman, a young man,
To save the honor of our house, the credit,
'Tis no great matter I desire.
Fr. I hear you.
Wil. Free us both from the fear of breeding fools
And ophs, got by this shadow: we talk too long.
Fr. She is going [now] to bed, among the women,
What opportunity can I have to meet her?
Wil. Let me alone, hast thou a will? speak soundly,
Speak discreetly, speak home and handsomly,
Is't not pitty, nay misery, nay infamy to leave
So rare a pie to be cut up by a raskal.

Fr. I will go presently, now, now, I stay thee.
Wil. Such a dainty Doe, to be taken
By one that knows not neck-beef from a Phesant,
Nor cannot rellish Braggat from Ambrosia.
Is it not conscience?
Fr. Yes, yes, now I feel it.
Wil. A meritorious thing.
Fr. Good Father *Wildgoose*,
I do confess it.
Wil. Come then follow me.
And pluck a mans heart up, I'll lock thee privately,
Where she alone shall presently pass by,
None near to interupt thee but be sure;
Fr. I shall be sure enough, lead on, and crown me.
Wil. No wringings in your mind now as you love me. [*Ex.*

Enter Lady, Maria, *Justice*, *Gent. Nurse*, *Newlove.*

La. 'Tis time you were a bed.
Ju. I prethee sweet-heart
Consider my necessity, why art sad?
I must tell you a tale in your ear anon.
Nur. Of *Tom Thumb.*
I believe that will prove your stiffest story.
New. I pitty the young wench.
1. And so do I too.
2. Come, old sticks take fire.
1. But the plague is, he'll burn out instantly;
Give him another cup.
2. Those are but flashes,
A tun of sack wonot set him high enough.
Will ye to bed?
M. I must.
1. Come, have a good heart,
And win him like a bowle to lye close to you,
Make your best use.
Ju. Nay prethee Duck go instantly,
I'll dance a Jig or two to warm my body.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wil. 'Tis almost midnight.

La. Prethee to bed *Maria.*
Wil. Go you afore, and let the Ladies follow,
And leave her to her thoughts a while, there must be
A time of taking leave of these same fooleries
Bewailling others maiden-heads.
La. Come then,
We'll wait in the next room.
Ju. Do not tarry.
For if thou dost, by my troth I shall fall asleep *Mall.* [*Ex.*
Wi[*l*]. Do, do, and dream of Doterels, get you to bed
And let us ha'no more stir, come now, no crying, (quickly,
'Tis too late now, carry your sel[fe] discreetly.
The old thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit.
For the rest you must make your own play, Nay not that way,
They'll pull ye all to pieces, for your whim-whams,
Your garters and your gloves, go modestly,
And privately steal to bed, 'tis very late *Mall,*
For if you go by them such a new larum.
Ma. I know not which way to avoid'em.
Wi. This way,
This through the Cloysters: and so steal to bed,
When you are there once, all will separate
And give ye rest, I came out of my pitty
To shew you this.
Ma. I thank you.
Wi. Here's the keyes,
Go presently and lock the doors fast after ye,
That none shall follow.
Ma. Good night.
Wi. Good night sweet Cosen.
A good, and sweet night, or I'll curse thee *Frank.* [*Exit.*

Enter Frank Hartlove

Fra. She stays long, sure young *Wildgoose* has abus'd me,
He has made sport wi'me, I may yet get out again,
And I may see his face once more, I ha'foul intentions,
But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing

Enter Maria.

Hark, hark, it was the door,

Something comes this way, wondrous still and stealing
May be some walking spirit to affright me.
Ma. Oh heaven my fortune.
Fr. 'Tis her voice, stay.
Ma. Save me,
Bless me you better powers.
Fr. I am no devil.
Ma. Y'are little better to disturb me now.
Fr. My name is *Hartlove.*
Ma. Fye, fye, worthy friend.
Fye noble Sir.
Fr. I must talk farther with ye,
You know my fair affection.
Ma. So preserve it,
You know I am married now, for shame be civiller,
Not all the earth shall make me.
Fr. Pray walk this way,
And if you ever lov'd me.
Ma. Take heed *Frank*
How you divert that love to hate, go home prethee.
Fr. Shall he enjoy that sweet?
Mar. Nay pray unhand me.
Fr. He that never felt what love was.
Ma. Then I charge you stand farther off.
Fr. I am tame, but let me walk wi'ye,
Talk but a minute.
Mar. So your talk be honest,
And my untainted honor suffer not,
I'll walk a turn or two.
Fr. Give me your hand then. [*Exit.*

Enter Wildbrain, Justice, Lady, Nurse, Gent. Women, Newlove.

Just. Shee's not in her Chamber.
La. She is not here.
Wil. And I'll tell you what I dream'd.
Ju. Give me a Torch.
1. *G.* Be not too hasty Sir.
Wil. Nay let him go.
For if my dream be true he must be speedy,

He will be trickt, and blaz'd else.
Nur. As I am a woman
I cannot blame her if she take her liberty,
Would she would make thee Cuckold, thou old bully,
A notorious cuckold for tormenting her.
La. I'll hang her then.
Nur. I'll bless her then, she does justice,
Is this old stinking dogs-flesh for her dyet?
Wil. Prethee honest Nurse do not fret too much,
For fear I dream you'll hang your self too.
Just. The Cloister?
Wil. Such was my fancy, I do not say 'tis true,
Nor do I bid you be too confident.
Ju. Where are the keyes, the keyes I say.
Wil. I dream'd she had 'em to lock her self in.
Nur. What a devil do you mean?

Enter [*Ser*]*vant.*

Wil. No harm, good Nurse be patient.
Ser. They are not in the window, where they use to be.
Wil. What foolish dreams are these?
Ju. I am mad.
Wil. I hope so,
If you be not mad, I'll do my best to m[ake y]e.
1. This is some trick.
2. I smell the Wildgoose.
Ju. Come Gentlemen, come quickly I beseech you,
Quick as you can, this may be your case Gentlemen.
And bring some light[s], some lights. [*Exit.*
Wil. Move faster, faster, you'll come too late else.
I'll stay behind and pray for ye, I had rather she were dishonest
Than thou shouldst have her.

Enter Maria, *and* Franke.

Mar. Y'are most unmanly, yet I have some breath left;
And this steel to defend me, come [not] near me,
For if you offer but another violence,
As I have life I'll kill you, if I miss that,
Upon my own heart will I execute,
And let that fair belief out, I had of you.

Fr. Most vertuous Maid, I have done, forgive my follies:
Pardon, O pardon, I now see my wickedness,
And what a monstrous shape it puts upon me,
On your fair hand I seal.

Enter Ju.

Ju. Down with the door.
Ma. We are betraid, oh *Franke*, *Franke*,
Fr. I'll dye for ye
Rather than you shall suffer, I'll— [*Enter all.*
Ju. Now enter.
Enter sweet Gentlemen, mine eyes, mine eyes,
Oh how my head [a]kes.
1. Is it possible?
2. Hold her, she sinks.
Ma. A plot upon my honor
To poyson my fair name, a studied villany,
Farewell, as I have hope of peace, I am honest.
Ju. My brains, my brains, my monstrous brains, they bud (sure.
Nu. She is gone, she is gone.
Ju. A handsome riddance of her.
Would I could as easily lose her memory.
Nur. Is this the sweet of Marriage, have I bred thee
For this reward?
1. Hold, hold, he's desperate too.
Ju. Be sure ye hold him fast, we'll bind him over
To the next Sessions, and if I can, I'll hang him.
Fr. Nay then I'll live to be a terror to thee,
Sweet Virgin Rose farewell: heaven has thy beauty,
That's only fit for heaven. I'll live a little
To find the Villain out that wrought this injury,
And then most blessed soul, I'll climb up to thee.
Farewell, I feel my self another creature. [*Exit.*
La. Oh misery of miseries.
Nu. I told ye Madam.
La. Carry her in, you will pay back her portion?
Ju. No not a penny, pay me back my credit,
And I'll condition wi'ye.
La. A sad wedding,
Her grave must be her Bridal bed: oh *Mall*,

Would I had wed thee to thy own content,
Then I had had thee still.
Ju. I am mad, farewell,
Another wanton wife will prove a hell. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Tom. Lurch, *and his Boy.*

Lur. What hast thou done?
Boy. I have walked through all the lodgings.
A silence as if death dwelt there inhabits.
Lur. What hast thou seen?
Boy. Nought but a sad confusion
Every thing left in such a loose disorder
That were there twenty theeves, they would be laden.
Lu. 'Tis very well, I like thy care, but 'tis strange
A wedding night should be so solitary.
Boy. Certainly there is some cause, some death or sickness
Is faln suddenly upon some friend,
Or some strange news is come.
Lu. Are they all a bed?
Boy. I think so, and sound asleep, unless it be
Some women that keep watch in a low parlor,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.
Lur. Where's all the plate?
Boy. Why lockt up in that room.
I saw the old Lady, ere she went to bed
Put up her plate, and some of the rich hangings
In a small long chest, and chains and rings are there too,
It stands close by the Table on a form.
Lur. 'Twas a good notice, didst thou see the men.
Boy. I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves,
But what they said I was too far to hear Sir.
Lur. 'Tis daintily discover'd, we shall certainly
Have a most prosperous night, which way?
Boy. A close one,
A back door, that the women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch necessaries,
Close on the Garden side.

Lur. I love [thy] diligence,
Wert thou not fearful?
Boy. Fearful? I'll be hang'd first.
Lur. Say they had spied thee.
Boy. I was then determin'd
To have cry'd down right too, and have kept 'em company,
As one that had an interest in their sadness,
Or made an errand to I know not whom Sir.
Lur. My dainty Boy, let us discharge, that plate
Makes a perpetual motion in my fingers,
Till I have fast hold of it.
Boy. Pray be wise Sir, do't handsomly, be not greedy,
Lets handle it with such an excellence
As if we would bring thieving into honor:
We must disguise, to fright these reverend wat[ch]es.
Lur. Still my blest Boy.
Boy. And clear the room of drunken jealousies,
The chest is of some weight, and we may make
Such noise [ith] carriage we may be snap'd.
Lur. Come open, here's a devils face.
Boy. No, no, Sir, wee'l have no shape so terrible,
We will not do the devil so much pleasure,
To have him face our plot.
Lur. A winding sheet then.
Boy. That's too cold a shift,
I would not wear the reward of my wickedness,
I wonder you are an old thief, and no cunninger,
Where's the long Cloak?
Lur. Here, here.
Boy. Give me the Turbant
And the false beard, I hear some coming this way,
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your shoulders,
And now as I direct, stay, let them enter,
And when I touch move forward, make no noise.

Enter Nurse and Tobie.

Nur. Oh 'tis a sad time, all the burnt wine is [drunke] *Nic.*
Tob. We may thank your dry chaps for't, the Canarie's (gone too
No substance for a sorrowful mind to work upon,
I cannot mourn in beer, if she should walk now

As discontented spirits are wont to do.
Nur. And meet us in the Cellar.
Tob. What fence have we with single beer against her?
What heart can we defie the Devil with?
Nur. The March beer's open.
Tob. A fortification of March beer will do well,
I must confess 'tis a most mighty Armor,
For I presume I cannot pray.
Nur. Why *Nicolas*?
Tob. We Coachmen have such tumbling faiths, no prayrs
Can go an even pace.
Nur. Hold up your candle.
Tob. Verily Nurse, I have cry'd so much
For my young Mistriss, that is mortified,
That if I have not more sack to support me,
I shall even sleep: heiho, for another flagon;
These Burials, and Christnings are the mournful[st] matters,
And they ask more drink.
Nur. Drink to a sad heart's needful.
To. Mine's ever sad, for I am ever dry Nurse.
Nur. Methinks the light burns blew, I prethee snuff it,
There's a thief in't I think.
To. There may be one near it. (*Nicholas*?
Nur. What's that that moves there, ith' name of——
That thing that walks.
T[*o*]. Would I had a Ladder to behold it,
Mercy upon me, the Ghost of one oth'Guard sure,
'Tis the devil by his clawes, he smels of Brimstone,
Sure he farts fire, what an Earth-quake I have in me;
Out with thy Prayer-book Nurse.
Nur. It fell ith' the frying pan, and the Cat's eat it.
Tob. I have no power to pray, it grows still longer,
'Tis Steeple high now, and it sayls away Nurse.
Lets call the butler up, for he speaks Latine,
And that will daunt the devil: I am blasted,
My belly's grown to nothing.
Nu. Fye, fye, *Tobie.* [*Exit.*
Boy. So let them go, and whilst they are astonish'd
Let us presently upon the rest now suddenly.
Lur. Off, off, and up agen, when we are near the parlor,

Art sure thou knowst the Chest?
Boy. Though it were ith'dark Sir,
I can go to't.
Lur. On then and be happy. [*Exit.*

Enter Tobie.

Tob. How my haunches quake, is the thing here still?
Now can I out-do any Button-maker, at his own trade,
I have fifteen fits of an Ague, Nurse, 'tis gone I hope,
The hard-hearted woman has left me alone. Nurse—
And she knows too I ha but a lean conscience to keep me company. [*Noise within.*
The devil's among 'em in the Parlour sure,
The Ghost three stories high, he has the Nurse sure,
He is boyling of her bones now, hark how she whistles:
There's Gentlewomen within too, how will they do?
I'll to the Cook, for he was drunk last night,
And now he is valiant, he is a kin to th'devil too,
And fears no fire.

Enter Lurcher *and Boy.*

Lur. No light?
Boy. None left Sir,
They are gone, and carried all the candles with 'em,
Their fright is infinite, let's make good use on't,
We must be quick sir, quick, or the house will rise else.
Lu. Was this the Chest?
Boy. Yes, yes.
Lur. There was two of 'em.
Or I mistake.
Boy. I know the right, no stay Sir,
Nor no discourse, but to our labor lustily,
Put to your strength and make as little noise,
Then presently out at the back door.
Lur. Come Boy.
Come happy child and let me hug thy excellence. [*Exit.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wil. What thousand noises pass through all the rooms!
What cryes and hurries! sure the devil's drunk.

And tumbles through the house, my villanies
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or fear, a little now molest me;
My Cosens death sits heavy o'my conscience,
Would I had been half hang'd when I hammer'd it.
I aim'd at a living divorce, not a burial
That *Frank* might have had some hope: hark still
In every room confusion, they are all mad,
Most certain all stark mad within the house,
A punishment inflicted for my lewdness,
That I might have the more sense of my mischief,
And run the more mad too, my Aunt is hang'd sure,
Sure hang'd her self, or else the fiend has fetch'd her.
I heard a hundred cryes, the Devil, the Devil,
Th[e]n roaring, and then tumbling, all the chambers
Are a meer Babel, or another Bedlam.
What should I think? I shake my self too:
Can the Devil find no time, but when we are merry,
Here's something comes.

Enter Newlove.

New. Oh that I had some company,
I care not what they were, to ease my misery,
To comfort me.
Wil. Whose that?
New. Again? nay then receive—
Wil. Hold, hold I am no fury.
The Merchants wife.
New. Are ye a man? pray heaven you be.
Wil. I am.
New. Alass I have met Sir
The strangest things to night.
Wil. Why do you stare.
New. Pray comfort me, and put your candle out,
For if I see the spirit again I dye for't.
And hold me fast, for I shall shake to pieces else.
Wil. I'll warrant you, I'll hold ye,
Hold ye as tenderly; I have put the light out,
Retire into my Chamber, there I'll watch wi'ye,
I'll keep you from all frights.

New. And will ye keep me.
Wil. Keep you as secure Lady.
New. You must not wrong me then, the devil will have us.
Wil. No, no, I'll love you, then the devil will fear us.
For he fears all that love, pray come in quickly,
For this is the malicious house he walks in,
The hour he blasts sweet faces, lames the limbs in,
Depraves the senses, now within this half hour
He will have power to turn all Citizens wives
Into strange Creatures, Owles, and long-tail'd Monkeys,
Jayes, Pies, and Parrots, quickly, I smell his brimstone.
New. It comes agen I am gone shift for your self Sir. [*Exit.*
Wil. Sure this whole night is nothing but illusion,
Here's nothing comes, all they are mad, damn'd devil
To drive her back again, 't had been thy policy
To have let us alone, we might have done some fine thing
To have made thy hel-hood laugh, 'tis a dainty wench,
If I had her again, not all your fellow goblins,
Nor all their clawes should scratch her hence, I'll stay still,
May be her fright will bring her back again,
Yet I will hope.

Enter Toby.

Tob. I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber,
Sure they are all ith'Cellar, and I cannot find that neither,
I am led up and down like a tame ass, my light's out
And I grope up and down like blind-man-buffe,
And break my face, and break my pate.
Wil. It comes again sure
I see the shadow, I'll have faster hold now,
Sure she is mad, I long to lye with a mad-woman,
She must needs have rare new tricks.
Tob. I hear one whisper
If it be the devil now to allure me into his clutches,
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets,
[*Wil.*] I have a glimpse of her guise, 'tis she would steal
But I'll stand sure. ([by] me,
Tob. I have but a dram of wit left,
And that's even ready to run, oh for my bed now.
Wil. She nam'd a bed, I like that, she repents sure,

Where is she now?
Tob. Who's that?
Wil. Are you there, In, In, In presently.
Tob. I feel his talents through me,
'Tis an old haggard devil, what will he do with me?
Wil. Let me kiss thee first, quick, quick.
Tob. A leacherous Devil.
Wil. What a hairy whore 'tis, sure she has a muffler.
Tob. If I should have a young Satan by him, for I dare not
In what case were I? who durst deliver me? (deny him,
Wil. 'Tis but my fancy, she is the same, in quickly, gently my Sweet girl.
Tob. Sweet devil be good to me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lurch, *and Boy.*

Lur. Where's my love, Boy.
Boy. She's coming with a Candle
To see our happy prize.
Lur. I am cruel weary.
Boy. I cannot blame ye, plate is very heavy
To carry without light or help.
Lur. The fear too
At every stumble to be discover'd boy,
At every cough to raise a Constable,
Well, we'll be merry now.
Boy. We have some reason;
Things compass'd without fear or eminent danger,
Are too luxurious sir to live upon.
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their nature as much merit
As his, that digs 'em out 'oth' mine, they last too
Season'd with doubts and dangers most delitiously,
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our appetites.
Lu. Most learned child.

Enter Mistriss.

Mi. Y'are welcome, where have you left it.
Lu. In the next room, hard by.
Mi. Is it plate all.

Lu. All, all, and Jewels, I am monstrous weary,
Prethee let's go to bed.
Mi. Prethee lets see it first.
Lu. To morrow's a new day sweet.
Mi. Yes to melt it,
But let's agree to night, how it shall be handled,
I'll have a new gown.
Lur. 'Shat have any thing.
Mi. And such a riding suit as Mistress *Newloves*:
What though I be no Gentlewoman born,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.
Lu. Thou sayst right.
Mi. You promis'd me a horse too, and a lackquay.
Lur. Thou shalt have horses six, and a postilion.
Mi. That will be stately sweet heart, a postilion.
Lu. Nay, we'll be in fashion; he shall ride before us
In winter, with as much dirt would dampe a musket;
The inside of our coach shall be of scarlet.
Mi. That will be dear.
Lu. There is a dye projecting
Will make it cheap, wench, come thou shalt have any thing.
Mi. Where is this chest, I long, sweet, to behold
Our Indies.
Boy. Mistress lets melt it first, and then 'tis fit
You should dispose it, then 'tis safe from danger.
Mi. I'll be a loving Mistress to my boy too.
Now fetch it in and lets rejoyce upon't.
Boy. Hold your light Mistress, we may see to enter.
Mi. Ha what's here? call you this a chest?
Boy. We ha mist Sir.
Our haste and want of light made us mistake.
Mi. A very Coffin.
Lu. How! a Coffin? Boy, 'tis very like one.
Boy. The devil ow'd us a shame, and now he has paid us.
Mi. Is this your Treasure?
Boy. Bury me alive in't.
Lu. It may be there is no room.
Mi. Nay, I will search it:
I'll see what wealth's within,—a womans face,
And a fair womans.

Boy. I cannot tell sir,
Belike this was the sadness that possest 'em;
The plate stood next, I'm sure.
Lur. I shake, I shake Boy, what a cold sweat—
Boy. This may work, what will become on's Sir?
Mi. She is cold, dead cold: de'e find 'your conscience,
De'e bring your Gillians hither—nay, she's punish'd,
You conceal'd love's cas'd up?
Lur. 'Tis *Maria*, the very same, the Bride, new horror!
Mi. These are fine tricks, you hope she's in a sound
But I'll take order she shall ne'r recover
To bore my Nose, come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or I'll cry out; take her up instantly.
Lu. Be not so hasty fool, that may undo us;
We may be in for murther so; be patient,
Thou seest she's dead, and cannot injure thee.
Mi. I am sure she shall not.
Boy. Be not, Sir, dejected,
Too much a strange mistake! this had not been else,
It makes me almost weep to think upon't.
Lu. What an unlucky thief am I!
Mi. I'll no considering, either bestir your self, or—
Lu. Hold.
Mi. Let it not stay, to smell then, I will not
Indure the stink of a Rival.
Lu. Would 'twere there again.
Boy. We must bury her.
Lur. But were o'th sudden, or with what providence,
That no eyes watch us.
Mi. Take a Spade and follow me,
The next fair ground we meet, make the Church-yard;
As I live, I'll see her lodg'd. [*Exit.*
Lu. It must be so,
How heavy my heart is, I ha no life left.
Boy. I am past thinking too, no understanding,
That I should miss the right Chest.
Lu. The happy Chest.
Boy. That, which I saw and markt too.
Lu. Well passion wo'not help us,
Had I twenty falls for this!

Boy. 'Twas my fault sir.
And twenty thousand fears for this, oth'devil,
Now could I curse, well, we have her now,
And must dispose her.

Enter Mistress.

Mi. Hang both for two blind buzzards, here's a Spade
Quickly or I'll call the neighbors.
There's no remedy,
Would the poor hungry prisoners had this pastie. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Justice, and a Servant with a light.

Ser. 'Twas a strange mischance Sir.
Ju. Mischance, sayst? No 'twas happiness to me,
There's so much charge sav'd, I have her portion,
I'll marry twenty more on such conditions.
Ser. Did it not trouble you Sir,
To see her dead?
Ju. Not much, I thank my conscience;
I was tormented till that happen'd, furies
Were in my brain to think my self a Cuckold
At that time of the night:
When I come home, I charge you shut my doors,
Locks, bolts, and bars, are little enough to secure me.
Ser. Why, and please you?
Ju. Fool to ask that question;
To keep out women, I expect her Mother
Will visit me with her clamors, oh I hate
Their noise, and do abhor the whole sex heartily;
They are all walking Devils, Harpyes: I will study
A week together how to rail sufficiently,
Upon 'em all, and that I may be furnish'd,
Thou shalt buy all the railing Books and Ballads,
That Malice hath invented against women,
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,
Till I grow fat with curses.
Ser. If you'll go
To th'charge, let me alone to find you Books.
Ju. They come neer us.
Ser. Whats that?

Ju. Where? hold up the Torch Knave.
Ser. Did you hear nothing, 'tis a ——
Ju. Why dost make a stand?
Ser. Whats that?
Ju. Where, where, dost see any thing?
We are hard by the Church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in such irksome places;
They say Ghosts walk sometimes, hark, de'e hear nothing?

Enter Lurcher, Boy, and Mistress.

Mi. No farther, dig here, and lay her in quickly.
Lur. What light is that Boy, we shall be discover'd;
Set the Coffin up an end, and get behind me,
There's no avoiding.
Boy. Oh!
Ju. Where's that groan? I begin to be afraid.
Ser. What shall we do Sir?
Ju. We are almost at home now, thou must go forward,
Perhaps 'twas my imagination.
Lur. 'Tis he?
Boy. I know him too, let me alone.
Ser. Oh Sir, a Ghost, the very Ghost of Mistress Bride,
I have no power to run away.
Ju. Cursed Ghost, bless me, preserve me,
I do command thee what so ere thou art,
I do conjure thee leave me; do not fright me;
If thou beest a devil vex me not so soon,
If thou beest
The spirit of my wife.
Boy. Thy Wife.
Ju. I shall be tormented.
Boy. Thy abus'd wife, that cannot peaceably
Enjoy her death, thou hast an evil conscience.
Ju. I know it.
Boy. Among thy other sins which black thy soul,
Call to thy mind thy vow made to another,
Whom thou hast wrong'd, and make her satisfaction
Now I am dead, thou perjur'd man: or else
A thousand black tormentors shall pursue thee,
Untill thou leap into eternal flames;

Where gold which thou ador[e]'st here on earth
Melted, the fiends shall powre into thy throat;
For this time pass, go home and think upon me.
Lur. Away.
Ser. There are more spirits.
Ju. Thank you dear wife,
I'll bestow twenty nobles of a Tomb for thee,
Thou shalt not walk and catch cold after death.
[*They go Backward in.*
Lu. So, so, they'r gone, 'twas my ingenious rascal:
But how dost thou know he made vows to another?
Boy. I over-heard the woman talk to night on't;
But now let's lose no time Sir, pray lets bury
This Gentlewoman, where's my Mistress?

Enter Mistress.

Mi. Here I durst not tarry.
Lu. We ha so cosen'd the old forty i'th hundred,
And the devil hinder him not, he'll go a pilgrimage;
But come, about our business, set her down again.
Mar. Oh!
Lur. She groans, ha.
Mar. Oh!
Lur. Again, she stirs.
Mi. Lets fly, or else we shall be torn in pieces.
Lur. And you be good at that, bury your self,
Or let the Sexton take ye for his fee,
Away boy. [*Exit.*
Mar. I am very cold, dead cold;
Where am I? What's this? a Coffin? where have I been?
Mercy defend me: Ha? I do remember
I was betray'd, and swounded, my heart akes,
I am wondrous hungry too, dead bodies eat not;
Sure I was meant for burial, I am frozen;
Death, 'like a cake of Ice dwells round about me;
Darkness spreads o're the world too, where? what path?
Best providence direct me. [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lady, Wildbraine, Women, Toby.

La. Thou art the most unfortunate fellow.
Wil. Why Aunt what have I done?
La. The most malicious varlet,
Thy wicked head never at rest, but hammering,
And ha[t]ching hellish things, and to no purpose,
So thou mayst have thy base will.
Wi. Why do you rail thus?
Cannot a scurvy accident fall out,
But I must be at one end on't?
La. Thou art at both ends.
Wi. Cannot young sullen wenches play the fools
And marry, and dye, but I must be the agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury,
Let the world judge it) was but to perswade her,
And (as I take it) I was bound to it too,
To make the reverend coxcombe her husband Cuckold:
What else could I advise her? was there harm i'this?
You are of years, and have run through experience,
Would you be content if you were young again,
To have a continual cough grow to your pillow?
A rottenness, that vaults are perfumes to;
Hang in your roof, and like a fog infect you?
Anointed hammes, to keep his hinges turning,
Reek ever in your nose, and twenty night caps,
With twenty several sweats?
To. Some Jew, some Justice,
A thousand heathen smels to say truth Madam,
And would you mellow my young pretty Mistriss
In such a mis-ken?
La. Sirra,
Where's the body of my Girl?
Wi. I know not,
I am no Conjurer, you may look the body,
I was like to be stol'n away my self, the Spirit
Had like to ha surpris'd me in the shape of a woman,
Of a young woman, and you know those are dangerous.

To. So had I Madam, simply though I stand here,
I had been ravish'd too: I had twenty Spirits,
In every corner of the house a Fiend met me.
La. You lye like Raskals,
Was Mistriss *Newlove* such a spirit Sir?
To fright your worship;
Well, I discharge you Sir, y'are now at liberty,
Live where you please, and do what pranks you fancy,
You know your substance: though you are my Nephew,
I am no way bound Sir to protect your mischief;
So fare you well.
Wi. Farewell good Aunt, I thank you,
Adiew honest *Nick*, the devil if he have power,
Will persecute your old bones, for this Marriage,
Farewell Mistress *Win.*
To. And shall we part with dry lips?
Shall we that have been fellow devils together
Flinch for an old womans fart?
Wi. 'Tis a fine time a night too, but we must part *Nick.*
To. Shall we never ring again? ne'r toss the tenor,
And roul the changes [in] a Cup of Clarret?
You shall not want what ere I lay my hands on,
As I am sure *Automedon* the Coachman,
Shall be distributed; bear up, I say, hang sorrow,
Give me that bird abroad that lives at pleasure,
Sam the Butler's true, the Cook a reverend Trojan,
The Faulkner shall sell his Hawks, and swear they were rotten,
There be some wandring spoons, that may be met with,
I'll pawn a Coach horse, peace, utter no sentences.
The har[nesse] shall be us'd in our wars also;
Or shall I drive her (tell me but your will now,
Say but the word) over some rotten bridg,
Or by a Marl-pit side, she may slip in daintily,
Let me alone for my self.
Wi. No, no, farewell *Toby*,
Farewell spiny *Nicholas*, no such thing,
There be ways i'the world, if you see me
A day or two hence, may be wee'l crack a quart yet,
And pull a bell, commend to the houshold;
Nay, cry not *Toby*, 'twill make thy head giddy.

To. Sweet Master *Wildbraine.*
Wi. No more *Toby*, go the times may alter—
But where's the coarse of my dead cosen,
(If she be dead) I hop'd 'thad but dissembled
That sits heavy here: *Toby*, honest *Toby*,
Lend me thy Lanthorn, I forgot 'twas dark,
I had need look to my ways now.
To. Take a lodging with me to night in the Stable,
And ride away to morrow with one of the horses,
Next your heart, pray do.
Wi. No, good night good neighbor *Toby*, I will wander,
I scorn to submit my self, ere I have rambled,
But whither, or with what, that's more material;
No matter, and the worst come, it is but stealing,
And my Aunt wo'not see me hang'd for her own credit,
And farewel in a Halter costs me nothing. [*Exit.*

Enter Hartlove.

Fran. The night, and all the evil the night covers,
The Goblins, Haggs, and the black spawn of darkness,
Cannot fright me: no death, I dare thy cruelty.
For I am weary both of life and light too;
Keep my wits heaven, they say spirits appear
To melancholy minds, and the graves open,
I would fain see the fair *Maria*'s shadow,
But speak unto her spirit e'er I dyed,
But ask upon my knees a mercy from her;
I was a villain, but her wretched kinsman,
That set his plot, shall with his heart-blood satisfie
Her injur'd life and honor, what light's this?

Enter Wildbrain *with a Lanthorn.*

Wild. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The Tavern doors are baracado'd too,
Where I might drink till morn in expectation;
I cannot meet the Watch neither; nothing in
The likeness of a Constable, whom I might,
In my distress, abuse, and so be carried,
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.
Fra. 'Tis his voice, Fate, I thank thee.

Wild. Ha, who's that, and thou be'st a man speak?
Frank Hartlove, then I bear my destinies,
Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for;
My Aunt has turn'd me out a doors, she has,
At this unchristian hour, and I do walk,
Methinks like *Guido Faux* with my dark Lanthorn,
Stealing to set the Town a fire; i'th' Countrey
I should be tane for *William* o' the Wispe,
Or: *Robin Good-fellow*, and how dost *Frank*?
Ha. The worse for you.
Wild. Come, tha'rt a fool, art going to thy lodging?
I'll lie with thee to night, and tell thee stories,
How many devils we ha met withal;
Our house is haunted *Frank*, whole legions,
I saw fifty for my share.
Fr. Didst not fright 'em?
Wild. How; fright 'em? no, they frighted me sufficiently.
Fr. Thou hadst wickedness enough to make them stare,
And be afraid o' thee, malicious devil;
And draw thy sword, for by *Maria's* soul;
I will not let thee scape to do more mischief.
Wild. Thou art mad, what dost mean?
Fr. To kill thee, nothing else will ease my anger,
The injury is fresh, I bleed withal,
Nor can that word express it, theres no peace in't,
Nor must it be forgiven, but in death;
Therefore call up thy valour, if thou'st any.
And summon up thy spirits to defend thee;
Thy heart must suffer for thy damn'd practises,
Against thy noble cosin, and my innocence.
Wild. Hold, hear a word; did I do any thing
But for your good, that you might have her,
That in that desperate time I might redeem her,
Although with shew of loss.
Fr. Out ugly villain,
Fling on her the most hated name of whore
To the worlds eye, and face it out in courtesie,
Bring him to see't, and make me drunk to attempt it.

Enter Maria.

Ma. I hear some voices this way.
Fr. No more, if you can pray, do it as you fight.
Ma. What new frights oppose me? I have heard that
Wild. 'Tis my fortune. (tongue.
You could not take me in a better time, Sir,
I ha nothing to lose but the love I lent thee,
My life my sword protect.
Ma. I know 'em both, but to prevent their ruines,
Must not discover—stay men most desperate;
The mischief you are forward to commit
Will keep me from my grave, and tie my spirit
To endless troubles else.
Wild. Ha, 'tis her Ghost.
Fr. Maria?
Ma. Hear me both, each wound you make
Runs through my soul, and is a new death to me,
Each threatening danger will affright my rest;
Look on me *Hartlove*, and my kinsman view me;
Was I not late in my unhappy marriage,
Sufficient miserable? full of all misfortunes?
But you must add, with your most impious angers,
Unto my sleeping dust this insolence?
Would you teach time to speak eternally
Of my disgraces; make Records to keep 'em,
Keep them in brass? fight then, and kill my honor;
Fight deadly both, and let your bloody swords,
Through my reviv'd, and reeking infamy
(That never shall be purg'd) find your own ruines:
Hartlove, I lov'd thee once, and hop'd again
In a more blessed love to meet thy spirit,
If thou kill'st him, thou art a murtherer,
And murther shall never inherit heaven:
My time is come, my concealed grave expects me,
Farewel, and follow not, your feet are bloody,
And will pollute my peace: I hope they are melted,
This is my way sure. [*Exit.*
Fr. Stay blessed soul.
Wi. Would she had come sooner, and ha sav'd some blood.

Fr. Dost bleed?
Wild. Yes certainly, I can both see and feel it.
Fr. Now I well hope it is not dangerous;
Give me thy hand, as [farre as] honor guides me,
I'll know thee again.
Wild. I thank thee heartily;
I know not where to get a Surgeon;
This vision troubles me, sure she is living,
And I was foolish blind, I could not find it;
I bleed apace still, and my heart grows heavy,
If I go far I faint, I'll knock at this house,
They may be charitable, would 'twere perfect day.

Enter Mistriss.

Mist. 'Tis not he: What would you, Sir?
Wild. I would crave a little rest Lady,
And for my hurts some Surgerie, I am a Gentleman
That fortune of a fight—
Mist. A handsome Gentleman,
Alas he bleeds, a very handsome Gentleman.
Wild. A sweet young wench, beshrew my heart a fair one;
Fortune has made me some recompence.
Mist. Pray come in, the air is hurtful for you,
Pray let me lead you, I'll have a bed for you presently,
I'll be your Surgeon too, alas sweet Gentleman.
Wild. I feel no hurts, the morning comes too fast now.
Mist. Softly, I beseech you. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady and Toby.

Tob. He is not up yet Madam, what meant you
To come forth so early?
La. You blockhead;
Your eyes are sow'd up still, they cannot see
When it is day: oh my poor *Maria*;
Where be the women?
Tob. They said they would follow us.
La. He shall not laugh thus at my misery,
And kill my child, and steal away her body,
And keep her portion too.
Tob. Let him be hang'd for't,

You have my voice.
La. These women not come yet?
A Son-in-law, I'll keep a Conjurer,
But I'll find out his knavery.
Tob. Do, and I'll help him.
And if he were here, this whip should conjure him,
Here's a *Capias*, and it catch hold on's breech,
I'de make him soon believe the Devil were there.
La. An old Usurer.
Tob. He married the money, that's all he lookt for;
For your daughter, let her sink or swim.
La. I'll swim him;
This is his house, I wonder they stay thus,
That we might rail him out on's wits.
Tob. They'll come,
Fear not Madam, and bring clappers with 'em,
Or some have lost their old wont, I have heard,
No disparagement to your Ladyship, some o' their tongues
Like *Tom-a-Lincoln*, three miles off.
La. Oh fie,
How tedious are they?
Tob. What and we lost no time,
You and I shall make a shift to begin with him,
And tune our Instruments till the Consort come
To make up the full noise, I'll knock.
Ju. Who's that rapt so saucily? (down,
Tob. 'Tis I, *Toby*, come down, or else we'll fetch you
Alas, this is but the [Saunce] bell, here's a Gentlewoman
Will ring you another peal, come down, I say.
Ju. Some new fortifications, look to my doors,
Put double barrs, I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her Tribe, they come to terrifie me:
Keep out her tongue too, if you can.
La. I hear you,
And I will send my tongue up to your worship,
The eccho of it shall flye o'er the street;
My Daughter that thou killedst with kindness (Jew)
That thou betrayedst to death, thou double Jew,
And after stol'st her body.
Tob. Jew's too good for him.

Ju. I defie you both;
Thy daughter plaid the villain and betraid me.
Betrai'd my honor.
La. Honor, Rascal,
And let that bear an action, I'll try it with thee,
Honor?
Tob. Oh Reprobate!
La. Thou musty Justice,
Buy an honourable halter and hang thy self.
[*T*]*ob.* A worshipful ropes end is too good for him.
La. Get honor that way, thou wot die a dog else.
Tob. Come and be whipt first.
La. Where is her Portion.

Enter Nurse and Women.

Ju. Where I'll keep it safely.
Nur. Traitor, thou shalt not keep it.
Ju. More of the kennel? put more bolts to th' doors there,
And arm your selves, hell is broke loose upon us.
Tob. I am glad y'are come, we'll blow the house down.
La. Oh Nurse, I have such cause— (bound
Wo. Villain, viper, although you had no cause, we are
To help.
Nur. Yes, and believe, we come not here to examine,
And if you please we'll fire the house.
Ju. Call the Constable.
Tob. A charitable motion, fire is comfortable.
La. No, no, we'll only let him know our minds,
We will commit no outrage, he's a Lawyer.
Ju. Give me my Musket.
La. Where's my daughters body,
That I may bury it?
Wo. Speak, or we'll bury thee.
Nur. Alive, we'll bury thee, speak old Iniquity.
Tob. Bury him alive by all means for a testimony.
Ju. Their voices make my house reel, oh for Officers,
I am in a dream, thy daughters spirit
[Walkes] a nights, and troubles all the neigh[bou]rs:
Go hire a Conjurer, I'll say no more.
La. The Law shall say more.

Wo. Nur. We are Witnesses,
And if thou be'st not hang'd—

Enter Lurcher *and Boy.*

Lur. Buy a Book of good manners,
A short Book of good manners.
Boy. Buy a ballad, a ballad of the maid was got with child.
Tob. That might ha been my case last night,
I'll ha't, what e'er it cost me.
Boy. A ballad of the Witches hang'd at *Ludlow.*
Tob. I will have that too;
There was an Aunt of mine, I think amongst 'em,
I would be glad to hear her Testament.
Lur. A new Book of Women.
Ju. The thunder's laid, how they stare at him.
Lur. A new Book of Fools, a strange Book,
Very strange fools.
Ju. I'll owe thee a good turn, whate'er thou art.
Lur. A Book of Walking Spirits.
Ju. That I like not.
Tob. Nor I, they walk'd me the Fools Morris.
Lur. A Book of Wicked Women.
Ju. That's well thought on.
[*L*]*ur.* Of rude, malicious Women, of proud Women,
Of scolding Women, we shall ne'er get in.
Boy. A ballad of wrong'd Maids.
La. I'll buy that.
Lur. A little, very little Book,
Of good and godly Women, a very little one,
So little you may put it in a Nutshel.
Tob. With a small print that no body can read it.
Nur. Peace sirrah, or I'll tear your Books.
Ju. Open the door and let him in, I love him.
Lur. A Book of evil Magistrates.
La. I marry d'ye hear that Justice.
Lur. And their eviller wives,
That wear their Places in their Petticoats.
Ju. D'ye hear that Lady.
Boy. A Book new printed against Playing,
Dancing, Masking, May-poles; a zealous Brothers Book,

And full of Fables.
Lur. Another Book of Women, of mad women,
Women that were born in *March.* [*Exit.*
La. Are you got in?
We would ha pull'd your knaves hide else; this fellow
Was sent to abuse us, but we shall have time
To talk more with this Justice.
Ju. Farewel Madam, as you like this, come visit me agen,
You and your treble strings, now scold your hearts out—
Wo. Shall he carry it thus away?
Nur. Go to the Judge, and what you'll have us swear—
La. I thank ye heartily,
I'll keep that for the last, I will go home,
And leave him to his Conscience for a while,
If it sleep long, I'll wake it with a vengeance. [*Exit.*

Enter Servants.

1. What book has he given thee?
2. A dainty book, a book of the great Navy,
Of fifteen hundred ships of Cannon-proof,
Built upon Whales to keep their keels from sinking:
And Dragons in 'em, that spit fire ten mile;
And Elephants that carry goodly Castles.
1. Dost thou believe it?
2. Shall we not believe Books in print?
1. I have *John Taylors* book of Hempseed too,
Which for two lines I hapned on by chance,
I reverence.
2. I prethee what are they?
1. They are so pat upon the time, as if
He studied to answer the late Histriomastix,
Talking of change and transformations,
That wittily, and learnedly he bangs him,
So many a Puritans ruff, though starch'd in print,
Be turn'd to Paper, and a Play writ in't
[A Play in the Puritans ruff? I'll buy his Works for't,
And confute *Horace* with a Water Poet:]
What hast there a Ballad too?
2. [This?] This is a piece of Poetry indeed;
[*He sings*; *Justice cries within.*

What noise is that?

1. Some cry i th' streets; prethee sing on. [*Sing*[*s*] *again.*
2. Agen, dost not hear? 'tis i'th' house certainly?
1. 'Tis a strange noise! and has a tang o'th' Justice.
2. Let's see! [*Exit.*

Enter the Servants bringing in their Master bound and gagg'd.

1. Untie his feet, pull out his gagg, he will choak else;
What desperate rogues were these.
2. Give him fresh air.
Ju. I will never study books more:
I am undone, these villains have undone me.
Rifled my Desk, they have undone me learnedly:
A fire take all their Books, I'll burn my Study:
Where were you rascals when the villains bound me,
You could not hear?
1. He gave us Books, Sir, dainty Books to busie us;
And we were reading, in that which was the Brew-house;
A great way off, we were singing Ballads too;
And could not hear.
Ju. This was a precious thief,
A subtle trick to keep my servants safe.
2. What ha you lost Sir?
Ju. They ransack'd all before my face, and threatned
To kill me if I cough'd, they have a chain,
My rings, my box of casting gold, my purse too.
They robb'd me miserably: but that which most grieves me,
They took away some Writings; 'twas a rogue
That knew me, and set on by the old Lady,
I will indite her for't.
1. Shall we pursue 'em?
Ju. Run, run, cursed raskals,
I am out of my wits, let not a creature in,
No not with necessaries.
2. We shall be starv'd.
Ju. I'll buy my meat at window as they pass by;
I [wonot] trust my Scrivenor, he has books too;
And bread I'll ha flung up; I charge ye all
Burn all the books i'th' house.

1. Your little Prayer Book?

Ju. I'll never pray agen, I'll have my doors
Made up, nothing but walls, and thick ones too;
No sound shall tempt me agen, remember I
Have forswore books.

2. If you should be call'd to take your oath?

Ju. I will forswear all oaths, rather than see
A thing but in the likeness of a book:
And I were condemn'd, I'll rather chuse to hang,
Than read agen; come in, and search all places,
They may be about the house, were the doors lock'd?

1. But the keys in 'em, and if they be gone,
They could not want wit to lock us in, Sir.

Ju. Never was a man so miserably undone,
I would lose a limb, to see their rogueships totter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady and Nurse.

La. Thy brothers daughter, saist, and born in *Wales*?

Nur. I have long time desired to see her, and I hope
Your Ladyship will not be offended.

La. No, no.

Nur. I should be happy, if she might be serviceable
To you Madam.

La. Beshrew me, but at first, she took me much,
Is she not like *Maria*? setting aside
Her language very like her, and I love her
The better for't, I prethee call her hither,
She speaks feat English.

Nur. Why *Guennith*, *Guennith*, *du hummah Guennith.*
She is course Madam, after her countrey guise,
And were she in fine cloths—

La. I'll have her handsome:

Enter Maria.

What part of *Wales* were you born in?

Ma. In *Abehundis* Mada[ms]. (*Brecknock.*

Nur. She speaks that name in *Welsh*, which we call

La. What can you do?

Ma. Her was toe many tings in *Walls*, know not the fashion in *Londons*; her was milk the Cows, make seeze and

butters, and spin very well the Welsh freeze, her was Cooke to te Mountain Cots, and sing very fine prittish tunes, was mage good ales and breds, and her know to dance on Sundays, marge you now Madams.

La. A pretty innocence, I do like her infinitely, *Nurse*, And if I live—

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here is Mr. *Hartlove*, Madam, come to see you.

La. Alas poor Gentleman, prethee admit him.

Enter Hartlove *and Gent.*

Ha. Madam, I am come to take my last leave.

La. How Sir?

Ha. Of all my home affections, and my friends,
For the interest you had once in *Maria*,
I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdom.

La. Would there were any thing in my poor power
That might divert your Will, and make you happy,
I am sure I have wrong'd her too, but let your pardon
Assure me you are charitable; she's dead
Which makes us both sad: What do you look on?

[1.] The likest face—

Ma. Plesse us awle, why does that sentilman make such unders and mazements at her, I know her not.

Ha. Be not offended maid. (to him.

La. How the wench blushes, she represents *Marias* loss

Ma. Will the sentilman hurt her? pray you be her defences, was have mad phisnomies, is her troubled with Lunaticks in her prain pans, bless us awle.

Ha. Where had you this face?

Ma. Her faces be our none, I warrant her.

Ha. I wonot hurt you, all the lineaments
That built *Maria* up; all those springing beauties
Dwell on this thing, change but her tongue I know her:
Let me see your hand.

Ma. *Du Guin.* was never thieves, and robberies; here is no sindge in her hands warrant her.

Ha. Trust me, the self-same white,
And softness, prethee speak our English Dialect.

Ma. Ha leggs? what does her speage hard urds to her, to make poor *Guennith* ridicles, was no mannerly sentilman to abuse her.

Ha. By the love,
That everlasting love I bear *Maria*—

Ma. *Maria*, her name was *Guenith*, and good names, was poor else, oman maid, her have no fine kanags to madge her tricksie[, yet] in her own cuntries was held a fine ense her can tels her, and honest ense too, marg you dat now, her can keep her little legs close enough, warrant her.

La. How prettily this anger shews.

1. She gabbles innocently.

Ha. Madam farewel, and all good fortune dwell we'e,
With me my own affections; farewel Maid,
Fair gentle maid.

2. She sighs.

Ma. Du cat a whee.

Ha. I cannot goe, there's somewhat calls me back.

Ma. Poor *Franke*,
How gladly would I entertain thy love,
And meet thy worthy flame, but shame forbids me:
If please her Ladyship[s] dwell here with *Guenneth*, and learn to spinn and card ull, to mage flannells, and linseyes ulseis, fall tawgco'd urds to her Ladyships urships for her.

[*The tears flow from him.*

The tears of true affection, woe is me,
Oh cursed love that glories in maids miseries,
And true mens broken hearts. (not, forgive her.

La. Alas I pity him, the wench is rude, and knows you

Ma. Wy[n]e your nyes [p]ray you, though was porn in Walls 'mong craggy rocks, and mountains, yet heart is soft, look you hur can weep too, when hur see men mage prinie tears and lamentations.

Ha. How hard she holds me!
Just as *Maria* did, weeps the same drops,
Now as I have a living soul, her si[gh] too;
What shall I think, is not your name *Maria*,
If it be not, delude me with so much charity
To say it is.

Ma. Upon her life, you was mighty deal in love with some

podies, your pale seekes and hollow nyes, and pantings upon her posom, know very well, because look you, her think her honest sentilman, you sall call her *Maria*.

Ha. Good Madam, think not ill I am thus saucy.

La. Oh no Sir, be you not angry with the wench.

Ha. I am most pleas'd.

1. Lets interrupt him, he'll be mad outright else.

2. Observe a little more.

Ha. Would I could in your language beg a kiss.

Ma. If her have necessities of a kiss, look you, dere is one in sarities.

Ha. Let me suffer death,
If in my apprehension two twinn'd cherries
Be more a kinn, than her lips to *Maria*'s:
And if this harsh illusion would but leave her,
She were the same, good Madam, shall I have
Your consent now?

La. To what?

Ha. To give this Virgin to me.

La. She's not mine, this is her kinswoman,
And has more power to dispose; alas, I pity him.
Pray gentlem[e]n prevail with him to goe;
More that I wish his comfort than his absence.

Ha. You have been always kind to me, will you
Deny me your fair Cosin?

Nu. 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own consent.

Ha. [He] is no friend that wishes my departure,
I doe not trouble you.

1. 'Tis not *Maria*.

Ha. Her shadow is enough, I'll dwell with that,
Pursue your own ways, shall we live together?

Ma. If her will come to morrow and tauge to her, her will tell her more of her meanings, and then if her be melancholy, her will sing her a Welch Song too, to make her merries, but *Guenith* was very honest; her was never love but one sentleman, and he was bear her great teal of good-ills too, was marry one day *S. Davy*, her give her five pair of white gloves, if her will dance at her weddings.

Ha. All I am worth,
And all my hopes this strange voice would forsake her,

For then she shud be—prethee stay a little,
Hark in thine ear, dissemble not, but tell me,
And save my life; I know you are *Maria*:
Speak but as I doe, ten words to confirm me;
You have an *English* soul, do not disguise it
From me with these strange accents—She pinch'd hard
Again, and sigh'd.

La. What ails the Wench? [*Exit.*

Nur. Why, *Guenith.*

Ha. She's gone too.

2. Come leave this dream.

Ha. A dream? I think so;
But 'twas a pleasing one, now I'll obey,
And forget all these wonders, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Wildbrain *and* Toby.

Wil. HOnest *Toby*? (met w'ye.

To. Sweet Mr. *Wildbrain*,—I am glad I ha

Wild. Why, did my Aunt send for me?

Tob. Your Aunt's a mortal, and thinks not on you
For ought I can perceive.

Wild. Is my cosin alive agen?

Tob. Neither, and yet we do not hear
That she's buried.

Wild. What should make thee glad then?

Tob. What should make me glad? have I not cause,
To see your Princely body well, and walk thus,
Look blithe and bonny, and your Wardrobe whole still?

Wild. The case is clear, and I ha found a Mine,
A perfect *Indie*, since my Aunt cashier'd me;
What think'st of this?

Tob. Oh delicate bells.

Wild. Thou puttest me in mind,
We are to ring anon, I mean[t] to send for thee;
Meet me at the old Parish Church.

Tob. Say no more.
Wild. When thy Lady is a bed, we ha conspir'd
A midnight peal for joy.
Tob. If I fail, hang me i' th' bell-ropes.
Wild. And how? and how does my Aunt?
Tob. She's up to th' ears in Law;
I do so whirl her to the Counsellors chambers,
And back again, and bounce her for more money,
And too again, I know not what they do with her;
But she's the merriest thing among these Law-drivers;
And in their studies half a day together;
If they do get her with *Magna Charta*, she swears,
By all the ability of her old body,
She will so claw the Justice, she will sell
The tiles of the house she vows, and Sack out o'th' Cellar,
(That she worships to Idolatry) but she'll hang him.
Wild. I would she could: but hark thee honest *Toby*.
If a man have a Mistriss, may we not,
Without my Aunt's leave, borrow now and then
A Coach to tumble in, towards the Exchange,
And so forth?
Tob. A Mistriss?
Wil. She may be thine when we are married.
Tob. Command, I'll carry you both in pomp;
And let my Lady go a foot a Law-catching,
And exercise her corns: where is she Master *John*?
Wild. 'Shat see her.
Tob. Shall we ring for her?
Wild. And drink her health?
Tob. Drink stifly for five hours.
Wild. We'll drink fifteen.
Tob. To night? we will ha twenty Torches then,
And through the streets drive on triumphantly;
Triumphantly we'll drive, by my Lad[y]es door,
As I am a Christian Coachman, I will rattle you
And Urine in her porch, and she shall fear me:
If you say more, I shall run mad outright,
I will drink Sack, and surfeit instantly;
I know not where I am now. [*Exit.*

Enter Lurcher.

Wi. Hold for thy buttons sake, the knave's transported.
Lur. *Jack Wildbrain*? (thee now ?
Wild. Honest *Tom*, how thrives the fellonious world with
Lur. You look and talk as you were much exalted.
Wild. Th'art i'th' right *Tom.* I'll tell thee first,
I ha shook off my Aunt, and yet I live still,
And drink, and sing; her house had like to ha spoil'd me;
I keep no hours now;
Nor need any false key
To the old womans Cabinets, I ha money
Upon my word, and pawn no oaths to th' Butler.
No matrimonial protestations
For Sack-possets to the Chambermaid,
I praise my Fate, there be more ways to th' wood *Tom.*
Lur. Prethee release my wonder.
Wild. I'll increase it, wipe thine eyes,
Here is a chain worth money, and some man had it,
A foolis[h] Diamond, and other trifles—
Lur. The very same, Oh Gipsey! Infidel!
All that I sweat, and ventur'd my neck for,
He has got already; who would trust a strumpet:
Wild. This? This is nothing to what I possess
At home.
Lur. What home?
Wild. A house that shall be nameless;
The Mistriss of it mine too, such a piece
For flesh and blood, added to that so loving—
Lur. Is she married?
Wild. I know not, nor I care not;
But such a prize, so mounting, so delicious,
Thou wilt run mad, I'll tell thee more hereafter.
Lur. Nay, prethee a word more.
Wild. I took no pains to find out all this Paradise,
My destiny threw me upon't i'th dark, I found it
Wanting a Lodging too.
Lur. No old acquaintance?
Wild. Never, never saw her;
But these things happen not in every age:

I cannot stay, if thou wilt meet anon
At my own randevow, thou knowest the Tavern,
We'll sup together, after that a company
Of merry lads have made a match to ring.
Lur. You keep your exercise, i'th' old Church?
Wild. No other,
There is no Musick to the Bells, we wo'd
Have Bonfires if we durst, and thou wo'd come
It shall cost thee nothing *Tom*, hang pilfering,
And keep me company, in time I may
Shew thee my wench too.
Lur. I cannot promise; but you will be there?
Wild. We'll toss the Bells, and make the Steeple
Roar boy, but come to supper then.
Lur. My hand, and expect me:
Yes, I will come or send, and to some purpose;
Art come boy?

Enter Boy with Gown, Beard, and Constables staff.

Excellent, Knave, how didst thou purchase these?
Boy. The staff I stole last night from a sleeping Constable;
The rest I borrowed by my acquaintance with
The Players boyes; you were best to lose no time, Sir.
Lur. So, so, help boy, 'tis very well, do I not look
Like one that breaks the Kings peace with authority?
You know your charge, prepare things handsomely,
My diligent boy, and leave me to my office.
Boy. There wants nothing already; but I fly Sir. [*Exit.*
Lur. Now Fortune prove no slut, and I'll adore thee.
Within. Ser. Whose there? [*Knocks.*
Lur. A friend wo'd speak with Master Justice.
Ser. Who are you?
Lur. I am the Constable.
Ser. My Master is not at leasure to hear business.
Lur. How? Not at leasure to do the King service;
Take heed what you say, Sir; I know his worship,
If he kn[e]w my business, would no excuse.
Ser. You must go to another Justice, I'll assure
My Master is not well in health.
Lur. I know not,

But if your worshipful be not at leasure
To do himself a benefit, I am gone Sir,
An infinite benefit, and the State shall thank him for't;
Thank him, and think on him too; I am an Officer.
And know my place, but I do love the Justice;
I honor any authority above me:
Beside, he is my neighbor, and I worship him.
Ser. You have no Books, nor Ballads, Mr Constable,
About you?
Lur. What should I doe with Books? does it become
A man of my place to understand such matters?
Pray call your Master, if he please to follow me,
I shall discover to him such a plot,
Shall get him everlasting fame, I'll be hang'd for't,
And he be not knighted instantly, and for reward
Have some of the malefactors Lands, I'll bring him too;
But I cannot d[all]y time. [*Within.*
Ju. Who's that?
Ser. A Constable Sir, would speak about some business,
He says will bring you Fame, and mighty profit.
Lur. Please your worship come down, I'll make you happy;
The notabl'st piece of villany I have in hand Sir,
And you shall find it out; I ha made choice
To bring your worship to the first knowledge, and
Thank me, as you find the good on't afterwards.
Ju. What is it? Treason?
Lur. 'Tis little better, I can tell you I have lodg'd
A crew of the most rank and desperate villains:
They talk of robberies and waies they did 'em;
And how they left men bound i[n] their studies.
Ju. With Books and Ballads?
Lur. That Sir, that, and murders,
And thousand knaveries more, they're very rich Sir,
In Money, Jewels, Chains, and a hundred more
Devices.
Ju. Happy, happy Constable, I meet ye
At the back door, get ready knaves.
Lur. Not a man I beseech you,
I have privately appointed strength about me,
They cannot start, your men would breed suspition;

All my desire is, you would come alone;
That you might have the hope of the enterprise,
That you might hear 'em first, and then proceed, Sir.
Ju. I come, I come.
Lur. 'Tis very well. [*Exit.*
Ju. Keep all my doors fast, 'tis something late.
Lur. So, so, and please your worship I[le] direct you.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Master staies, I doubt his lime-twigs catch not,
If they doe, all's provided; but I all
This while forget my own state, fair *Maria*
Is certainly alive, I met her in
Another habit, with her Nurse, 'twas she:
There is some trick in't, but when this is over,
I'll find it out, this project for the Usurer
May have good effect; however, 'twill be sport
To mortifie him a little;

Enter Lurcher.

He's come without him:
Have you fail'd, Sir?
Lur. Prosper'd? my little Ingineer; away,
He is i'th' next room, be not you seen, sirrah. [*Exit.*
Boy. The pitfall's ready, never Justice
Was catcht in such a nooze: e'er he get out,
He shall run through a scouring purgatory,
Shall purge him to the quick, 'tis night already. [*Exit.*

Enter Algripe *and* Lurcher.

Lur. Come softly, yet Sir, softly, are you not weary?
Ju. Th'ast brought me into a melancholy place,
I see no creature.
Lur. This is, Sir, their Den
Where they suppose themselves secure, I am faint,
With making haste; but I must be thus troubled,
And therefore never go without a Cordial; {*Seems to drink.*
Without this I should dye;
How it refreshes me
Already! will't please your worship? I might have had

The manners to ha' let you drink before me;
Now am I lusty.
Ju. 'T[h]as a good taste.
Lur. Taste? how d'ye find the virtue, nay Sir, spare it not:
My wife has the Receipt, does it not stir
Your Worships body? when you come to examine,
'Twill make you speak like thunder.
Ju. Hoy he.
Lur. It works already.
Ju. Is there never a chair, I was wearier than I thought,
But who shall we have to take 'em. Mr. Constable?
Lur. Let me alone, when I but give the watch-word
We will have men enough to surprize an Army.
Ju. I begin to be sleepy; what, hast a chair?

Enter another with a chair.

Lur. They do not dream of us, 'tis early rising;
Care, care, and early rising, Common-wealths men
Are ever subject to the nods; sit down, Sir,
A short nap is not much amiss; so, so, he's fast;
Fast as a fish i'th' net, he has winking powder
Shall work upon him to our wish, remove him,
Nay, we may cut him into collops now
And he ne'r feel; have you prepar'd the vault, sirrah?
Boy. Yes, yes, Sir, every thing in's place.
Lur. When [we] have plac'd him, you and I boy
Must about another project hard by, his potion
Will bind him sure enough till we return,
This villany weighs mainly, But we'll purge ye. [*Exit.*
[*Bells ring.*

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Now for mine ears, mine ears be constant to me;
They ring a wager, and I must deal justly, ha boys.

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. Dost hear 'em, hark, these be the Ringers?
Boy. Are you sure the same?
Lur. Or my directions fail;
The coast is clear:

How the bells go! how daintily they tumble!
And methinks they seem to say; Fine fools I'll fit you.
Sex. Excellent agen, good boys—oh that was nought.
Lur. Who's that?
Boy. Be you conceal'd by any means yet, hark,
They stop, I hope they'll to't agen, close Sir.

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, *Ringers.*

Wild. A palpable knock.
Ring. 'Twas none.
To. Be judg'd by the Sexton then,
If I have ears.
Sex. A knock, a knock, a gross one.
To. Carman, your gallon of wine, you ring most impiously,
Art thou o'th' worshipful company of the Knights o'th West,
And handle a bell with no more dexterity?
You think you are in *Thames-street*
Justling the Carts: oh a clean hand's a Jewel.
Boy. Good speed to your good exercise.
To. Y' are welcome.
Boy. I come, Sir, from a Gentleman, and neighbor hard by,
One that loves your Musick well.
To. He may have more on't,
Handle a bell, as you were haling timber;
Gross, gross, and base, absurd.
Ring. I'll mend it next peal.
Boy. To intreat a knowledge of you, whether it be
By the Ear you ring thus cunningly, or by the Eye;
For to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon't.
Wild. But which way has he laid?
Boy. That your Ear guides you,
And not your Eye.
To. Has won, has won, the Ear's our only instrument:
Boy. But how shall we be sure on't.
To. Put all the lights out, to what end serve our eyes then?
Wild. A plain Case.
Boy. You say true, 'tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th'
And can you ring i' th' dark so? (Ear sure:
Wild. All night long, boy.
Boy. 'Tis wonderful, let this be certain Gentlemen,

And half his wager he allows among ye;
Is't possible you should ring so?
To. Possible, thou art a child, I'll ring when I am dead
Out with the lights, no twinkling of a candle, (drunk
I know my rope too, as I know my nose,
And can bang it soundly i'th' dark, I warrant you.
Wi. Come, let's confirm him straight, and win the wager. [*Ex.*
Boy. Let me hear to strengthen me;
And when y'ave rung, I'll bring the money to you.
Lur. So, so, follow 'em;
They shall have a cool reward, one hath gold of mine,
Good store in's pocket, [*Ring.*
But this will be reveng'd in a short warning.
They are at it lustily; hey, how wantonly
They ring away their cloaths, how it delights me.
Boy. Here, here, Sir.

Enter Boy with cloaths.

Lur. Hast *Wildbrain's*?
Boy. His whole case, Sir; I felt it out, and by the guards
This should be the Coachmans, another suit too.
Lur. Away boy, quickly now to the Usurer,
His hour to wake approaches.
Boy. That once finished,
You'll give me leave to play, Sir: here they come. [*Ex.*

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, *and Ringers.*

Wild. I am monstrous weary.
To. Fie, how I sweat! Reach me my cloak to cover me,
I run to oyl like a Porpise; 'twas a brave peal.
Sex. Let me light [my] candle first, then I'll wait on you.
Wild. A very brave peal.
To. Carman, you came in close now.
Wild. Sure 'tis past midnight.
Ring. No stirring in the streets I hear. (nose;
To. Walk further, was that a pillar? 'tis harder than my
Where's the boy promis'd us five pounds?
Wild. Room, I sweat still; come, come, my cloak,
I shall take cold.

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Where lies it?
Wild. Here, here, and all our cloaths.
Sex. Where, where?
Ring. I'th' corner.
To. Is thy candle blind too, give me the bottle,
I can drink like a Fish now, like an Elephant.
Sex. Here are the corners, but here are no cloaths;
Yes, here is a cuff.
Wild. A cuff? give me the candle,
Cuffes wonot cover me—I smell the knavery.
Tob. Is't come to a cuff? my whole suit turned to a button?
Wild. Now am I as cold again as though 'twere Christmas;
Cold with my fear, I'll never ring by the ear more.
To. My new cloaths vanish'd?
Wild. All my cloaths *Toby.*
Ring. Here's none.
Tob. Not one of my dragons wings left to adorn me,
Have I muted all my feathers?
Wild. Cheated by the ear; a plot to put out the candle;
I could be mad; my chain, my rings, the gold, the gold.
Tob. The cold, the cold I cry, and I cry truly,
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloak to warm me.
Wild. What miserable fools were we!
Tob. We had e'en best, gentlemen,
Every man chuse his rope again, and fasten it,
And take a short turn to a better fortune,
To be bawds to our miseries, and put our own lights out!
Wild. Prethee Sexton lets have a fire at thy house.
A good fire, we'll pay thee some way for't, I am stone cold.
Sex. Alas I pity you, come quickly Gentlemen.
Wild. Sure I ha been in a dream, I had no Mistriss,
Nor gold, nor cloaths, but am a ringing rascal.
Tob. Fellows in affliction, let's take hands all,
Now are we fit for tumblers.

Enter Lurcher *and others*, bringing in Algripe.

Lur. So, so, presently his sleep will leave him.
And wonder seize upon him,

Bid 'em within be ready.
Ju. What sound's this?
What horrid dinne? what dismal place is this?
I never saw before, and now behold it;
But by the half light of a Lamp, that burns here:
My spirits shake, tremble through my body;
Help, help,

Enter two Furies, with black Tapers.

Mercy protect me, my soul quakes,
What dreadful apparitions! how I shudder!
1. 2. *Fu. Algripe.*
Ju. What are you?
1. We are hellhounds, hellhounds, that have commission
From the Prince of darkness,
To fetch thy black soul to him.
Ju. Am I not alive still?
1. Thou art, but we have brought thee instruments
Will quickly rid thy miserable life, Stabb.
2. Poyson.
1. Hang thy self, this choice is offer'd,
2. Thou canst not hope for heaven; thy base soul is
Lost to all hope of mercy.
[1]. Quickly, quickly,
The torments cool.
[2]. And all [the Fiends] expect thee.
Come with us to that pit of endless horror,
Or we will force thee.
Ju. Oh, oh, oh.
1. Groans are too late, sooner the ravisher,
Whose soul is hurl'd into eternal frost,
Stung with the force of twenty thousand winters,
To punish the distempers of his blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid
The certainty of meeting hell where he is.
Shall murderers be there for ever dying,
Their souls shot through with Adders, torn on Engines,
Dying as many deaths for killing one,
Could any imagination number them,
As there be moments in eternity:

And shall that Justice spare thee, that hast slain,
Murdered by thy extortion so many?
Ju. Oh, oh.
2. Do execution quickly, or we'll carry thee alive to hell.
Ju. Gently, gentle devils, do not force me
To kill my self, nor do not you do't for me;
Oh let me live, I'll make amends for all.
1. Tell us of thy repentance? perjur'd villain,
Pinch off his flesh, he must be whipt, salted and whipt.
Ju. Oh misery of miseries!
Recorders 1. 2. Tear his accursed limbs, to hell with him, ha!
A mischief on that innocent face, away. [*Creeps in.*

Enter Boy like an Angel.

Boy. Malicious furies hence, choak not the seeds
Of holy penitence.
Ju. This must be an Angel,
How at his presence the fiends crawl away!
Here is some light of mercy.
Boy. Be thou wise,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched man;
What poor defence hath all thy wealth been to thee?
What says thy conscience now?
Ju. Be my good Angel, here I promise thee,
To become honest, and renounce all villany;
Enjoyn me any pennance, I'll build Churches;
A whole City of Hospitals.
Boy. Take heed,
There is no dallying, nor are these impos'd.
Ju. Name any thing within my power, sweet Angel;
And if I do not faithfully perform it,
Then whip me every day, burn me each minute,
Whole years together let me freeze to Isicles.
Boy. I'th' number of thy foul oppressions;
Thou hast undone a faithful Gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his Land.
Ju. Young *Lurcher*,
I do confess.
Boy. He lives most miserable,
And in despair may hang or drown himself;

Prevent his ruine, or his blood will be
More sin in thy account: hast thou forgotten
He had a sister?

Ju. I do well remember it.

Boy. Couldst thou for Mammon break thy solemn vow,
Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps
A thousand tears a day for thy unkindness,
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart?
And couldst thou marry another?

Ju. But she is dead,
And I will make true satisfaction.

Boy. What do I instance these that hast been false
To all the world.

Ju. I know it, and will henceforth
Practice repentance, do not frown sweet Angel;
I will restore all Mortgages, forswear
Abominable Usury, live chaste;
For I have been wanton in my shroud, my age;
And if that poor innocent maid, I so abus'd,
Be living, I will marry her, and spend
My days to come religiously.

Boy. I was commanded but a Messenger
To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those,
Whose malice would have dragg'd thee quick to hell,
If thou abuse this mercy and repent not,
Double damnation will expect thee for it;
But if thy life be virtuous hereafter,
A blessedness shall reward thy good example,
Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak sences,
Drink of this viol, and renew thy spirits
I ha done my office, think on't and be happy.

Lur. So, so, he gapes already, now he's fast;
Thou hast acted rarely, but this is not all;
First, help to convey him out o' th' vault.

Boy. You will dispense with me now, as you promis'd, Sir.

Lur. We will make shift without thee, th'ast done well,
By our device this bondage may scape hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, Maria.

La. Didst think *Maria*, this poor outside, and

Dissembling of thy voice could hide thee from
A mothers searching eye, though too much fear,
Lest thou wert not the same, might blind a Lover
That thought thee dead too; oh my dear *Maria*,
I hardly kept my joyes in from betraying thee:
Welcome again to life, we shall find out
The mystery of thy absence; conceal
Thy person still, for *Algripe* must not know thee:
And exercise this pretty Dialect;
If there be any course in Law to free thee,
Thou shalt not be so miserable; be silent
Good Nurse.

Nur. You [shall] not need to fear me, Madam,
I do not love the usuring Jew so well;
Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.

La. Be not dejected *Mall.*

Ma. Your care may comfort me;
But I despair of happiness:
Hartlove, I dare not see him.

Nur. We'll withdraw.

L[*a*]. I shall but grieve to see his passions too,
Since there's no possibility to relieve him.

Enter Hartlove.

Ha. The world's a Labyrinth, where unguided men
Walk up and down to find their weariness;
No sooner have we measured with much toil
One crooked path with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction;
What a strange mockery will man become
Shortly to all the creatures?
Oh *Mariah*!
If thou be'st dead, why does thy shadow fright me?
Sure 'tis because I live; were I but certain
To meet thee in one grave, and that our dust
Might have the priviledge to mix in silence,
How quickly should my soul shake off this burthen!

Enter Boy.

[*Boy.*] Thus far my wishes have success, I'll lose

No time: Sir, are not you call'd Mr. *Hartlove*?
Pardon my rudeness.
Ha. What does that concern
Thee Boy, 'tis a name cannot advantage thee;
And I am weary on't.
Boy. Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it, Sir, so large were my
Directions, that you could not speak this language,
But I should know you by your sorrow.
Ha. Thou
Wert well inform'd, it seems; well, what's your business?
Boy. I come to bring you comfort.
Ha. Is *Maria*
Alive agen? that's somewhat, and yet not
Enough to make my expectation rise, to
Past half a blessing; since we cannot meet
To make it up a full one; th'art mistaken.
Boy. When you have heard me, you'll think otherwise:
In vain I should report *Maria* living:
The comfort that I bring you, must depend
Upon her death.
Ha. Th'art a dissembling boy,
Some one has sent thee to mock me; though my anger
Stoop not to punish thy green years unripe
For malice; did I know what person sent thee
To tempt my sorrow thus, I should reveng it.
Boy. Indeed I have no thought so uncharitable,
Nor am I sent to grieve you, let me suffer
More punishment than ever boy deserv'd,
If you do find me false; I serve a Mistriss
Would rather dye than play with your misfortunes;
Then good Sir hear me out.
Ha. Who is your Mistriss?
Boy. Before I name her, give me some encouragement,
That you receive her message: she is one
That is full acquainted with your misery,
And can bring such a portion of her sorrow
In every circumstance so like your own,
You'll love and pity her, and wish your griefs
Might marry one anothers.

Ha. Thou art wild.
Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature?
Her miserable story can at best,
But swell my Volume, large enough already.
Boy. She was late belov'd, as you were, promis'd faith,
And marriage; and was worthy of a better
Than he, that stole *Maria*'s heart.
Ha. How's that?
Boy. Just as *Maria* dealt with your affection,
Did he that married her deal with my Mistriss,
When careless both of Honor and Religion;
They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers.
Ha. Part of this truth I know, but prethee boy
Proceed to that thou cam'st for; thou didst Promise
Something, thy language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.
Boy. That I come to:
My Mistriss thus unkindly dealt withal,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had e'r this, wept her self dry as Marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relief,
And twinn to her own sorrow brought her comfort.
Ha. Could the condition of my fate so equal,
Lessen her sufferings?
Boy. I know not how
Companions in grief sometimes diminish
And make the pressure easie by degrees:
She threw her troubles off, remembring yours,
And from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your person thus increas'd,
And with it, confidence, that those whom Nature
Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepar'd, this gave her boldness
To employ me thus far.
Ha. A strange message, boy.
Boy. If you incline to meet my Mistriss love,
It may beget your comforts; besides that,
'Tis some revenge, that you above their scorn
And pride can laugh at them, whose perjury

Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.
Ha. Have you done boy?
Boy. Only this little more;
When you but see, and know my Mistriss well,
You will forgive my tediousness, she's fair,
Fair as *Maria* was.
Ha. I'll hear no more,
Go foolish boy, a[n]d tell thy fonder Mistriss
She has no second Faith to give away;
And mine was given to *Maria*, though her death
Allow me freedom, see the Picture of her.

Enter Maria, Nurse.

I would give ten thousand Empires for the substance;
Yet for *Maria*'s sake, whose divine Figure
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit
Above all the world, and had thy Mistriss [all]
The grace and blossom of her sex; now she
Is gone, that was [a walking] Spring of beauty,
I would not look upon her.
Boy. Sir, your pardon,
I have but done a message, as becomes
A servant, nor did she on whose commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love
To your disquiet, she would chide my diligence
If I should make you angry.
Ha. Pretty boy.
Boy. Indeed I fear I have offended you:
Pray if I have, enjoyn me any pennance for it:
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,
Plead your cause to another.
Ha. And I'll take thee
At thy word boy, thou hast a moving language,
That pretty innocent, Copy of *Maria*
Is all I love, I know not how to speak,
Winn her to think well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wishes.
Boy. I undertake
Nothing for gain, but since you have resolv'd,

To love no other, I'll be faithful to you,
And my prophetick thoughts bid me already
Say I shall prosper.

Ha. Thou wert sent to bless me.

Boy. Pray give us opportunity.

Ha. Be happy. [*Exit.*

Nur. He's gone.

Boy. With your fair leave Mistriss.

Ma. Have you [pusinesse] with her pray you

Boy. I have a message from a Gentleman,
Please you vouchsafe your ear more private.

Nur. You shall have my absence Neece. [*Exit.*

Ma. Was the sentleman afear'd to declare his matters openly, here was no bodies was not very honest, if her like not her errands the petter, was wist to keep her preaths to cool her porridges, can tell her, that now for aule her private hearings and tawgings.

Boy. You may, if please you, find another language.
And with less pains be understood.

Ma. What is her meaning?

Boy. Come, pray speak your own English. (aule.

Ma. Have boyes lost her itts and memories? [plesse] us

Boy. I must be plain then, come, I know you are
Maria, this thin vail cannot obscure you:
I'll tell the world you live, I have not lost ye,
Since first with grief and shame to be surpriz'd,
A violent trance took away shew of life;
I could discover by what accident
You were convey'd away at midnight, in
Your coffin, could declare the place, and minute,
When you reviv'd, [and] what you have done since as perfectly—

Ma. Alas, I am betraid to new misfortunes.

Boy. You are not, for my knowledge, I'll be dumb
For ever, rather than be such a traitor;
Indeed I pity you, and bring no thoughts,
But full of peace, call home your modest blood,
Pale hath too long usurp'd upon your face;
Think upon love agen, and the possession
Of full blown joyes, now ready to salute you.

Ma. These words undo me more than my own griefs.

Boy. I see how fear would play the tyrant with you,
But I'll remove suspition; have you in
Your heart, an entertainment for his love
To whom your Virgin faith made the first promise?
Ma. If thou mean'st *Hartlove*, thou dost wound me still,
I have no life without his memory,
Nor with it any hope to keep it long:
Thou seest I walk in darkness like a thief,
That fears to see the world in his own shape,
My very shadow frights me, 'tis a death
To live thus, and not look day in the face,
Away, I know thee not.
Boy. You shall hereafter know, and thank me Lady,
I'll bring you a discharge at my next visit,
Of all your fears, be content, fair *Maria*,
'Tis worth your wonder.
Ma. Impossible.
Boy. Be wise and silent,
Dress your self, you shall be what you wish.
Ma. Do this, and be
My better Angel.
Boy. All your care's on me. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Lurch. *and Boy.*

Lur. I Must applaud thy diligence.
Boy. It had been nothing
To have left him in the Porch; I call'd his servants,
With wonders they acknowledg'd him, I pretended
It was some spice sure of the falling sickness,
And that, 'twas charity to bring him home;
They rubb'd and chaf'd him, ply'd him with Strong water,
Still he was senseless, clamors could not wake him;
I wish'd 'em then get him to bed, they did so,
And almost smother'd him with ruggs and pillows;
And 'cause they should have no cause to suspect me,
I watch'd them till he wak'd.
Lur. 'Twas excellent.

Boy. When his time came to yawn, and stretch himself,
I bid 'em not be hasty to discover
How he was brought home; his eyes fully open
With trembling he began to call his servants,
And told 'em he had seen strange visions,
That should convert him from his heathen courses;
They wondred, and were silent, there he preach'd
How sweet the air of a contented conscience
Smelt in his nose now, ask'd 'em all forgiveness
For their hard pasture since they liv'd with him;
Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold Sur-loin;
Pierce the strong beer, and let the neighbors joy in't:
The conceal'd Muskadine should now lie open
To every mouth; that he would give to th' poor,
And mend their wages; that his doors should be
Open to every miserable sutor.

Lur. What said his servants then?

Boy. They durst not speak,
But blest themselves, and the strange means that had
Made him a Christian in this over-joy,
I took my leave, and bad 'em say their prayers,
And humor him, lest he turn'd Jew agen.

Lur. Enough, enough. Who's this?

Enter Toby.

'Tis one of my ringers; stand close, my Ladies Coachman.

To. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat;
Would I were at rack and manger among my horses;
We have divided the Sextons
Houshold-stuff among us, one has the rugg, and he's
Turn'd Irish, and another has a blanket, and he must beg in't,
The sheets serve another for a frock, and with the bed-cord,
He may pass for a Porter, nothing but the mat would fall
To my share, which with the help of a tune and a hassock
Out o'th' Church, may disguise me till I get home;
A pox o' bell-ringing by the ear, if any man take me
At it agen, let him pull mine to the Pillory: I could wish
I had lost mine ears, so I had my cloaths again:
The weather wo'not allow this fashion,
I do look for an Ague besides.

Lur. How the raskal shakes!
To. Here are company:
Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat,
A hassock for your feet, or a Piss clean and sweet;
Buy a Mat for a Bed, buy a Mat:
Ringing I renounce thee, I'll never come to church more.
Lur. You with a Mat.
Tob. I am call'd.
If any one should offer to buy my Mat, what a case were I in?
Oh that I were in my Oat-tub with a horse-loaf,
Something to hearten me:
I dare not hear 'em;
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat.
Lur. He's deaf.
Tob. I am glad I am: buy a mat for a bed.
Lur. How the raskal sweats! What a pickle he's in!
Every street he goes through will be a new torment.
Tob. If ever I meet at midnight more a jangling:
I am cold, and yet I drop; buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat.
Lur. He has punishment enough. [*Exit.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Who's this, my tother youth? he is turn'd Bear.
Wild. I am halfe afraid of my self: this poor shift
I got 'o th' Sexton to convey me handsomly
To some harbor, the wench will hardly know me;
They'll take me for some Watchman o'th' parish;
I ha ne'r a penny left me, that's one comfort;
And ringing has begot a monstrous stomach,
And that's another mischief: I were best go home,
For every thing will scorn me in this habit.
Besides, I am so full of these young bell-ringers;
If I get in adoors, not the power o'th' countrey,
Nor all my Aunts curses shall disembogue me.
Lur. Bid her come hither presently,—hum, 'tis he.
[*Exit. Serv.*
Wild. I am betraid to one that will eternally laugh at me,
Three of these rogues will jeer a horse to death.
Lur. 'Tis Mr. *Wildbrain* sure, and yet me thinks
His fashion's strangely alt'red, sirrah Watchman,

You rugamuffin, turn you louzie Bears skin:
You with the Bed-rid Bill.
Wild. H'as found me out;
There's no avoiding him, I had rather now
Be arraign'd at *Newgate* for a robbery,
Than answer to his Articles: your Will Sir,
I am in haste.
Lur. Nay, then I will make bold wi'ye;
A Watchman, and asham'd to shew his countenance,
His face of authority? I have seen that physiognomy;
Were you never in prison for pilfering?
Wild. How the rogue worries me.
Lur. Why may not this
Be the villain robb'd my house last night,
And walks disguis'd in this malignant rugg,
Arm'd with a tun of Iron? I will have you
Before a Magistrate.
Wild. What will become of me?
Lur. What art thou? speak.
Wild. I am the wandring Jew, and please your worship.
Lur. By your leave *Rabbi*, I will shew you then
A Synagogue, iclip't *Bridewel*, where you,
Under correction, may rest your self:
You have brought a bill to guard you, there be dog-wh[ip]s
To firk such rugg'd currs, whips without bells
Indeed.
Wild. Bells.
Lur. How he sweats!
Wild. I must be known, as good at first; now jeer on,
But do not anger me too impudently,
The *Rabbi* will be mov'd then.
Lur. How? *Jack Wildbrain*,
What time o'th' Moon man, ha? what strange bells
Hast in thy brains?
Wild. No more bells,
No more bells, they ring backwards.
Lur. Why, where's the wench, the blessing that befel thee?
The unexpected happiness? where's that *Jack*?
Where are thy golden days?
Wild. It was his trick, as sure as I am louzie,

But how to be reveng'd—
Lur. Fie, fie, *Jack*,
Marry a Watchmans widow in thy young daies,
With a revenue of old Iron and a Rugg?
Is this the Paragon, the dainty piece,
The delicate divine rogue?
Wild. 'Tis enough, I am undone,
Mark'd for a misery, and so leave prating;
Give me my Bill.
Lur. You need not ask your Taylors,
Unless you had better Linings; it may be,
To avoid suspition, you are going thus
Disguis'd to your fair Mistriss.
Wild. Mock no further,
Or as I live, I'll lay my Bill o' thy pate,
I'll take a Watchmans fury into my fingers,
To ha no judgement to distinguish persons,
And knock thee down.
Lur. Come, I ha done, and now
Will speak some comfort to thee, I will lead thee
Now to my Mistriss hitherto conceal'd;
She shall take pity on thee too, she loves
A handsome man; thy misery invites me
To do thee good, I'll not be jealous, *Jack*;
Her beauty shall commend it self; but do not,
When I have brought you into grace, supplant me.
Wild. Art thou in earnest? by this cold Iron—
Lur. No oaths, I am not costive; here she comes.

Enter Mistriss.

Sweet-heart, I have brought a Gentleman,
A friend of mine to be acquainted with you,
He's other than he seems; why d'ye stare thus?
Mist. Oh Sir, forgive me, I have done ye wrong.
Lur. What's the matter? didst ever see her afore *Jack*?
Wild. Prethee do what thou wot wi'me, if thou hast
A mind, hang me up quickly.
Lur. Never despair, I'll give thee my share rather,
Take her, I hope she loves thee at first sight,
She has petticoats will patch thee up a suit;

I resign all, only I'll keep these trifles.
I took some pains for 'em, I take it *Jack*;
What think you pink of beauty, come let me
Counsel you both to marry, she has a trade,
If you have audacity to hook in Gamesters:
Let's ha a wedding, you will be wondrous rich;
For she is impudent, and thou art miserable;
'Twill be a rare match.

Mist. As you are a man, forgive me, I'll redeem all.

Lur. You wo'not to this geer of marriage then?

Wild. No, no, I thank you *Tom*, I can watch for
A groat a night, and be every gentlemans fellow. [*Exit Mi.*

Lur. Rise and be good, keep home and tend your business.

Wild. Thou hast don't to purpose, give me thy hand *Tom*;
Shall we be friends? thou seest what state I am in,
I'll undertake this pennance to my Aunt,
Just as I am, and openly I'll goe;
Where, if I be received again for currant,
And fortune smile once more—

Lur. Nay, nay, I'm satisfied, so farewel honest louzie *Jack.*

Wild. I cannot help it, some men meet with strange desti-
If things go right thou mayst be hang'd, and I (nies.
May live to see't, and purchase thy apparel:
So farewel *Tom*, commend me to thy Polcat. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, Servant.

La. Now that I have my counsel ready, and my cause ripe;
The Judges all inform'd of the abuses;
Now that he should be gone.

Nur. No man knows whether,
And yet they talk he went forth with a Constable
That told him of strange business that would bring him
Money and Lands, and Heaven knows what; but they
Have search'd, and cannot find out such an Officer:
And as a secret, Madam, they told your man
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spie,
They had a shrewd suspition 'twas the devil
I' th' likeness of a Constable, that has tempted him:
By this time to strange things; there have been men
As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,

And so forth; many trees have born strange fruits:
D'ye think he has not hang'd himself?
La. If he be hang'd, who has his goods?
Nur. They are forfeited, they say.
La. He has hang'd himself for certain then,
Only to cosin me of my Girls portion.
Nur. Very likely.
La. Or did not the Constable carry him to some prison?
Nu. They thought on that too, and search'd every where.
La. He may be close for treason, perhaps executed.
Nu. Nay, they did look among the quarters too,
And mustered all the bridge-house for his night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is the gentleman agen.
La. What Gentleman?
Ser. He that lov'd my young Mistriss.
La. Alas, 'tis *Hartlove*, 'twill but feed his melancholy.
To let him see *Maria*, since we dare not
Yet tell the world she lives; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,
He would see past her borrowed tongue and habit.
Nu. Please you entertain him awhile, Madam,
I'll cast about for something with your daughter.
La. Do what thou wot, pray Mr. *Hartlove* enter.
[*Exit Ser. and Nur. severally.*

Enter Hartlove.

Ha. Madam, I come to ask your gentle pardon.
La. Pardon, for what? you ne'r offended me.
Ha. Yes, if ye be the mother of *Maria*.
La. I was her mother, but that word is cancell'd,
And buried with her in that very minute
Her soul fled from her; we lost both our names
Of mother and of daughter.
Ha. Alas, Madam,
If your relation did consist but in
Those naked terms, I had a title nearer,
Since love unites more than the tie of blood;
No matter for the empty voice of mother;

Your nature still is left, which in her absence
Must love *Maria*, and not see her ashes
And memory polluted.
La. You amaze me, by whom?
Ha. By me, I am the vile profaner.
La. Why do you speak thus indiscreetly, Sir?
You ever honour'd her.
Ha. I did [a]live,
But since she died, I ha been a villain to her.
La. I do beseech you say not so; all this
Is but to make me know how much I sinn'd
In forcing her to marry.
Ha. Do not mock me,
I charge you by the Virgin you have wept for;
For I have done an impious act against her,
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,
And through her marble, ought to be reveng'd;
A wickedness, that if I should be silent,
You as a witness must accuse me for't.
La. Was I a witness?
Ha. Yes, you knew I lov'd
Maria once; or grant, you did but think so,
By what I ha profest, or she has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
When I should drop my tears upon her grave,
Yes, and proof sufficient.
La. To what?
Ha. That I, forgetful of my fame and vows
To fair *Maria*, e'r the worm could pierce
Her tender shroud, had chang'd her for another;
Did you not blush to see me turn a rebel?
So soon to court a shadow, a strange thing,
Without a name? Did you not curse my levity,
Or think upon her death with the less sorrow
That she had scap'd a punishment more killing,
Oh how I shame to think on't.
La. Sir, in my
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love
To your *Maria*, for whose sake you could
Affect one that but carried her small likeness.

Ha. No more, you are too charitable, but
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never
Change words with that strange maid, whose innocent face
Like your *Maria*'s won so late upon me:
My passions are corrected, and I can
Look on her now, and woman-kind, without
Love in a thought; 'tis thus, I came to tell you,
If after this acknowledgement, you'll be
So kind to shew me in what silent grave
You have dispos'd your daughter, I will ask
Forgiveness of all her dust, and never leave,
Till with a loud confession of my shame,
I wake her ghost, and that pronounce my pardon:
Will you deny this favour? then farewel,
I'll never see you more: ha!

Enter Nurse, Maria *in her own apparel, after some shew of wonder, he goes towards her.*

La. Be not deluded, Sir, upon my life
This is the soul whom you but thought *Maria*
In my daughters habit; what did you mean Nurse?
I knew she would but cozen you, is she not like now?
One dew unto another is not nearer.

Nu. She thinks she is a gentlewoman;
And that imagination has so taken her,
S[h]e scorns to speak, how handsomly she carries it,
As if she were a well bred thing, her body!
And I warrant you, what looks!

La. Pray be not foolish.

Ha. I disturb no body, speak but half a word
And I am satisfied, but what needs that?
I'll swear 'tis she.

La. But do not, I beseech you,
For trust me, Sir, you know not what I know.

Ha. Peace then,
And let me pray, she holds up her hands with me.

La. This will betray all.

Ha. Love ever honor'd,
And ever young, thou Soveraign of all hearts,
Of all our sorrows, the sweet ease. [*She weeps now.*

Does she still cosin me?
Nur. You will see anon,
'Twas her desire, expect the issue, Madam.
Ha. My soul's so big, I cannot pray; 'tis she,
I will go nearer.

Enter Algripe, Lurcher, Boy.

Nur. Here's Mr. *Algripe*, and other strangers, Madam.
Al. Here good Lady,
Upon my knees I ask thy worships pardon;
Here's the whole summ I had with thy fair Daughter;
Would she were living, I might have her peace too,
And yield her up again to her old liberty:
I had a wife before, and could not marry;
My pennance shall be on that man that honor'd her,
To conferr some Land.
La. This is incredible.
Al. 'Tis truth.
Lu. Do you know me, Sir?
Al. Ha, the Gentleman I deceiv'd.
Lur. My name is *Lurcher*.
Al. 'Shat have thy Mortgage.
Lu. I ha that already, no matter for the Deed
If you release it.
Al. I'll do't before thy witness;
But where's thy Sister? if she live I am happy, though
I conceal our contract, which was
Stolen from me with the Evidence of this Land.

The Boy goes to Maria, *and gives her a paper; she wonders, and smiles upon* Hartlove, *he amaz'd, approaches her: afterward she shews it her mother, and then gives it to* Hartlove.

Nur. Your daughter smiles.
Lur. I hope she lives, but where, I cannot tell, Sir.
Boy. Even here, and please you, Sir.
Al. How?
Boy. Nay, 'tis she;
To work thy fair way, I preserved you brother,
That would have lost me willingly, and serv'd ye

Thus like a boy; I served you faithfully,
And cast your plots [but] to preserve your credit;
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses;
So far as you would hearken to my counsel;
That all the world may know how much you owe me.
Al. Welcome entirely, welcome my dear *Alathe*,
And when I lose thee agen, blessing forsake me:
Nay, let me kiss thee in these cloaths.
Lur. And I too, (thief?
And bless the time I had so wise a sister, wer't thou the little
Boy. I stole the contract, I must confess,
And kept it to my self, it most concern'd me.
Ha. Co[n]tracted? this destroys his after marriage.
Ma. Dare you give this hand
To this young Gentleman? my heart goes with it.
Al. *Maria* alive! how my heart's exalted, 'tis my duty;
Take her *Frank Hartlove*, take her; and all joyes
With her; besides some Lands to advance her Joynture:
La. What I have is your own, and blessings crown ye.
Ha. Give me room,
And fresh air to consider, Gentlemen,
My hopes are too high.
Ma. Be more temperate,
Or I'll be Welsh again.
Al. A day of wonder.
Lur. Lady, your love, I ha kept my word; there was
A time, when my much suffering made me hate you,
And to that end I did my best to cross you:
And fearing you were dead, I stole your Coffin,
That you might never more usurp my Office:
Many more knacks I did, which at the Weddings
Shall be told of as harmless tales. [*Shout within.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wild. Hollow your throats apieces, I am at home;
If you can roar me out again—
La. What thing is this?
Lur. A continent of Fleas: room for the Pageant;
Make room afore there; your kinsman Madam.
La. My kinsman? let me wonder!

Wild. Do, and I'll wonder too to see this company
At peace one with another; 'tis not worth
Your admiration, I was never dead yet;
Y' re merry Aunt, I see, and all your company:
If ye be not, I'll fool up, and provoke ye:
I will do any thing to get your love again:
I'll forswear Midnight Taverns and Temptations;
Give good example to your Grooms, the Maids
Shall go to bed, and take their rest this year;
None shall appear with blisters in their bellies.
Lur. And when you will fool again, you may go ring.
Wild. Madam, have mercy.
La. Your submission, Sir,
I gladly take; we will
Enquire the reason of this habit afterwards;
Now you are soundly sham'd, well, we restore you
Where's *Toby*?
Where's the Coachman?
Nur. He's a bed, Madam.
And has an ague, he says.
Lur. I'll be his Physitian.
La. We must afoot then.
Lur. E'er the Priest ha done
Toby shall wait upon you with his Coach,
And make your *Flanders* Mares dance back agen we'ye,
I warrant you Madam you are mortified,
Your sute shall be granted too.
Wild. Make, make room afore the[re].
La. Home forward with glad hearts, home child.
Ma. I wait you.
Ha. On joyfully, the cure of all our grief,
Is owing to this pretty little Thief. [*Exeunt omnes.*

APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline or mere 'rules.' Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versâ*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Misprints in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded when they appear to be interesting. A word or two from the printed text is attached to the variants recorded below in cases where the variant, by itself, would not be sufficiently clear. Altered punctuation is shown, usually, by printing the old punctuation between the preceding and following words.

A = First folio. **B** = Second folio.

MAID IN THE MILL.

p. 1, ll. 3–53. *Not in* A.

p. 2, l. 2. A] Ismena l. 33. B] unhappy?

p. 3, l. 36. A] fight arm'd,

p. 4, l. 2. *Colon supplied from* A. l. 5. B *omits*] the belly

p. 5, l. 1. B *omits*] I...leggs l. 19. A] cause

p. 6, l. 6. *Parenthesis supplied after* ruine, *from* A. l. 25. B] drives whiteness l. 27. A *omits*] not l. 33. B] *Mer.* l. 38. A] such a one

p. 7, l. 37. B] to

p. 9, l. 18. A] we are

p. 10, l. 34. B] times. l. 36. B] *Amt.*

p. 11, l. 9. A] 'pray

p. 12, l. 2. B] neither?

p. 13, l. 9. B] struk

APPENDIX

p. 14, l. 10. A *adds stage direction*] *Six Chaires placed at the Arras.* l. 36. B] Father

p. 15, l. 31. A *prints stage direction* 3 *ll. earlier.* l. 32. A] that gun l. 38. B] brother 'tis:

p. 16, l. 32. A] o' purpose

p. 17, l. 8. B] Bar[h]eries

p. 18, l. 15. B] Dance

p. 19, l. 37. A] from other

p. 20, l. 33. A] Estate

p. 21, l. 17. B] yuu

p. 22, l. 30. B] sce

p. 23, l. 13. B] no sports l. 14. B] beasts; l. 15. A] Bloud Bear

p. 24, l. 13. A *adds another* or her, l. 29. A] follows l. 32. B] Hclp l. 33. B] Bnst. l. 34. B] Florinels

p. 25, l. 9. B] Goaler l. 21. B] Help my l. 32. A] Wie follow

p. 26, l. 2. A] Minerva more l. 31. B] you. l. 36. A] will ye

p. 28, l. 37. B] honstly

p. 30, l. 4. B] Rob'd of l. 10. B] tempest; could oe'rturn l. 19. B *omits*] stoln l. 20. *A parenthesis after* thief? *has been added.*

p. 31, l. 10. B] cost you dou dear l. 32. A] flotches

p. 32, l. 38. B] us. believe

p. 33, l. 7. B] Money, hang l. 35. A] year

p. 34, l. 2. B] privatest

p. 35, l. 20. B] to gap'd l. 26. B] Gourt

p. 36, l. 9. B] load lie on your l. 22. B] the the l. 35. B] dispach'd

p. 37, l. 2. B] may him l. 5. B] gods l. 9. B] Though

p. 38, l. 32. B] you a

p. 39, l. 2. B] or

p. 40, l. 9. B *omits the second* ye

p. 41, l. 2. B] speed l. 19. B] evils l. 40. B] heart-strings [*full-point added*]

p. 42, l. 18. B] her [*full-point added*]

p. 43, ll. 6–8 *omitted in* B. l. 22. Ieave ll. 23–26 *omitted in* B.

p. 44, l. 37. A] 'em

p. 48, l. 9. A *omits the second* do

p. 50, l. 2. B] *Ismeuia* l. 11. B] *Antonio.* l. 17. B] nor l. 35. A] ope

p. 52, l. 19. A *prints stage direction* 2 *ll. earlier.* l. 33. B] ever

p. 53, l. 26. A] hair may

p. 55, l. 21. A] thine

p. 56, l. 17. B] *Lisauro* l. 23. A] condiment

p. 57, l. 16. A] builded

p. 59, l. 22. B] *Mar.* l. 37. B] feel'st

p. 62, l. 7. B] heavenly l. 22. B] 'oth' l. 32. B] statelyness l. 39. B] touch

p. 63, l. 13. B] art on the l. 22. B] petty

p. 64, l. 26. B] my

p. 65, l. 25. A] should

p. 66, l. 20. A *omits*] *Phil.*

p. 69, l. 36. A *omits*] it

p. 70, l. 22. B] Genleman

p. 71, l. 6. B] Yir.

p. 73, l. 18. B] bave

p. 74, l. 13. A] 'em

p. 76, l. 9. B] be-a kin

p. 77, l. 9. A *adds*] *Finis.*

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

p. 78, ll. 2–47. *Not in* A

p. 79, l. 7. A] 'em

p. 80, l. 5. B] Concubines. l. 11. B] woul'st

p. 81, l. 4. B] writ

p. 82, l. 14. B] *Astorins* l. 18. B] honer hangs, l. 25. A] ingenuously

p. 83, l. 4. A] Hunch...have by l. 19. A *omits stage direction.* l. 24. *Not in* B. l. 29. B] must l. 30. A] neglects

p. 84, l. 1. A] Of my l. 20. A] silkner l. 26. A] continuance; l. 28. A] in it l. 40. B] well as he

p. 85, l. 6. A] you will l. 8. A] *Zanthia*; l. 14. A] hand so l. 21. A and B] 1. I mean, *etc.* l. 22. A and B] 2. A most *etc.* l. 27. B] did, l. 38. A *adds stage direction*] *Oriana ready above*

p. 86, l. 6. B] must not be

p. 87, l. 28. B] too

p. 88, l. 2. A] worthies l. 10. A] Is their

p. 90, l. 14. B] your l. 17. A] For armes in the l. 21. B] all the advantage

p. 91, l. 28. B] ruine I

p. 92, l. 6. B] *Get.*

p. 93, l. 11. A] villany l. 29. B] *Georgcs*

p. 97, l. 2. B] this. l. 3. B] Sir, l. 7. A] pot-alleys and to : and

p. 98, l. 1. B] washing [*full-point added from* A] l. 15. A] a hundred l. 18. B] admirers. l. 21. A] Musulmans l. 33. A] 'plague

p. 99, l. 38. B] honor, toucht

APPENDIX

p. 100, l. 5. B] then? l. 19. B] much
p. 101, l. 4. B] what can l. 35. B] *Mer.*
p. 103, l. 3. B] —— Take l. 24. B] of ye?
p. 104, l. 7. B] lost lust, l. 28. B] basely, l. 33. B] *M r.*
p. 106, l. 37. B] ask? l. 39. B] it.
p. 107, l. 21. B] kneel;
p. 108, l. 23. A] Ye. l. 28. B] GentIemen
p. 109, l. 2. B] Than l. 16. B] see my bloud l. 37. A] descrided
p. 112, l. 19. A] a —— o'
p. 114, l. 10. B] owe l. 15. B] known
p. 116, ll. 17–35. *Not in* A. l. 26. B] Drnms
p. 117, l. 32. B] nimbIy
p. 119, l. 5. B] that I am right gIad l. 37. A] I wil
p. 121, l. 13. B] prettty
p. 122, l. 22. A] she is l. 40. B] mind?
p. 123, l. 7. A] didst
p. 125, l. 8. A] well in, in
p. 126, l. 12. A] I let l. 20. A] my l. 24. B] Fort.
p. 127, l. 3. B] I tell
p. 128, l. 15. B] Leaves
p. 129, l. 10. B] An l. 13. B] our ll. 37, 38. I'll...fee *not in* B
p. 130, l. 8. B] Gol. l. 14. A] and sharp l. 20. B] yet with
p. 133, l. 20. A] Can save
p. 135, l. 23. B] Enter l. 34. B] look
p. 136, l. 9. A] them l. 20. B] blaker
p. 137, l. 5. A] I am us'd l. 15. B] by much
p. 138, l. 16. A *adds stage direction*] *Discover Tombe*
p. 139, l. 16. B] away
p. 141, l. 4. A *both cases*] she is
p. 142, l. 6. A] with 'Key l. 13. A] be well
p. 143, l. 1. B] *Ahd.* A] ye' have l. 27. B] *Rod.*
p. 145, l. 19. A] h'as l. 24. B] that
p. 146, l. 2. B] figthts l. 8. B *omits*] stav'd
p. 147, l. 25. B] migth
p. 148, l. 38. B] *Com.*
p. 149, l. 35. A] neast
p. 150, l. 11. B ends *Nor.* with ''Tis well' and begins a fresh line '*Nor.* As you' etc.
p. 152, l. 1. B *omits stage direction*
p. 154, l. 26. B] another l. 27. B] odor's
p. 157, l. 3. A] in the
p. 159, l. 3. A] along 'we l. 12. A] Women l. 25. A] ne'r

p. 160, l. 9. A] liggam. l. 18. A] Damosell l. 34 A] his block l. 37. A] looks lie

p. 161, l. 37. B] heels;

p. 162, l. 3. A] to God l. 16. B] Whar l. 31. A] H'as

p. 163, l. 7. A] Shall l. 31. A *adds*] *Finis.*

LOVES CURE, OR THE MARTIAL MAID.

p. 164. The text in A followed by the Epilogue ends on p. 146. The play which follows, *The Honest mans Fortune*, begins on p. 149. Between pp. 146 and 149 A inserts a leaf numbered 143 (blank behind) on which is printed the Prologue which in the second folio is printed before *Loves Cure*. The catchwords at the foot of p. 143 in A are '*Queene of Corinth*,' the play which, in A, follows *The Honest mans Fortune.*

p. 164, l. 2—p. 165, l. 14. *Not in* A

p. 164, l. 36. B] *Mistiriss*

p. 165, l. 8. B] *Boyes* l. 30. B] than l. 33. A] Ostena

p. 166, l. 9. B] *Vie.* l. 32. B] *Vil.*

p. 167, l. 24. A] A faulchion swift as lightning, he

p. 168, l. 24. B] is Master

p. 169, l. 2. A] oathes will l. 20. A] May l. 29. A] h'as l. 30. A] year

p. 170, l. 23. B] *Boh.*

p. 172, l. 28. A] Then only

p. 173, l. 17. B] *Clara* entring

p. 174, l. 20. A] What voyce l. 21. A *omits*] *Saya.* l. 23. A *omits*] *Vit.* l. 33. B] *Boh.*

p. 175, l. 4. A] off

p. 177, l. 36. B] and Cloak

p. 178, ll. 7, 8. B *omits the second* great sleepers l. 9. A] dietie l. 23. B] Virgieity l. 24. A] yeere

p. 180, l. 6. A] begat l. 14. B] common-weath B] stitehes l. 15. A] Machanick l. 23. A] spin our l. 37. A] clinth

p. 181, l. 1. A] ont head

p. 182, l. 9. A] errant l. 31. B *omits*] Oh ll. 35–37. B *omits*] gird...midnight

p. 183, l. 31. A *omits*] *Bob.*

p. 185, l. 35. A] Cowheard l. 36. B] authoriry l. 39. B] of Madam

p. 186, l. 18. B] *Clo.*

p. 187, l. 9. A] 'Blesse

p. 188, l. 3. B] by, —— l. 22. A] *Lucio*, that was but

p. 189, l. 21. A] can: [*omits* I]

APPENDIX

p. 190, l. 2. B] have have l. 5. B] smiIe l. 27. A] I have l. 33. A] an article

p. 191, l. 11. A] You?

p. 192, l. 25. A] then thou art

p. 193, l. 22. B] Babadilla l. 23. B] saay

p. 194, l. 5. A] by candle-light l. 20. B] *Boh.* l. 26. B] patience. h' had

p. 195, l. 28. B] crurtesie l. 32. A] am Steward

p. 196, l. 25. B] Guz

p. 197, l. 33. B] might

p. 199, l. 8. A] deboshd l. 20. A] trindle l. 23. A] 'Blesse

p. 201, l. 11. A] Do 'ye

p. 202, l. 33. A] A' practising

p. 203, l. 21. B] knew l. 36. B] White, Sir

p. 204, ll. 16–18. B *omits*] good... *Cla.*

p. 205, l. 1. B] needless l. 6. B *omits stage direction.* l. 9. A] Oh 'base l. 29. B] Father *Zancho* l. 36. B] *Boh.*

p. 206, l. 31. B] else: you l. 37. B] bilss

p. 208, l. 4. B] finner. l. 13. B] his l. 28. A *omits stage direction.* l. 33. B] I'll

p. 210, l. 9. A *omits*] *Mal.*

p. 212, l. 31. B] laug'd l. 32. A] make l. 36. A] continue his

p. 214, l. 27. A] chast for

p. 216, l. 16. B] *Boh.*

p. 218, l. 5. A] assistance l. 6. A] of't l. 21. A] lost?

p. 219, l. 24. A] Estimation

p. 222, l. 11. A] terme

p. 223, l. 26. A *omits*] must l. 36. A] life, to follow

p. 224, l. 26. B] rhe

p. 225, l. 18. B] tell

p. 227, l. 15. B] Iessen l. 30. B] havenly

p. 228, l. 6. B] break. l. 24. B] *Har.* l. 34. B] *and honorable* l. 35. B] *most uncurable*

p. 229, l. 13. B] *by* l. 18. B] *beleved* l. 26. B] Lamora

p. 231, l. 27. B] in l. 38. B] effiminacy

p. 232, l. 13. B] btother ll. 24, 25. *Between these two ll.* A *repeats ll.* 3 *and* 4 *on* p. 233

p. 233, l. 6. A] H'as l. 11. B] dreadfuI l. 37. B] Bobidilla

p. 234, l. 10. B] *All. Vit. Lat.* l. 20. A] if he

p. 235, l. 11. B] stall l. 12. A] with 'ye l. 19. A] must restore l. 27. B] tanslate l. 28. A] Cloyster l. 31. A] your

p. 236, l. 14. B] Hear

WOMEN PLEAS'D.

p. 237, ll. 2–47. *Not in* A
p. 238, l. 14. A] hackney lame
p. 239, l. 28. A] deare Neece
p. 240, l. 21. A] 'save
p. 243, l. 17. B] thrif
p. 245, l. 9. B] in's fellow
p. 247, l. 20. A] a' bullet l. 39. A] You risse of
p. 248, l. 23. A] loving Neece l. 26. A] worthy Cousen
p. 250, l. 11. A] actions l. 18. A] it Cousen
p. 251, l. 21. A] away, charge
p. 252, l. 16. B] *Birt.* l. 18. A] and you
p. 253, l. 7. A] ballasse l. 34. A] of flyes
p. 254, l. 27. B] wit
p. 255, l. 12. B] *Sien as* l. 34. B] himsel
p. 256, l. 7. B *omits*] By Heaven
p. 258, l. 31. A] dundier
p. 261, l. 17. B] companious l. 23. A] rogue l. 29. B] you
p. 262, l. 27. B] *Isah.*
p. 263, l. 1. B] sure' l. 8. B] *Bla.*
p. 264, l. 8. B] her obedience l. 30. B] admittacne
p. 266, l. 13. B] aud
p. 267, l. 21. A] Turnop
p. 268, l. 6. B] I l. 17. B] wittty l. 29. A] dry l. 34. B] much
p. 269, l. 6. B] *Ped.* l. 9. A] To jeabard l. 17. A] there's most
p. 270, l. 28. A] forgot l. 29. A] braines
p. 272, l. 7. B] away your
p. 273, l. 5. B] Custard. l. 18. B] finger I'll l. 39. B] I
p. 274, l. 14. A] about this sweets l. 35. B] thc
p. 275, l. 23. A] Has
p. 276, l. 5. A] Has l. 12. B] aud l. 38. B] me.
p. 277, l. 7. A] but l. 10. B] Sir. l. 15. B] would disburthen
p. 278, l. 28. A] ingenuously l. 34. A] have him
p. 279, l. 3. B] temptatious l. 36. A] par'lous
p. 280, l. 22. A] veng'ance l. 23 A] breed a
p. 281, l. 7. A] against post
p. 282, l. 1. B] Who
p. 283, l. 21. A] wihies
p. 284, l. 4. A] of worldly l. 29. A *omits*] *Soto*
p. 285, l. 11. B] thrre l. 29. B] ste
p. 286, l. 28. A] sayling tack

p. 287, l. 16. B] Angel sent

p. 288, l. 18. B] The

p. 289, l. 8. A] come to l. 24. A] has nothing in his

p. 290, l. 4. A] take noat l. 5. B] yon l. 26. A] Ile warrant

p. 291, l. 6. A] in the l. 38. A and B] *Bar.*

p. 293, l. 2. B] wealth; l. 17. B] mount: l. 27. A] Mounte Mounsieur, mountè l. 28. B] He l. 32. A] I wound l. 38. B] tightly

p. 294, l. 10. B *omits stage direction save*] *Boy Exit*

p. 295, l. 4. A] are well

p. 296, l. 38. B] Victor.

p. 297, l. 5. B] tempest bore l. 16. B] Yrumpet l. 21. A] of l. 33. B] shew' dhee

p. 298, l. 5. B] me— ll. 16, 17. A *omits stage direction*

p. 299, l. 16. B] ridiculous?

p. 300, l. 31. B] ifot Silvi o

p. 302, l. 8. B] faith? l. 22. B] him,

p. 305, l. 12. B] he l. 36. B] eave

p. 306, l. 2. A] aim'dst

p. 307, l. 29. B] her

p. 309, l. 35. B] what a rate l. 38. B] yours

p. 310, l. 7. B] Lopoz l. 11. B] scrach l. 19. A *adds*] *Exeunt*

THE NIGHT-WALKER.

A = 1640 quarto. **B** = 1661 quarto. **C** = Second folio.

[Mrs Arnold Glover has kindly collated the 1640 quarto in the Dyce collection and the 1661 quarto in the British Museum; Mr R. F. Towndrow has kindly collated the 1640 and 1661 quartos in the Bodleian.]

(A) The | Night-|Walker, | or the | Little Theife. | A Comedy, | As it was presented by her | Majesties Servants, at the Private | House in *Drury* Lane. | Written by *John Fletcher*. Gent. | London, | Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, | and *William Cooke*. 1640.

To | The worthily-deserving | all his ingenuous Attributes | William Hudson Esq.

Worthy Sir,

I Should derogate from your worth, to doubt of your pardon, and I should wrong too much your goodnesse to present the endeavours of some frothy braine to the triall of your judgement, when the More ignorant world had already condemned it; but sir, this is one of the coheirs of much admired, much lamented Fletcher, whose matchlesse Fancies are fit onely for the

perusall of such as you, who have candour and knowledge so united, that there cannot be a reprive for those Poems you condemne; accept this weake Testimonie of my Service, and as yours by familiar acquaintance with them, favourably entertaine these witty conceits particularly presented unto you, by him who shall glory in nothing more than to be stiled

The Honorer of
Your Vertues,
A. C.

[Then follows the list of actors.]

(B) The | Night-|Walker, | or the | *Little Thief.* | A | Comedy, | As it was presented by her Majesties | Servants, at the Private House in | Drury-Lane. | Written by *John Fletcher*, Gent. | London, | Printed for *Andrew Crook*, 1661.

[No dedication or list of actors.]

p. 311, l. 27. B and C] what hollow l. 32. A] Stealing's

p. 312, l. 11. C] neighhor l. 14. A and B] pound l. 16. C] *Will.* l. 25. A and B] pound l. 30. B and C] mend, if l. 39. B and C] the way

p. 313, l. 5. A] till thou

p. 314, l. 5. C] carriage l. 36. A] with words

p. 315, l. 15. A] ha better l. 17. C] Aud l. 31. C *omits*] Yes l. 35. C] joillity l. 37. A] Swetes l. 39. A] she has

p. 316, l. 21. B and C] with old l. 29. A] y'are

p. 317, l. 10. C] content go B] content, go l. 18. A and B] shift l. 19. A] are thousand l. 31. A and B] shall entertain l. 36. C] please a Master

p. 318, l. 4. A] no wit l. 19. C] *Bor.* l. 27. C] proness

p. 319, l. 7. A and B] Of my l. 14. A] I ha l. 21. A] my owne l. 37. C] know to

p. 320, l. 2. C] a house l. 22. A and B] I am

p. 321, l. 10. C] her. l. 23. C] dist l. 34. B and C] going to

p. 323, l. 4. A and B] the same l. 10. C] *Wit.* l. 11. A] come no B] come no, l. 12. B and C] selves

p. 325, l. 17. C] reS l. 23. C] meyake l. 28. C] light l. 34 B and C] come near

p. 326, l. 12. C] askes

p. 328, l. 1. B and C] love diligence l. 15. C] wathces l. 19 B and C] ith' the l. 33. A and B] 'em l. 36. B and C] is burnt

p. 329, l. 17. C] mournful l. 26. C] *Ta.*

p. 330, l. 17. A] he's a

p. 331, l. 15. C] Than

p. 332, l. 7. A] lame l. 35. A, B and C *omit*] *Wil.* l. 36. B and C] steal me

p. 333, l. 29. A] natures

p. 335, l. 4. C] sweat?—

p. 337, l. 27. C] beest.

p. 338, l. 1. C] ador'st l. 11. C] dost thou know

p. 339, l. 7. B and C] haching

p. 340, l. 21. C] into l. 30. C] harshness

p. 344, l. 4. B and C] hand, as honor l. 20. A and B] beshrow

p. 345, l. 28. C] Saints-bell

p. 346, l. 10. C] *Pob.* l. 37. C] Wa'ks C] neighhors

p. 347, l. 23. C] *Dur.*

p. 348, l. 33. A] So may ll. 35, 36. *Transposed in* C. l. 38. B and C] This is [*only one* This]

p. 349, l. 2. A, B and C] Sing l. 37. C] wo'nt

p. 350, l. 23. A and B] Beshrow l. 30. A] cloathes l. 34. C] Madam. l. 38. C] *Londons*

p. 351, l. 21. A] 1. The

p. 352, l. 8. C] tricksie in l. 9. A] tell l. 21. B and C] forbids, me l. 22. B and C] Ladyship l. 30. C] Wype C] yray. l. 36. B and C] sight

p. 353, l. 22. B and C] gentleman l. 25. A] chosen l. 27. C] She

p. 354, l. 16. A and B *omit*] *Scaena Prima.* l. 35. B and C] mean

p. 355, l. 20. A and B] toward l. 34. C] Ladies l. 35. B and C] Christian, Coachman

p. 356, l. 14. A] Our sacke-possets l. 19. C] foolist

p. 357, l. 36. B and C] know

p. 358, l. 3. A] him for; l. 17. B and C] delay l. 30. C] iu

p. 359, l. 7. B and C] I direct l. 24. A and B] caught

p. 360, l. 3. B and C] 'Twas l. 18. A and B] subjects l. 25. A] we ha C] you have A] an I

p. 361, l. 14. A and B] thou of the

p. 362, l. 29. C] the l. 35. A and B] pound

p. 364, l. 23. A, B and C] 2. l. 25. A, B and C] 1. C] thy friends

p. 366, l. 10. A] She's l. 12. B] do instance l. 24. A] dradg'd l. 36. A and B] tha'st

p. 367, l. 13. C] shonld l. 21. C] *Lur.* l. 38. B and C *omit*] *Boy.*

p. 369, l. 18. A and B] with all

p. 370, l. 8. C] aud l. 16. B] and had had thy Mistress all C] and had thy Mistriss had all l. 18. B] was walking a C] was, walking, a

p. 371, l. 9. B and C] business l. 22. B and C] bless l. 27. C] trance, took l. 31. C] reviv'd, what

p. 372, l. 22. A and B] cares l. 23. A and B *omit*] *Scaena Prima.* l. 27. A] To ha l. 29. B and C] spice, sure l. 30. A and B] And that was

p. 373, l. 29. A] amongst l. 30. A] Irish, another C] in't [*omits comma*] l. 35. A and B] pox a

p. 374, l. 15. B and C] glad, I
p. 375, l. 28. A] sweets
p. 376, l. 33. A] done you l. 35. A and B] wo' me
p. 377, l. 24. C] *Tom.*
p. 379, l. 8. C] did live
p. 380, l. 12. A] with the l. 25. C] See
p. 381, l. 19. C] Ha.
p. 382, l. 2. B and C] plots to l. 13. C] Cotracted l. 18. A] land
p. 383, l. 7. B and C] Midnight, Taverns l. 28. C] thee A and B *add*] Finis B *inserts* The Actors Names *in double column before* Finis.

End of Vol. VII.